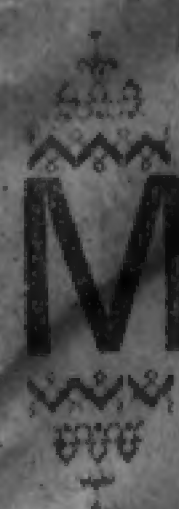


Nos. XXX. & XXXI.]

[July & August, 1875.



MOOKERJEE'S



MAGAZINE

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OF

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE,

INCLUDING CHIEFLY

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EDITED BY

SAMBHU CHANDRA MOOKERJEE.

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PUBLICATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

A NATIVE MEMORIAL OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT.

The Prince in India, and to India.

BY AN INDIAN.

A DESCRIPTION AND A COMMENTARY,

WITH AN ENQUIRY INTO THE POLITICAL USES OF PRINCES AND PAGEANTS, THE NATURE AND CONDITIONS OF LOYALTY, PARTICULARLY THE LOYALTY OF THE INDIANS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Prince in India and to India, by an Indian, is not an unpleasant book to read. With many satirical hits at the unfortunate Englishman who never fails to be the butt for the shafts of every Bengali archer, to whom he has unwarily imparted his own vernacular, and though somewhat marred by the incurable diffuseness of the Bengali, it shows throughout a truly wonderful command of the English language. The writer is justifiably severe on the miserable *fiascos*, which, as he truly says, we invariably make when we attempt anything in the way of a pageant, and he waxes eloquent over the good effects, which are likely to flow from the Prince's visit to India—effects, we fancy, he must before this have been constrained to confess were mere dreams of the imagination—and holds that the visit of the Queen herself is now all that is required to make India enthusiastically loyal. But the main current of thought which runs through the book, is that of complaint that the Englishman does not associate more cordially with his Eastern fellow-subject, and more particularly with the Bengali. There are the two well-known pictures drawn in vivid contrast of light and shade, like one of Lord Macaulay's historical portraits—the native, on the one side, a being of the tenderest sensibilities and most gushing emotions; on the other, the

haughty and malignant Englishman. "Our heart," says the writer, "is soft, alas! too soft; the least breath touches it." This heart has retained all "its original purity, its tenderness and constancy." It is remarkable for heroism; it is a mere infant when confronted with the trials and the dangers of the world. If there is a difference between the Bengali and other men, it is, the writer believes, that his guileless nature "can too little resist the wiles and snares of the tempter." His affectionateness in every sphere of life is "a disease." All he cares for—this shrinking sensitive type of humanity—is love and sympathy. The Bengali being a creature thus formed to love and be beloved, but it being indubitable, as the writer admits, that he does not love the Englishman, what is the inevitable conclusion? Why, that the whole blame of this unsatisfactory state of things rests with its full weight upon the Englishman. "India requires only to be known to be loved. The feeling of repulsion towards her is born of prejudice and malicious report." The Bengali has thrown the priceless treasure of his affections at the feet of the Englishman, and that ill-disposed person has spurned them from him. Englishmen are by this time tolerably familiar with these tirades against them. It is rarely that we take up a native newspaper without meeting something in the same vein; and it may therefore be as well to say a few words on the subject from the other side. * * * * *

—Extract from an Editorial Notice in "The Indian Observer," (Calcutta).

MR. MUKHOPADHYAYA is, no doubt, a prolific author; this can be seen at the first glance from the prodigious length and breadth of the title of his book. He tells us, in his title-page, that he is the author of no fewer than the following publications. "The Career of an Indian Princess"—"Mr. Wilson, Lord Canning, and the Income Tax," "The Causes of the Mutiny, by a Native of Bengal," etc. As usual he has treated his readers to a preface of some unusual length, wherein we are respectfully informed, that he has "endeavoured to do what hardly any Englishman, as such, (?) of whatever talents or genius, can do." Mr. Mukhopadhyaya says, that "Indian writers should not sacrifice any true Asiatic vision *they might see* (1) any glow and enthusiasm for color, sound, and scent (1) at the shrine of English repugnance to passion and ornament." In short, he wants to establish a school of Anglo-Indian writers of his own, and he thinks that "it will be more profitable to mankind (1) and more creditable to England, to be the mother, *proximate or ultimate* (?) of several English literatures." (1)—Thus we may expect in time, should our Baboo succeed in his efforts, to see spring up around us, a Bengalee-English literature, a Rajpoot-English literature, a Madrasce-English literature, &c., &c.

Of the practical working of Mr. Mukhopadhyaya's plan, we have some brilliant illustrations in the above-quoted passages. There is another example of the new Bengalee-English style. After having stated that he expects, from the date of H. R. Highness' visit to India, "a visible improvement in the tone of the Government, and of English, and, ultimately, Anglo-Indian Society, towards the hundreds of millions of Asiatics subject to England," he goes on to say—"I believe in the reality of *tone*; (the italic here is the author's own) in the existence of an atmosphere either suffocating or refreshing. *Tone may exasperate, atmosphere may conciliate.* Always important, in our case tone is all-important; for, after all that is urged regarding the success or unpopularity of British rule in India, the worst, the chief, almost the sole blister is caused by—a tone." Medical men of Calcutta, there is something for you to learn!—"This tone" our author continues, "may be regulated at will by the Royal Family, the natural heads of English Society. Misfortunes may be borne—not the cold shoulder, or look of contempt."—Physiologists, doubtless, will make a note of this, *viz*, that the cold shoulder may not be borne!—We are as yet at the sixth page of the preface only; shall we go on quoting till the last? No. The author was cautious enough to *reserve all rights*, and we are not sure if the rights of quotation might not be included in this reserve. We close at this point, and wish the book as large a circulation as it deserves.—

The Indian Daily News, (Calcutta.)

THE PRINCE IN INDIA, AND TO INDIA.—By Sambu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. (Trübner).—We should say that this was an interesting revelation of thoughts and feelings that prevailed among the natives of India, if we felt sure that an

Oriental ever does reveal his thoughts and feelings. Some expressions, however, are, we may feel tolerably certain, genuine enough. Our author says:

"I do not expect, as the immediate effect of the late visit of the Prince, any sudden or sweeping reforms in administration; these may come in due course; all I anticipate—and this I have a right to expect—is a visible improvement in the tone of the Government, and of English, and ultimately Anglo-Indian, society towards the hundreds of millions of Asiatics subject to England. We believe in the reality of *tone*, in the existence of an atmosphere either suffocating or refreshing. Tone may exasperate; atmosphere may conciliate. Always important, in our case tone is all-important, for after all that is urged regarding the ill-success or unpopularity of British rule in India, the worst, the chief, almost the sole blister is caused by—a tone."

Another fault of ours, about the reality of which we may be pretty certain, is that we are not *magnificent* enough. There ought, thinks our author, to have been other great ceremonials to welcome the Prince and give him an imperial prestige than the one which accompanied his investiture with the Order of the Star of India. "I think," he adds significantly, "Indian money would have been better spent in such a valuable *Tamasha* than in fêting the Sultan in London." Generally the author's exposition of native feeling is profoundly interesting and expressed with great force. We may add that he shows as keen an understanding of our own politics, when his subject happens to bring him into contact with them, as could any writer of our own.—*The Spectator*, (London.)

As the author of the book with this title himself deems it right to mention that part of the matter therein contained, though only a fractional part, appeared when the Duke was with us in articles in the *Hindoo Patriot*, the work of reviewing his production in these columns proves more than an ordinarily delicate affair. It looks *prima facie* as an attempt to puff our own ware, something like the Calcutta mango-hawker in the present season volunteering to criticise his own fruits for the delectation and instruction of his customers. But in spite of this disadvantage, we must, in the discharge of our journalistic duties, try to be as impartial as our peculiar situation will permit. It may, however, be some relief to the reader to know that the present writer, though yielding to none in the appreciation of the merits of the book, and they are neither trite nor few, ventures to differ from the author in many of his views and opinions***** We are of opinion that if the Calcutta Publishers would be as fortunate in bringing out books as superior in matter and style as Messrs. Berigny & Co. have succeeded in this instance, they would be no unworthy rivals of the best English and American firms. As an average specimen of our author's manner we quote the penultimate paragraph of his interesting production:—[*Extract*.]

The author is no novice in the walks of Anglo-Indian literature. His present performance fully sustains his justly earned reputation for a vigorous and critical style of composition. If our educated countrymen were only to follow the example set by Babu Sambhu Chandra and take up like interesting questions of a political and social character and handle them as ably as he has done his theme, the English people in England would have no excuse to plead for their ignorance of the feelings and opinions of the vast millions of their Indian fellow-subjects on matters of vital importance to the well-being of the two countries. Providence has so mysteriously brought together for the benefit of them both. At least this is the only means we have for counteracting the evil effects of one-sided representations of Indian affairs which interested and shortsighted people are so apt to make. Let us not neglect to make the most of it. Babu Sambhu Chandra, in the way he has treated his subject, has attained a measure of success not yet surpassed by any Indo-English author.—From "*The Hindoo Patriot*," (Calcutta).

A HINDOO'S VIEW OF "THE PRINCE IN INDIA."—MESSRS. BERIGNY & Co., Calcutta, have published, a little after date, but none the worse on that account, a sketch from the pen of Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, of the Prince of Edinburgh's doings in Calcutta, and of all that was done in giving him welcome. The author writes very well, with a few natural slips, here and there; as for instance, when he tells of "pale-faced British noblemen, ruddy young English gentlemen, brawny British navvies," &c., "forming the specialty of the landing of the Prince." Of course by navvies he means sailors, and not, as the term is understood in England, the rough brawny

fellows who make railways, and few of whom have ever been seen in India. The story is one of fine writing, far too fine, indeed, for English taste, and on that account we fear destined to go a very little way towards reaching the points which the author has principally in view. The great point, and it is a point wonderfully in favour among a great many people, is that England has not yet found a way to attract Hindoo loyalty to the throne; in fact, has not yet found the way to establishing the throne in India. First it was John Company, whose existence the Hindoo people never yet rightly understood, but whom most of them believed to be a remarkable individual who had reigned, not to speak of living, a hundred years, but who was no more to the nation than a mere myth, except on those occasions when he was represented by the tax-gatherer, or by the man in red. Next came the Queen, but still no royalty. Our author thinks that if Lord Canning had had his way he "would have brought the Queen here to assume the Government of her Indian dominions, making her speak her own proclamations, give her own gifts, make her own Knights, content himself to act as Grand Vizier. Well, think of the impression of such an Act!—how had the weight of each word, every gift, every honour, been augmented—how intensely real had the Transfer been, and beyond all cavil—how much more had England's power been felt throughout the country—how towards the pacification of the country it had been as a dozen more victories!" We wonder what the Queen will think, if ever she sees this magnificent appeal to her to do her duty as a Sovereign. Fancy the Queen, who has only been once, since her marriage, East of Temple Bar in her own capital, and never in all her life in Bethnal Green or Poplar, coming out to India to satisfy Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya's idea of the real pageantry of Royal rule. No, we fear that if our Hindoo friends want pageantry of that kind, they are looking to the wrong quarter for it, and have a little less chance of finding it in England, a Monarchy, than they would in America, a Republic. The Queen has done a great deal to lay pageantry to one side, and her people have helped her far more than they imagine. Why, even the Lord Mayor's old ginger-bread coach has gone, and the opening of the Houses of Parliament themselves, is far less a pageant than a grim state-ceremonial, which might answer for a Republic.

There is something though, and something important too, in what our author says on the sheer inaptitude of England for producing a real pageant. He literally pours waggish loads of sarcasm upon us for our reception of Prince Alfred. The streets were thinly lined with troops, who were almost out of sight; the procession was abominable; the Prince whom so many people had assembled to see was received in the dark; the illumination itself was a pure absurdity, when it might have been elegant. We had not the sense or grace, or wit to produce one original motto. All we could say was "Welcome," "V. R.," "God save the Queen," "God save the Duke," and so on. Not a spark of originality or poetry, not a spark even of original fun enlivened the dreary proceedings. "It was a blessing the Prince belonged to the navy, so that it easily occurred to the Calcutta dullards to put up anchors, and 'Welcome to our Sailor Prince,' else there would have been a worse monotony. The clubs were utterly barren. The Dutts of Wellington Square again saved the reputation of the city by a single example of originality. Their motto in gas was worthy of a Vedic bard: it was in the famous line—goodness knows what it is—in Bengali; but it is a line, which "for compressing, in a few words, a world of meaning," is unrivalled. Then there was a round of dinners, balls, morning and evening parties, reviews and exhibitions, soliders' games, seamen's games, fetes, soirees, receptions, and so on. There our author stops, declining to give an account of any, and on the very wise ground that a description of eating or dancing can never compare with the interest of the original acts; an opinion with which we cordially concur. He hits us hard, also, on the Fancy Ball at Government House, the fewness of the natives present, and the absurdity of making nearly all the characters Western. Yes, now, that was a clear mistake, and one that we ought to be all the better for having had pointed out to us. It was natural, perhaps, that Europeans should like to revive old scenes, but the writer of this sketch is none the less correct in showing us how appropriate would have been the introduction in an Eastern land of a few Eastern characters. He speaks of the modern Fancy Ball as a pretty

thing, of which Europeans may well be proud. But it was all marred in this case by the evident want of sympathy of the stronger for the weaker race. The investiture and field days alone, he thinks, were magnificent, and did a great deal to redeem the character of the dull Britisher for producing that grandest of all state ceremonies—a state show.

There is a great deal of truth mixed up with a great deal more of rhapsody in this little book. We believe, with our author, that pageantry is necessary; and we question whether it will ever be otherwise in Eastern nations. The Western intellect, practical, staid, and mechanical, is apt to look upon it as mere child's play, but the Western intellect is sometimes wrong in judging of a poetic, impulsive, Eastern people. The curious feature in this little book is the glimpse it gives us of the difference in estimating the nature and value of pageants of Eastern and Western nations. Europeans thought that the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh was a wonderful success even as a pageant. They knew at all events that they had done their best, but here comes an Eastern writer to tell us that it is all a mistake. We produced a picture, it is true, but merely a pre-Raphaelite one. We had all the colours, the design, the elements for a complete picture, but we knew not how to fill it up. We wanted the nicety of touch, the light and shade, the wonderful power of perspective—the flesh and blood in fact, the poetry and romance—the fairy-land of an Eastern pageant. In the case of the illumination, our author admits that we did a great deal. We surpassed ourselves in magnificence. All that he contends for is, that in surpassing ourselves we did very little, and in point of fact what we thought so fine was hardly worth talking about. We must turn over a new leaf. When the finances admit of it we must sink a million or two in building a respectable Government House; a place, you know, worth looking at, and not one inferior to dozens built by private persons.

A more uncompromising piece of criticism was never offered to the public; and now having heard the whole of our satirist's bitter satire, let us give him a little bit of advice in return. We acknowledge our inaptitude, our clumsiness, our sheer incapacity for pageantry. We never were able to make a good show in our own land or any other. The best thing of the kind that we have produced through all the ages, and the only thing that endures, is "Punch and Judy." When we attempt anything higher we fail; "Punch and Judy" never fails. Boys and girls, old men and old women, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, throughout all the centuries of English history have laughed at "Punch and Judy." Clearly, we do not possess the faculty for pageants. Our Music Halls are not to be compared with those of the French; our processions are always laughed at, even by those who take part in them. But when our author tells us that the power to produce a pageant is one of the chief things required in India, we tell him that, with all respect for pageants, and all proper admission of their value, we dispute his views. We think that if the English race in India can comprehend what is involved in raising the condition of the lowest classes of the people, in developing the resources of the country, in educating the people to understand rightly their own history and the history of mankind, the story of English rule in India will be a nobler one than even that of the race of Baber to which our author appeals. A king, we are told, is wanted in India, and that "no succession of Cornwallises or Bentincks" will compensate for the want of him. The opinion is worth remembering, but we fear that as Englishmen we should have to keep to the Cornwallises and Bentincks. We fear that one of the worst days that ever came to British rule in India would be the day on which the Duke of Edinburgh was made Viceroy. Our pro-Consuls have for the most part been tried men; men with a weight of responsibility, much heavier than most people imagine, and the absence of which would not be compensated for by the mere fact of a Royal Prince with pageants and pageantry being called to the high office of Viceroy of India. We accept the lesson of our critic: we hope that he in return will accept ours, which is worth quite as much as his to India.—*The Friend of India*.

LORD SALISBURY has found an unexpected supporter of his argument that this country is not fitted for representative institutions in Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, who has just published a Memorial of the Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to India, under the title given above. He says that his countrymen

can understand no form of Government except that of a King. He has endeavored to explain to hundreds of his countrymen what a republic and a federal republic were, but they almost refused to believe him. "A Government without a King seems to them a contradiction." It was this innate feeling of loyalty in the myriads of India which made the visit of the Duke to this country of so much importance, as giving the people outward and visible sign that a royal family really did exist. Of course, it would have been better, says the Baboo, if the Queen or the Prince of Wales had come, but as they did not, the Duke "personified the State. He was the master of the British world—the genius of England—Britania (sic) herself." This may appear high-flown language to Europeans, who, we are told, are "accustomed to self-restraint in language and fancy," but it is writ with a purpose. The Baboo thinks that such an important event will be better understood and appreciated by the natives if described in the high-flown language of Eastern hyperbole. "Why," he asks, "should Indian writers sacrifice any true Asiatic vision they might see, any glow and enthusiasm for color, sound, and scent, at the shrine of English repugnance to passion and ornament?" And readers will find that our author makes no such sacrifice. The writing, as our American cousins would say, is "very tall" indeed, and is worth reading as a "curiosity of literature." The parts relating to the Duke's visit are confined to his reception at Calcutta, and the native fête at the Seven Tanks, from the latter of which we extract the following as a favorable specimen of our author's style:—[*Extract.*]—*Notice in the local columns of "The Englishman."*

"THE PRINCE IN INDIA AND TO INDIA, BY AN INDIAN: A MEMORIAL OF THE VISIT OF HIS HIGHNESS TO INDIA."—This work may fairly claim a place among the indigenous products of this country, being as local in its colouring as any tale picture ever painted. To choose a title is notoriously difficult, and the author of the work before us, Baboo Sambu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, wrestled for a long time before he attained the victory, but he got a title at last—and thinks it a good one. So do we, and we congratulate the Baboo on the happy thought which prompted him. * * * * * It was, we think, the Ettrick Shepherd who said that the proper method for reviewing a book is not to try to balance your wits against those of the writer, but by well selected quotations to give a miniature of his production. We will try to follow his advice. [*Analysis and Extracts.*]

But we have space for no more. The above, we hope, will give a fair idea of the work, one which is, seriously speaking, worth reading, inasmuch as it is by far the most native of the native productions we have lately seen. The following is a passage from the Ode of Welcome to the Duke as sketched out by the author, and worked up into shape by his friend Baboo Dinobandhu Mitter.—*From a Leading Article in "The Pioneer," (Allahabad.)*

THE INDIAN OBSERVER ON THE DUKE'S VISIT.—The *Indian Observer* lately had what it scarcely ever has—an article written in singularly bad taste. It prefaced some very sensible remarks upon the Panjab system of raising forced benevolences for ostentation or for charity by a tirade against the Home Government for letting the Duke of Edinburgh go forth on his travels without paying for the hospitality which he was likely to receive. Our contemporary assessed the sum thus due to the Viceroy at 8 to 10 per cent. of his income, and bewailed the expenses which the Lieutenant-Governor and other officials and native chiefs underwent for balls and dinners. The Prince's tour appeared to the *Indian Observer* as another gigantic extortion practised by the Home Government on the long-suffering people and Government of India. We think such a view very far from the truth. So long as monarchy remains an English institution, the hospitality most pleasing to Englishmen will be hospitality shown to a member of the reigning family. Looking at the subject in the meanest light, the light in which the writer in our contemporary seems to regard it, the hosts of the Prince received a greater return in social gratification from his visit than they ever obtained from an equal amount of money spent in entertaining. But we totally refuse to consider the Prince's tour in this aspect, and we commend to "*Indian Observers*"

attention a book recently put forth by an Indian author,* which we briefly noticed in our Local columns at the time, but which will well repay perusal by Englishmen who wish to know how such subjects strike the native mind. "The nice English distinction between a private and a public capacity," our author well says, "no more strikes the wisest of Asiatics than the difference between the national treasury and the royal coffers, or between the legislature and the executive." Whatever may be the rumours about the Prince's conduct elsewhere, his behaviour in India, and especially to the natives, was beyond exception, and it seems to have left behind a feeling that the trouble they took to welcome him was well spent. His farewell letter to Lord Mayo may or may not have been written by himself, but its effect on the Indian mind was precisely the same. Europeans as a rule take native courtesy as a matter of course, and think that the slightest acknowledgment suffices in return. It was, therefore, a new sensation to the Hindus to find that a Prince of the Blood absolutely thought their hospitality worth remembering after he had left India, and worth recording in a quasi-public missive to the head of the Government: "If the letter which His Royal Highness has sent to the Viceroy from the Colombo Roads reviewing his Indian visit and tour does not itself constitute repayment for his hearty reception throughout the length and breadth of the land, it at least means an earnest of such repayment. To each and all, with infinite good feeling and taste and judgment, from the Viceroy and Chiefs, whose guest he was, to the groups of villagers who greeted him in his strayings into the most sequestered, out-of-the-way paths, to individuals and corporations, princes and peasantry,—many of the greater cities and some of the chiefs by name or pointed allusion, yet so skilfully as not to raise an invidious distinction sure to defeat his purpose—the good Duke expresses his acknowledgements. He is grateful to the whole country for putting forth all its bloom to welcome him—a bloom which he is right in treating as the expression of its heart."

The writer's language may be occasionally a little too oriental and exuberant, but we have seldom seen several of the great Anglo Indian questions of the day treated with a truer conception of the real facts. The charge of want of loyalty and gratitude, so commonly brought against the Bengali, seems to rankle in our author's mind, and brings forth a variety of counter-accusations against ourselves. "I wonder whether the complainants," he says, "ever took the trouble to account for the absence of such qualities in the Bengali mind. Effect is but cause in a different shape—there must be adequate cause for every effect, and even the absence of loyalty may be traced to other causes, perhaps less flattering to the national vanity of the complainants, than any supposed inherent moral incapacity of the defendants. * * * It is more likely, when ingratitude is charged, that there has been no claim on the gratitude of the person condemned, or that there is a difference between the two parties in their respective modes of expressing feeling, and, consequently, an inability in each to comprehend it when obscured by symbols foreign to him. What right has any one to feel disappointed when he has no excuse for hope? Before you complain of being not loved, be sure that, in the first place, you are lovable. * * * The general rule stands unchallenged, that love begets love; love in the one—love (in response) in the other. As love, so gratitude—with this difference, that gratitude is a more limited sentiment in return for a more precise offering, and that, owing to this very limitation, it admits of none of the exceptions or operations of cross-laws which hamper and confuse the theory of love. If love is at all possible without reciprocity, gratitude is not: reciprocity is of the essence of it. Gratitude in its nature is essentially a response."

The Bengalis have lately received, and deserved, a severe castigation from the Indian Press for their foolish self-praise, yet this is no reason why we should refuse to look on our own faults as reflected in a Bengali mirror.

—From a Leading Article in "The Englishman," (Calcutta.)

* The Prince in India and to India. By Babu Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Berigny and Co., Calcutta, 1871.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA. By SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA (London: Trubner and Co.).—A curious narrative (with comments from the educated Hindoo aspect) of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to India. Its interest centres in the view it gives of native loyalty—a sentiment peculiarly attaching to a Royal person, and incapable of exercise towards the reputed "John Company" or any lesser luminary—a sentiment, moreover, connected in the native mind with the idea of worship to a deity. Such being the case, the Prince's visit in 1869 possessed in native eyes an importance which we fail to realize. "That which was considered by the Prince himself, England, and the world, as simply a pleasure trip, was really a great political event." The practical inference seems to be, the Government of India by a Prince of the blood, as an effectual remedy for the disloyalty which has lately been bruited about. Many of the author's statements sound to unimpassioned Englishmen strangely enthusiastic. But, in so far as he expresses a phase of the native mind, it were well to give some heed to his deductions.—*The Record* (London.)

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The Begum of Oudh

The Rance of Jhansie

None among these, however, had so strong a character as the Mussulman lady who died last October, and who for twenty-one years governed Bhopal with the wit and the success of a great statesman, or displayed her capacity for sensible, straight-forward rule. Her State was not very large, not very much bigger than the Eastern Counties, and her revenue did not exceed that of the Duke of Devonshire, but still she was one of the true governing class of earth, and the facts of her career may interest our readers as well as any parochial matter. They have been recalled to our recollection by a short biography just received, in which a Kulin Brahmin of Bengal contrives in his admiration of her to insinuate some strongly depreciatory but not very unjust remarks upon our rule. The author . . . is a shrewd, hard-hitting critic, with no slight political ability. This, for instance, is a nearly perfect answer to Mr. Mill, much better because simpler than our own, which was that . . . Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee says . . .

He seems, too, thoroughly aware of the specialty of his heroine, her consciousness of masculine ability, for he quotes two or three times her * * * * her native apologist explains by a suggestion which strikes us as

singularly shrewd. She had always, he says . . . No one, we believe, either European or native, ever came in contact with her without a conviction that, had her sphere been but a little larger, she might have founded a dynasty or built up an empire. Her history is quoted by her native biographer as a proof that "that utter disqualifier in Asia" her sex, can be overcome by rare personal qualities . . . —*From a Leading Article in THE SPECTATOR, London.*

"This short—too short—little memoir . . . We have said "too short," because the very eventful life of her whom the writer styles "the best by far of all the native sovereigns of India of our time, the ablest, wisest, most enlightened and most fortunate," affords, . . . because also, to judge from this little specimen—the author, with sufficient data before him, is capable of producing a very good biography. The following is a fair example of the author's manner:—[Here *extract*] The writer speaks of . . . The government, "with," as the writer expresses it, [Quotations and *extract*] . . . Her rule is thus characterized by Mr. S. C. Mukhopadhyaya:—[*extract*] . . .

"In conclusion, this excellent little Biography is of especial interest to persons who study the relations of the British government with the Independent Powers." —*From a Leading Review in THE ASIATIC, London, February 23, 1870.*

Mr. Wilson, Lord Canning, and the Income Tax.

BY

SAMBHU CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet that has recently appeared against the Income Tax. The writer is a gentleman formerly connected with this paper. He has carried into the present publication more than the habitual ascerbity of tone which neutralizes the effects of an otherwise powerful style. * * * * * The writer, mixing as he does with the best part of Native Society, ought to have known that a word against Lord Canning at the present time would be endorsed by no Bengali. * * * * *

—We regret the more this abusive tone of the paper, as its argumentative portions display real ability, and might have done good service in these times. The idea so prominently brought forward by the writer, namely, that the imposition of the Income Tax will in effect be in dissonance with the purposes of the Queen's Proclamation, and will be construed by the people of India as a bold breach of its mandates, needs to be hammered into the heads of sundry men whom ignorance of this truth is leading to much mischief-committing. Let any one of the supporters of Mr. WILSON'S Income Tax Scheme take up the first native he meets, and ask him whether the Queen's or the Company's Government was the better, the reply if sincere, will be in favor of the Company. The writer points this out with pretty good force; but the "original sin" of scurrility has neutralized the soundness of the later and main argument, and deprived the writer of the power to do that good which he undoubtedly could have wrought, as in fact by the better portions of the pamphlet it would have achieved.—*Review by the late Hurris Chunder Mookerjee, in THE HINDOO PATRIOT, Calcutta, June 16, 1860.*

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WHERE SHALL THE BABU GO?

A PROBLEM IN NATURAL HISTORY AND PRACTICAL
ADMINISTRATION.

ANGLO-INDIAN OPINION ON THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE.

"Where shall the Babu go?" Why, the question is easily answered by one word.—*Indian, Charivari.*

BABOO OPINION.

THE CIVIL DISABILITIES OF THE BABU.—We believe no question at present is so important, viewed in its effects on the education and improvement of the country, than the one which seeks to determine the true *habitat* of the Babu and his rights under the British rule. "Where shall the Babu go? A Problem in Natural History and Practical Administration" forms the heading of an excellent paper in the last double number of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. If it has been put forward as a specimen of Babu literature, we have no hesitation in declaring that, except perhaps some of the productions of Dr. Hunter, no Anglo-Indian composition has been so uniformly finished, the wit so uniformly sustained, and the treatment of the subject itself so brilliant and masterly. We propose to consider some of the points raised in this paper.

* * * * *

No lie is more sedulously preached, no apology more constantly put forward, to justify instances of the grossest partiality and even of persecution, than this against which *Mookerjee* inveighs with indignation, and against which every right-thinking Native is in duty bound to protest.

—*Hálshakar Pattriká.*

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selves on the bank of the gigantic Sone, reminding us of its ancient name, the *Hiranya-báhu** or the "Arm of Gold." We moved on, wading through sand and sand, until we reached the main stream, where boats and boatmen were in waiting to cross us over.

The Ferry was easy. There was hardly a breath of winter air to ruffle the bluish expanse of water rolling along the edge of still more blue hills. The *chakrabâks*—the golden geese—were swimming in couples, gabbling to each other in voice of alarm as wood or oar knocked the shining waters. Our companions were not above mischief. Powder was burned and shot sent, more than once, after these innocent pairs, careless of the advice—

"Spare yon emmet, rich with hoarded grain,
He lives with pleasure, as he dies with pain."

Off the bullets went, and off the game, we are glad to write, uninjured as the air.

A few minutes' cruising brought us to the opposite water-bank. The river-bank was farther off, lined with slender as well as shady trees, through which the laughing white teeth—the front pillars—of a few bungalows higher up on the land, were peeping. We rode this distance. The hospitable doors of one of these bungalows opened to receive us. Arrived there, we found ourselves encircled by a ringlet of hills on all sides but the east. The house has lawns and gardens where the lover of solitude needs not be impatient for busier scenes. Books have been collected by hundreds, if not thousands, and a garden has been reared, where loadfuls of roses were blooming in the depth of the winter. The whole place looked romantic, speaking a good deal in favor of that taste and Anglo-Saxon energy which has really opened "a paradise in the wild." Walking in the compound we saw in the dusk of the evening the pet deer come from the wood to partake of their daily dole of grain offered by the hospitality of the owner of the house. This is really the "Hermitage of Akberpur," as we named it!

* The Erranoboas of the Greeks.

We halted for the night at this hermitage. Next morning we had to travel only a mile, before the ascent to the fortress commenced.

Fort Rhotas stands on an eminence 1,350 feet above the Sone, and, therefore, upwards of 1,485 feet above the level of the sea. The upper half of the chain is steep. It is one of the last and distant spurs of the double-ridged Vind'hya through which two of the gigantic rivers of India cut their course.

The ascent by the Ghát we went up is rather difficult. We climbed along slopes and precipices, and up hills higher up, until we reached the top, whence the broad Sone appeared but an humbler stream. The plateau is accessible by five passes. The imperial or Ráj-ghát, we understood, is easier, but the one we tried lay nearer to our way. On the southern and eastern sides the lofty belt overhangs the plain; towards the south-west the tableland appears to extend easily to the Caimur Range. We entered this elevated plain through a rectangular stone-gate of humble dimensions. Beyond this gate is a wall, or rather a pile of stones raised, we learnt, during the Sepoy Mutiny to block up the passage. A little to the west is one of those precipitous peaks which, like others on the hill, is capped by irregular bastions. Although the bastions are not flanked by walls, their precipitous sides can hardly be taken by a regular siege. A few steps higher up we found ourselves on an extensive tableland, which appeared more an undulated plain than the top of a hill range. We moved however to its eastern edge, commanding the scene over the Sone, and stood on the ruins of a colonnade crowned with a dome. This was probably one of the outposts to watch the lowlands on the approach of an enemy.

We had still to walk more than a mile to the south-west before we came to the walls of the Fort. The gate—a big rectangular opening—was lined on either side by heavy walls continued through woods and stones. On entering the gate we came to an open space adorned with a respectable cistern or tank partly covered with the leaves of the lotus. This reservoir, although dug

we should suppose more than a thousand feet above the Sone, retains clean and pleasant water all the year round. It is evidently the work of a Hindu. A long shaft of stone—the *Lât*—stands in the middle. It is known as “Kamalamani ká'Tâlâb” or the Tank of Kamalamani. Kamalamani is the fabled Queen of Rahita. She is believed to have been a slender and light-footed lady beneath whose weight the lotus leaf was not known to sink. She used to sit (so runs the tradition) on the leaves, with a golden vessel in hand, for the purposes of her daily ablutions.

Past this tank, we came to a running stream, humble but perennial, which runs over the head of the hill to its sides, and probably ultimately into the Sone beneath.

A leap over this line of water brought us to the limits of the inner Fort. Its high walls, gates, stately terraces and shooting minarets, although in ruins, yet present an imposing scene. Walking through a spacious court-yard we came to the gate of Râjâ Mân Singh, a solid work of sandstone almost in a complete state of repair. Over this gate we found an inscription in the *Devanâgara* character, which we intend to notice elsewhere.

The gate is made of grey granitic sandstone. It is a high solid chamber surmounted with a Saracenic arch, opening to the west and south, the other two sides being completely walled up. The carvings of its two high balconies, and the two interesting figures of elephants decorated with the Howda, chains and trappings, cut nearly in demi-relief, show how the art of statuary had been brought to a comparatively high state of improvement.

The gate of Mân Singh leads to the first apartment known as the Dewân-mahal. Beyond this, is the Sishamahal, and the innermost of all is the apartment of the females or the Rang-mahal, all two-storied buildings fronting rectangular court-yards. These massive structures, from their height, elaborate accommodations, balconies, pinnacles, raised seats high above the highest summit of the hill, look really royal. They are all built of slates and stone carvings, the materials used being

of the superb structure and its generally good state of preservation plainly indicate that the ancient palace of the Hindu Rajas must have been thoroughly repaired to suit the convenience and the taste of the Mahomedan conquerors.

The Dewán-mahal has a palatial hall. The upper story of the Sisha-mahal or Crystal Palace has only the pillars standing, the intermediate glasses and mirrors having of course yielded to the decay of time.

The Ranga Mahal has one hall (with an anti-chamber) roofed with a succession of bell-shaped arches. Tradition assigns this room as the resting place of Raja Mân Singh. It has now been put into a state of tolerable repair by the same European gentleman who holds the lease of the hill and the plain below. A few furniture have been put up to accommodate travellers, although much of the decorations, besides many volumes of books, we understood, were destroyed by the mutineers in 1857.

We breakfasted on one of these turrets and mused with melancholy pleasure over the extensive prospect lying around.

Like most fortified places in the country, Rhotas has its history to tell of the Hindu, Mahomedan and British periods. To begin at the beginning—Tradition ascribes the foundation of this Fortress to Rahidás or Rahita, the son of Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh. Without apology we venture to transcribe the following Vedic anecdote of the Prince.

The *Aitareya Brâhmana* says, that “Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh, not having any sons, offered to sacrifice his first-born to Varuna in case the God granted him his prayer for progeny, that a son, Rahita, was born to him, but the king managed to delay the sacrifice, that at last when, his son arriving at years of discretion, Harish Chandra broke his mind to him, “Rahita declined the honor, and left home, *roaming for years in forests.*”*

* See No. xvii, vol. III, of this *Magazine*, p. 135.

This story has been much more mystified in the *Rámáyana*. But in reciting the vicissitudes of his life the poem narrates that during his father's residence at Benares, the Prince with his mother was sold in slavery to a Bráhmaṇ. The chief service done by the Prince to the Bráhmaṇ was to cull flowers and fruits from the jungle. At this early date the kingdom of Magadha had not a name, and probably Rahita was the first Aryan settler in the western plateau of the Sone. Beyond the name and the monumental ruin known as "*Rahidás-ká-chowri*," there remains nothing to tell of the Founder. The 'chowri,' however, demands more than a passing notice. It is said to have contained the ashes of Rahita in a golden urn. It is built on a pinnacle below whose foot, far below, the broad Sone takes a turn to the north and enters the plain of Behar. Two of its slopes are exposed to the gaze of the country, and are approachable only by a flight of 86 steps from the adjacent summits. It was on this commanding spot, it is said, that Rahita used to take his accustomed seat to contemplate the expanse below, studded with hills and dales, and cut by streams extending as far as the eye could reach. Here, as his beloved spot, even after their "wonted fires" had ceased, were his ashes appropriately deposited.

The steps leading to this structure must be 30 feet wide, built of sand-stone, easy to ascend, and neat. There appears to have been a porch attached to this monument. It is now a perfect wreck—large fragments of pillars and capitals lying at the top of the staircase. The monument itself, however, is a solid building which has outlived the ravages of time. Its style is unique. It is a fine specimen of Hindu art, chiselled out of heavy blocks of dark blue stone, probably the chlorite. The edifice is rectangular and is capped by a dome. The dome, as appears from the interior, is not supported by an arch. It is a succession of figures, varying from the octagon to the square, made of stone-beams. The sides of each stone-figure rest on the angles of the one immediately under it—each figure getting smaller topwards until it ends almost in a point, the decorations of which

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On his approach the Fort was surrendered without the necessity, it appears, of firing a single shot.

On the principle probably that what is easily got is not valued, the Fortress, since the establishment of the British Power, has been much neglected. Sir Frederick Halliday was the only Governor who was curious enough to pay a visit to the Fort, during his princely tour through Behar in the month of January, 1855. One of the munshis who accompanied his camp, informs us that the Lieutenant-Governor took great interest in examining the architectural ruins and taking copies of inscriptions which could be found on them. He was assisted by competent men, and the archives of the Government may probably show what use was ultimately made of the information that was collected. A proposal was made to him to repair some of the more valuable monuments, but it was given up on monetary considerations only.

During the late Sepoy Revolt, we find Rhotas the estate of Amar Singh, expressly preserved as his game ground. The rebels, as was expected, did not neglect to possess and hold the post until a sham siege had to be laid, and the Sepoys overawed to retire. The forest adjoining the Fort is said to have been the death-bed of Koer Singh, who, after the fatal bullet he received in the passage of the Ganges, and lost all, came here to bequeath what remained—his good and trusty sword only—to his brother Amar Singh, with a dying mandate to hold it on to the last.

Sirkar Rhotas was confiscated like all other property belonging to the rebel, and its possession maintained with guns and troops for nearly one year. After that period the force was withdrawn, and the wilderness allowed once more to recover her primeval domain around.

“States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die.”

On our return journey we met some of the aborigines. On enquiry we were told that they were the descendants of the *Koles*, who came from the South, or, the tableland of Chota Nagpoor. We talked with them for a time. Not a word of dissatisfaction escaped them, and what

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even less authoritative. Both the Gholam Hosseins, however, evidently draw from the standard History of Mahammad Kásim Ferishtah. Where Ferishtah got his account from, it is not so easy to say, but not yet altogether impossible to perceive. He gives the name of the owner of Rhotas as Raja Birkis. The *Akbarnáma*, and the *Kholásat al Tawárikh*, say it was one Raja Chintáman,—according to the latter a Brahman. These contradictions, however, in our view, find their reconciliation in the statement of the *Nisábnámah* that Chintáman, though a Brahman, was only the Raja's minister. The Raja's full name is given as Hari Kishen Birkis. All the Authorities, in spite of some discrepancies, agree pretty nearly in the main incidents of the treachery. The ability and craftiness of the diplomat Shêr employed are mentioned by all, but not his Brahmanhood. Ferishtah says the agent went with some presents to the Raja. Others, that the agent by means of valuable gifts brought over the Raja's favorite Ráni and his minister to his side to persuade the Raja. All are silent on the *dharndá* by which, according to "C. S. B.," Shêr's Brahman envoy bullied the simple Rajput into compliance with the object of his mission. We are curious to learn "C. S. B.'s" authority. The number of horse and foot maintained by, or at the disposal of, the Governor of Rhotas is evidently a fable.]—EDITOR.

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V

With horror mute Amphitryon stands
Deep-rooted, for his feet refuse to fly,
While like a frightened horse his son comes round
Minerva sees, and in her hands
A rock upheaves, which tearing through the sky
The mad man strikes, and pins him to the ground.

VI

Supine the vanquished hero lies !
Oh goddess dread ! his murd'rous raving stay,
From Juno's dreadful ire one victim save !
The prayer is heard ; his weary eyes
In sleep are closed, and Madness chased away
To utter darkness flies, from breast so brave.

THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

WHO are the Nobles of Southern India ? That is the point which first meets one who turns his attention to this subject. Are they our Zemindars and Poligars, the holders of settled and unsettled Poliams, or have we no Landed Aristocracy at all ? We shall not, in the space of this brief article, enter into the large discussion, whether a Nobility or an Aristocracy is absolutely necessary for the well-being and progress of a nation. That is the controversy at issue between England and America, and sometime or other we may be sure the problem will have to be solved by us. For, unless the British are prepared to govern us for ever through Civilian Magistrate-Collectors and Judges, and make laws for us by means of European Boards, the day will come when the question of a House of Lords or no House of Lords for this great country will have to undergo discussion. The question will come in the train of the general subject of Representative Government for the Indian Empire. We hope the day for *that* will not be very long in coming. It is not difficult to foresee the solution. India cannot, as regards the governing machinery, always remain different to other countries. Before long a popular element must be introduced in the legislature. Probably the first step towards that consummation will be the nomination of a large number of the most powerful or most influential Barons to a consultative assembly and, afterwards, the creation of a yet more dignified Senate. Then, when all the other Presidencies may be prepared to present our rulers with a tolerably enlightened aristocracy, Bombay with its powerful Sirdars and Chiefs, and Bengal with its educated Rajas,—what will benighted Madras do ? A landed Nobility, or, indeed, any Nobility, cannot be created in a day, or even in a single generation, but must be the work of ages. Which class of Madrasedes

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singularly shrewd. She had always, he says . . . No one, we believe, either European or native, ever came in contact with her without a conviction that, had her sphere been but a little larger, she might have founded a dynasty or built up an empire. Her history is quoted by her native biographer as a proof that "that utter disqualifier in Asia" her sex, can be overcome by rare personal qualities . . . —*From a Leading Article in THE SPECTATOR, London.*

"This short—too short—little memoir . . . We have said "too short," because the very eventful life of her whom the writer styles "the best by far of all the native sovereigns of India of our time, the ablest, wisest, most enlightened and most fortunate," affords, . . . because also, to judge from this little specimen—the author, with sufficient data before him, is capable of producing a very good biography. The following is a fair example of the author's manner:—[Here extract] The writer speaks of . . . The government, "with," as the writer expresses it, [Quotations and extract] . . . Her rule is thus characterized by Mr. S. C. Mukhopadhyaya:—[extract] . . .

"In conclusion, this excellent little Biography is of especial interest to persons who study the relations of the British government with the Independent Powers." —*From a Leading Review in THE ASIATIC, London, February 23, 1870.*

Mr. Wilson, Lord Canning, and the Income Tax.

BY

SAMBHU CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet that has recently appeared against the Income Tax. The writer is a gentleman formerly connected with this paper. He has carried into the present publication more than the habitual asperity of tone which neutralizes the effects of an otherwise powerful style. * * * * * The writer, mixing as he does with the best part of Native Society, ought to have known that a word against Lord Canning at the present time would be endorsed by no Bengali. * * * * *

—We regret the more this abusive tone of the paper, as its argumentative portions display real ability, and might have done good service in these times. The idea so prominently brought forward by the writer, namely, that the imposition of the Income Tax will in effect be in dissonance with the purposes of the Queen's Proclamation, and will be construed by the people of India as a bold breach of its mandates, needs to be hammered into the heads of sundry men whom ignorance of this truth is leading to much mischief-committing. Let any one of the supporters of Mr. WILSON'S Income Tax Scheme take up the first native he meets, and ask him whether the Queen's or the Company's Government was the better, the reply if sincere, will be in favor of the Company. The writer points this out with pretty good force; but the "original sin" of scurrility has neutralized the soundness of the later and main argument, and deprived the writer of the power to do that good which he undoubtedly could have wrought, as in fact by the better portions of the pamphlet it would have achieved.—*Review by the late Hurris Chunder Mookerjee, in THE HINDOO PATRIOT, Calcutta, June 16, 1860.*

Jurist wherein this important question has been ably discussed, and to the published Reports of the Madras High Court, which, however, will only show the amount of confusion that exists on the subject. In passing, we may remark that the momentous matter of the limits of the Government right to interfere in the distribution of water for the irrigation of ryotwari land,—a practical point that affects not only the well-being but the very life of all ryotwari landholders,—has not been satisfactorily disposed of, as yet, either by the Executive Superior Authorities,—who are entirely under the guidance of their arbitrary and capricious Subordinates,—or by the Courts of Justice. We have diverted to this subject, however, only to show that the ryotwari system, far from being favorable to the growth of a landed aristocracy, has been entirely in the way of such a growth. It is an important fact to bear in mind, in considering our present subject, that our ryotwari proprietors or tenants belong generally to the intelligent classes, the Brahmans and the higher Sudras,—and we shall be very near the truth when we say, that the majority of them live from hand to mouth. An owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres in the district of Tanjore, the most flourishing district as it is generally supposed in Southern India, watered by the river Cauvery, every drop of whose precious liquid is utilized by the fortunate inhabitants of the Delta,—an owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres here, is accounted a rich man. But this is not the sort of person that is ever likely to become a great landed aristocrat. In an essay on the Nobility of Southern India, therefore, the ryotwari holder is entitled to more than a passing notice and a passing regret.

Nor is the Zemindary tenure itself, prevailing as it does to a small extent, without its complications. The Zemindar, the Poligar and the Mittadar are almost always employed as synonymous terms at present, and the distinct meaning which no doubt attached to each, previous to the establishment of the British Supremacy, has been lost in the confusion that followed this great

The Zemindary
Tenure and its Complications.

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purse, and how can the zemindar or poligar afford his costs, while at constant war with his ryots? He is compelled by the force of circumstances to resort to the moneylender. Then begin the well-known feats of the Soucar and ultimately eat up the *zemin*.

How many zemins have thus been lost! How many,

The State of
Zemins.

alas! are likely to be, living as they already do, a precarious and hollow life!

The cases of Rámnand and Shivagangá, tottering to their fall,—the one already immersed in an ocean of debts, and the other famous for more than half a century for disputed adoptions and disputed successions,—both ranking the biggest in the Madras Presidency,—are these sad instances not enough? If this is the fate of the Setupatis,—minor Rajahs have entirely lost not only the substance, but also the semblance of wealth and greatness. Reduced literally to beggary, they are living a *sanyási* life, like the once powerful zemindar of Chohkampatti, not unknown even to History. The famous case of Shivagiri, the very embodiment of all the confusion of our zemin laws,—who is there that does not know it? We may at once say that the fate of all our present zemindars is doomed, unless the English law of entails—the application of which to the Maravar zemindars, the learned Justice Holloway once very appropriately remarked to be a grotesque absurdity—come in to their aid; but it is very doubtful, indeed, whether it will.

It is, however, meet, before going further, that we should determine whether it should. This leads us to turn from the zemindary to the zemindar himself, that we may, by understanding him, form our opinion as to the utility of preserving his greatness, at the expense, it may be, of other interests and other classes.

The zemindars of Southern India, including under the term that portion of British India which lies to the south of the Krishna, belong in part to the Maravar, and in part to the Naik, race. Their estates are situated in the upland regions;—the courses of large and living rivers being generally occupied by the Brahmans and the high caste

A description of
the Zemindar.

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"Hast thou e'er heard the prince Orestes' name?"

"To me, oh Greek! some pity show."

VIII

"Why wilt thou ask what does not thee concern?"

"The king was by his own wife slain;

"That wife before Orestes' dagger fell:

"For peace Orestes seeks in vain!"

IX

"Oh horrid doom! then where's Orestes now?"

"Canst thou to him my tale relate?"

"Say, that his sister Iphigenia lives,

"By Dian rescued from her fate!"

X

"Lives she! ah where? say priestess, I beseech;

"In me the wretch Orestes see!

"Do I in thee Iphigenia find?"

"Wilt thou a sister be to me?"

XI

"Oh dearest brother! take me to thy arms,

"Let us two mix our groans and tears,

"And I from Erinnyes will rescue thee,

"Or Dian's self will chase thy fears."

XII

A greater, see, from Heaven descends, Pallas!

Before whose glance the Furies quake;

"Orestes, with Iphigenia hie away,

"And with ye Dian's image take.

XIII

"Near Heaven-built Athens build her there a shrine,

"Upon the rock called Aloë;

"Your trials then shall cease, no furies more

"In frenzied fits you e'er will see."

S.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHEWS HOW ROGUERY SUCCEEDS, AND ENCOURAGES THE ROGUE TO PROJECT MORE DARING VILLAINY. WOMAN'S JEALOUSY DISTORTS THE PRECEDING SCENE AND MAGNIFIES PROSPECTIVE DANGERS, BUT IS NOT SUPERIOR TO A PEARL NECKLACE. THE LOVER DESCENDS TO BE A FORGER.

PREO Nath continued:—"The triumph of Dwarik was almost complete. He had outwitted Mukhoda and effected the expulsion of Chunder. He had not only attempted the gratification of his passion at the expense of his rival's reputation but had also, what he most valued, won the confidence and regard of his intended victim. For Bhooboneshoree, far from suspecting his roguery, thought she was entirely indebted to his chivalrous efforts for the miraculous escape she had made. There were no bounds to her gratitude. She seemed to accept his homage, and submitted to his attentions with the best grace in the world. Nay, she felt even a sort of attachment for him, and instead of shunning, would occasionally court his company. True, she often deprecated the intensity of his homage, and upbraided him whenever his attentions exceeded the bounds of decorum, observing that she was prepared to accept both so long as they were consistent with a brother's love towards an affectionate sister. But her remonstrances were conveyed in such a kind and tender manner, that they served rather to inflame his passion and make him more and more confident of ultimate success. He thought he had made an impression on her heart, and his love had met with a reponse in her breast. That she did not make the confession in words, or even grant him the private interview

he had solicited so long, was due, he thought, to the circumstance of her being under the roof of her grandfather, which imposed some sort of restraint, and made her dread an exposure. Naturally he was not unwilling to see what time and perseverance would effect. But his suit was exposed to such risks and interruptions from the jealousy and violent temper of his wife, that he at last conceived the diabolical project of carrying off Bhooboneshoree from her grandfather's house by stratagem. He trusted to his fertile brain so to contrive the means that when the dreadful fact came to be known, suspicion would once more fall upon his rival, and not upon himself.

"To ensure this object, Dwarik thought it necessary at first to conciliate his wife. And indeed at no other time of their conjugal life, was there a greater danger of an open rupture. When Kadumbinee became aware of her husband's adventure in Chunder's private room, her rage knew no bounds. She characterized the whole of the proceedings as extremely absurd, and called all persons who had participated in it a set of egregious fools. The conduct of Bhooboneshoree and Dwarik appeared to her especially deserving of censure. She had never, she said, heard of such behaviour in her life. She well knew from the first, that no evil could arise out of Kusam's misunderstanding with her husband. It was simply a lovers' quarrel, to commence in tears and to end in joy. She admired the magnanimous conduct of Chunder, worthy of a young man of chivalrous spirit. Finding his wife intractable, he had taken his sword into her chamber that he might hold out threats of committing suicide unless she broke her vow. Such examples were eminently worthy of imitation. What Mukhoda said she had heard from her hiding place, were the pure inventions of a fevered imagination. No man in real life was ever known to indulge in a soliloquy,—to utter his private thoughts to himself—though poets and novelists might, for their own purposes, represent people as doing so. But even if Chunder did utter any thing,

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“Mukhoda heaved a sigh and said, ‘that is a happy country, where the worth of women is understood. In our previous birth, we must have committed many sins to be born in these parts. But, cousin ! how do the Calcutta women enforce their right ?’

“‘Why,’ replied Chitra, ‘it has become a fashion, you know. If the husband is unable to supply his wife with all the requisite paraphernalia, the latter would not show herself at the banquets and parties of ladies, and the man would thereby lose his position in society. So the poorest families must have each one full set at least of these personal decorations to enable one of the women in the house to attend the invitations of neighbours. The jewellery they wear is always of the most select. They have six and sometimes eight pieces of anklets, which, when walking, make an exquisite sound. Then their nose-ring reaches below the chin, so as to allow food to be thrust into the mouth without the fingers touching the ring. When they speak, they wave the nose-ring in a beautiful fashion. They wear their robes exquisitely fine that the whole body and the ornaments—which are of course worn next to the skin, under the dress—are seen through it. When they come out bathing, you can hardly make out whether they have any dress on their persons. The young ladies have nothing to do whatever, but to dress themselves and bind the hair the whole day through. They are not even allowed to enter the cook-house for fear of their colour being spoiled.’

“‘But cousin,’ asked Shosheemukhee, ‘who cooks for them ? Of course they must eat to live.’

“‘In all rich families,’ replied Chitra, ‘there are Brahmin cooks employed. But in others, the widows and old women must cook and perform all other servile occupations.’

“All the young ladies heaved a profound sigh that their lot was not cast in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. But their third aunt, who heard the preceding speech, exclaimed that the sooner Calcutta and its neighbourhood were sunk in the bosom of the sea, the better it would be.

“The young ladies did not mind this interruption, and Shosheemukhee said—‘It is education that has improved the tone of Calcutta society. They have understood the value of women and the value of female ornaments. The rest of the country is immersed in total darkness.’

“The ladies now proceeded to examine Kadumbinee’s necklace. They praised the pearls, praised the stones, praised the pendants, praised the maker. Kadumbinee informed them how Hemunto had moved heaven and earth to obtain the necklace; how a young man had observed that her breast was not fitted for the display of so splendid an ornament, and how all had joined in recommending it as proper for herself. Radhica who knew the whole secret, left the place as she had sworn not to give it out. Chitra observed that the pearls were as large as those on Bhooboneshoree’s necklace. At this Kadumbinee flared up, and said that Chitra must have lost her eyes, as there could be no comparison between the two. Bhooboneshoree, who just arrived at the place, followed by Radhica whom she had met in the passage was asked by all to produce her necklace. She excused herself, and casting a glance at Kadumbinee’s necklace, said that it was as superior to her own as she was herself inferior to Kadumbinee in every grace. Kadumbinee appeared pleased, and invited her to come near to examine the ornament. She approached accordingly, and after intently gazing at it for a minute, kissed the two largest pearls that hung near her cousin’s heart. Radhica who was examining her face all the time, went away to hide a tear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWS HOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN FIGHT WITH HIS FOE, AND HOW HIS WEAPONS INSTEAD OF INFLECTING AN INJURY, GET THEMSELVES INJURED. SHOWS ALSO HOW THE FORGED LETTER TURNS OTHER HEADS THAN HIS, AND HOW A DAUGHTER’S VISIT IS VIEWED BY THE INMATES OF HER FATHER’S HOUSE.—GENERAL REFLECTIONS ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HINDU WOMEN.

“THE day after the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapter, the old man was thunderstruck to learn,

from the forged letter already alluded to, that his own daughter was about to storm his castle. His rage knew no bounds. Seized with a sudden fit of frenzy, he thought he saw her in front advancing to take away Bhooboneshoree. He, therefore, hurled his thunderbolts at the head of the imaginary foe.

“ ‘You accursed witch!’ cried he, ‘this will smash your head!’—and at the same instant a heavy Lota from his hand was seen flying towards the wall. It struck against the door, and fell fractured to the ground. Bhooboneshoree, who was deeply engaged in sewing a night-cap for the old man, started in astonishment and cast her eyes in every direction to ascertain against whom his anger was directed. But he caught hold of one of her hands, and sent his Hooka whizzing in the air, saying ‘you bleed, but this shaft will pierce your heart!’ The Hooka was of course broken into a thousand fragments. Bhooboneshoree was so much frightened that for a moment she lost her power of speech. She thought her grandfather had gone mad. She tried to rise that she might call for help, but he caught her hand more tightly, as if he was afraid that his antagonist, though bleeding from the head, and heart-pierced by his thunderbolts, was still capable of bearing away the prize for which they fought. Before she could open her lips, the Hooka-stand was hurled at the head of the imaginary foe. Bhooboneshoree gazed confounded at his maniac looks fixed on the impalpable air, his whole frame quivering with ungovernable passion, and his left hand grasping her arm with a strength which it was never known to display. Having now no doubt that he had suddenly lost his reason, she burst into tears.

“In an instant the old man’s passion disappeared and reason recovered its sway. Stroking her head and back very affectionately, he bewailed his hard fate, in having hurt a lovely rose which should be touched with the tenderest care; for he was evidently under the impression that in his maniacal fury, he had inflicted some injury upon her soft and tender limbs. It was some minutes before she could find language to assure

him that she was not at all hurt. She only wished to know what had in a moment ruffled his temper, although there was apparently no external cause for it.

“‘Oh it was nothing, you need not hear it, my child!’ said he, while he cast suspicious looks upon the obnoxious letter lying at his feet. Bhooboneshoree snatched up the letter. It was written in a large hand, as if with special regard to his old eyes. As she read he attentively watched her face. She understood the old man’s emotions, and was extremely touched at his affection for her. But she did not quite understand the meaning of his seeming combat and the exclamations he made use of during its progress. As, however, her doubts regarding the loss of his reason were now dispelled, and she was overjoyed at the news of her mother’s unexpected journey, she forgot to insist upon a full and satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

“‘Unable to contain her joy, she said ‘Grandfather ! how happy we shall be. I shall behold my beloved mother at the feet of her revered father,—a sight which I have not witnessed since the days of my infancy. How delightful it will be to behold such a sight!’—and her eyes filled with tears.

“‘Yes, yes,’ said the old man, ‘no doubt it will be a very happy day. But it will be much better if she stays where she is, considering the confusion her absence will create. Your step-mother, you know, will avail of this opportunity to alienate your father’s affections from her.

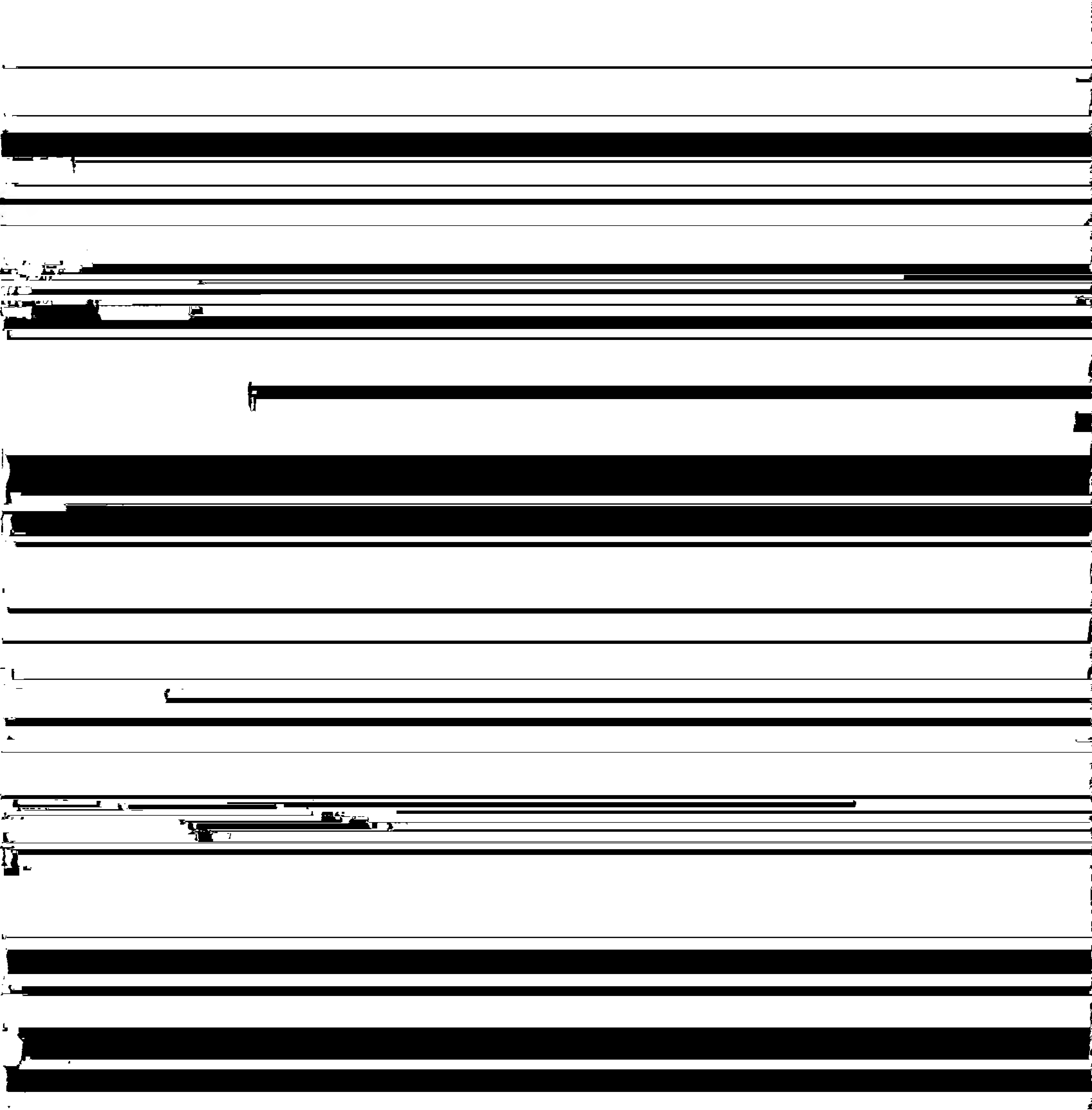
“Bhooboneshoree thought her father’s affections had long since been alienated from her mother. Suspecting that the latter’s disrespectful letter had something to do with the old man’s unwillingness to receive a visit from his daughter, she said :—‘The happiness of an interview at your house, grandfather, will be so great that we should overlook all other considerations. . You have not seen my beloved mother and myself together since my infancy. Besides, she must be very anxious to behold your dear old face, and to receive your foot on her head, as she wrote sometime ago.’

“Here Bhooboneshoree alluded to the letter composed by herself which she had made her mother send in her own name. The old man finding no means of avoiding an encounter with his daughter, thought it proper to change his tactics.

“‘O ! I know, she is a very dutiful daughter. I love her more than my own life. I am not sure whether seeing her after so long a separation, I shall be able to part with her so soon. As a dutiful child, she can not of course leave me as long as I wish her to stay.

“Bhooboneshoree doubted whether her mother’s jealousy of her step-mother, would allow her to comply with the old man’s wishes. She did not however give expression to her doubts, but suddenly asked her grandfather’s permission to retire, inventing several excuses for the purpose. He was not however unwilling to part, having some plan to mature for the discomfiture of his daughter.

“The reason why Bhooboneshoree was so anxious to retire very early that morning, was to spread the joyful tidings of her mother’s expected arrival. She flew from room to room, and poured the news to every ear, not excepting the children and maid-servants whom she met in her progress. The children and servants to whom she was a mother, were almost in ecstasies at the news. So was Radhica. Some of the other young ladies, as well as her two eldest aunts also sympathised with her. If they were not all eager to see her mother, they were glad for her sake,—for the happiness which she expected from the interview. But the rest, both young and old, regarded the promised visit rather as a curse than a blessing. As soon as Bhooboneshoree’s back was turned, they wondered why her mother should come at all. . She was coming, they said, to carry away every thing from her father’s to her husband’s house, her ostensible object to take back her daughter being a pretext. She had already robbed her father of everything valuable, and her last swoop, they said, would hardly leave them rags to cover their naked bodies. Some even proceeded to take the household furnitures in their chests from fear of her greedy eyes falling upon them.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

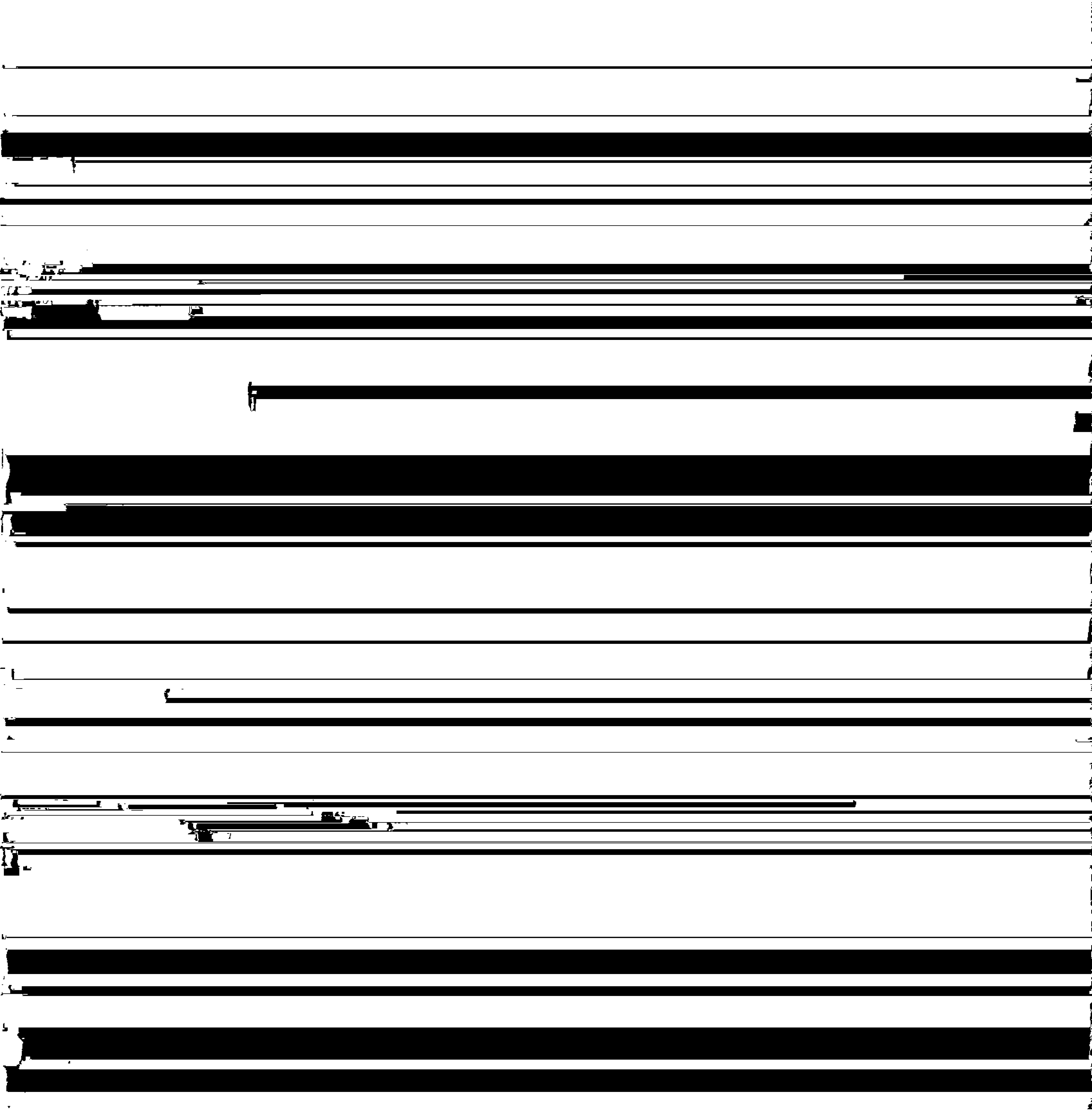
A HINDU'S ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—PREPARATIONS MADE IN A RICH HINDU'S HOUSE ON THE OCCASION OF A MARRIAGE.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN ENFORCE THEIR RIGHTS.—A SECOND ARCHIMEDES EXPERIMENTS ON GOLD AND DISCOVERS PROPERTIES IN THE METAL WITH REFERENCE TO THE HUMAN BODY.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN MANAGE TO ENRICH GOLDSMITHS AT THEIR HUSBANDS' EXPENSE, AND HOW GOLDSMITHS REPAY THE OBLIGATION BY MAKING ORNAMENTS MORE DURABLE.—A GOLDSMITH'S DILEMMA.

“WHEN Bhooboneshoree was spreading the joyful tidings of her mother's expected arrival which excited such different feelings in different hearts, her grandfather was no less busy in communicating the news of the approaching marriage of his great-grand-child, Jógendro Mohinee, the daughter of Mukhoda, a girl of 6 years of age. The nuptial was to come off on the 20th of the month, but as yet the bridegroom had not been selected. This sudden and unexpected piece of intelligence excited considerable surprise among the young and old. They did not know that the octogenarian had hit upon this plan in order to accomplish the discomfiture of his daughter Merno. When asked what had made him come to so sudden a resolution, he said :—

“‘Don't you see I am a very old man, and cannot expect to survive long. I am naturally anxious to witness the marriage of my great-grand-child before I die. Besides Jogen has arrived at her marriageable age, for she will come to her seventh year in Aghran. What will people say when they learn that so rich a family like ours keep daughters unmarried up to the age of seven. The Shastras attach great merit to marriages at an early age, just as they consider penance necessary for marriages after the age of puberty.’

“The arguments appeared unexceptionable to his auditors. But it was pointed out to him that there was not sufficient time to obtain a desirable bridegroom and to make the necessary preparations for the marriage.

“‘What cannot money,’ said he, ‘do during the reign of the East India Company? If there be no great difficulty in getting a horse or an elephant, there can be none



his own ; the aunts were weary with sitting at debates and consultations regarding the forms and ceremonies to be observed at the marriage ; the young ladies were busy painting seats for the bridegroom, and devising practical jokes at his expense ; the little boys and girls were engaged in manufacturing instruments of torture for the culprit who was coming to take Jogen away. Sham proposed that at least three elephants and twenty horses should be sent to escort the bridegroom's party from a distance of 4 miles from the house. Dinoo would not be satisfied unless two Delhi songstresses and six Calcutta dancing girls were engaged for the occasion. Issur said he would hardly be able to shew his face in court unless all the Amlahs, Pleaders, and Mooktears at the Sudder Station as well as at Sub-Divisions were invited, and each presented with a Shawl. The old women were of opinion that each family in the village be presented with a silver cup and a brass jar, together with a fair allowance of sweetmeats and other eatables. The little boys and girls were anxious for a grand display of fireworks, such as had never been witnessed in the village. The family priest declared it absolutely necessary, having regard to the dignity of the family and to what a rival zemindar had lately done on a similar occasion, to send letters of invitation to all learned Pandits as far up as Benares, and pay them presents varying from Rs. 20 to 100 each, exclusive of *bona fide* travelling expenses. The *Ghataks* recounted the family history of the great *Koolin* houses in Bengal, and demanded that the representative of each should be invited to be present at the nuptials and handsomely paid for the honor they would thus do them. The old man satisfied every one of these parties, and was as impartial in his abuse as in the distribution of his favors.

“ People of every profession and calling in the village derived some advantage or other from the approaching marriage. But it was the goldsmiths that were the greatest gainers. They had scarcely a moment to spare but labored day and night in working for the ladies. For all the women became mad after jewellery. Shamasoondry insisted on having a ear-ring in the



allow me sleep. Indeed, I am very sleepy, not to say I have already so many ornaments for the ear'—and she tried to compose herself to sleep.

“‘If you do not require any ornament for the ear,’ said the husband, elated with his success, ‘you probably want a gold chain with pearls to encircle your head. Now, tell me, is it not so?’

“Chitra laughed as if she felt ticklish, and said ‘such vexation I have never experienced in my life. If nothing else will rid me of this annoyance the whole night through,—when I especially feel so sleepy,—I will accept the ornament you name. So come and let us sleep.’

“She then kissed his lips, saying ‘I cannot stop your mouth else.’ But instead of sleeping, the couple passed the remainder of the night discussing the description of the ornament and expressing their ardent love for each other, which seemed to increase with the length and weight of the chain.

“This thirst for ornaments was not confined to the ladies of the house, but extended to the whole village. Hemumboree thrice demolished some of her valuable ornaments for the pleasure of having them made anew. As often as they were recast, the goldsmith, actuated by the best of motives and with a praiseworthy love for self, substituted large quantities of silver or copper in place of gold, with a view no doubt, of making the ornaments more durable. But at the third time he hardly knew what to do: for if he put any more alloy, he could not preserve the colour of gold; and if he were not to mix any, it would be committing a sin against his trade. How he got rid of the dilemma at last is not known.

“Other rich ladies had no less kindness for the smiths. Some found fault with their ornaments for not being according to the newest fashion. If their husbands demurred to get them mended, they broke the ornaments, as if by accident, and cried till they obtained fresh ones to their liking. The usual complaint was, that the ornaments were too light to be felt. But as they in-

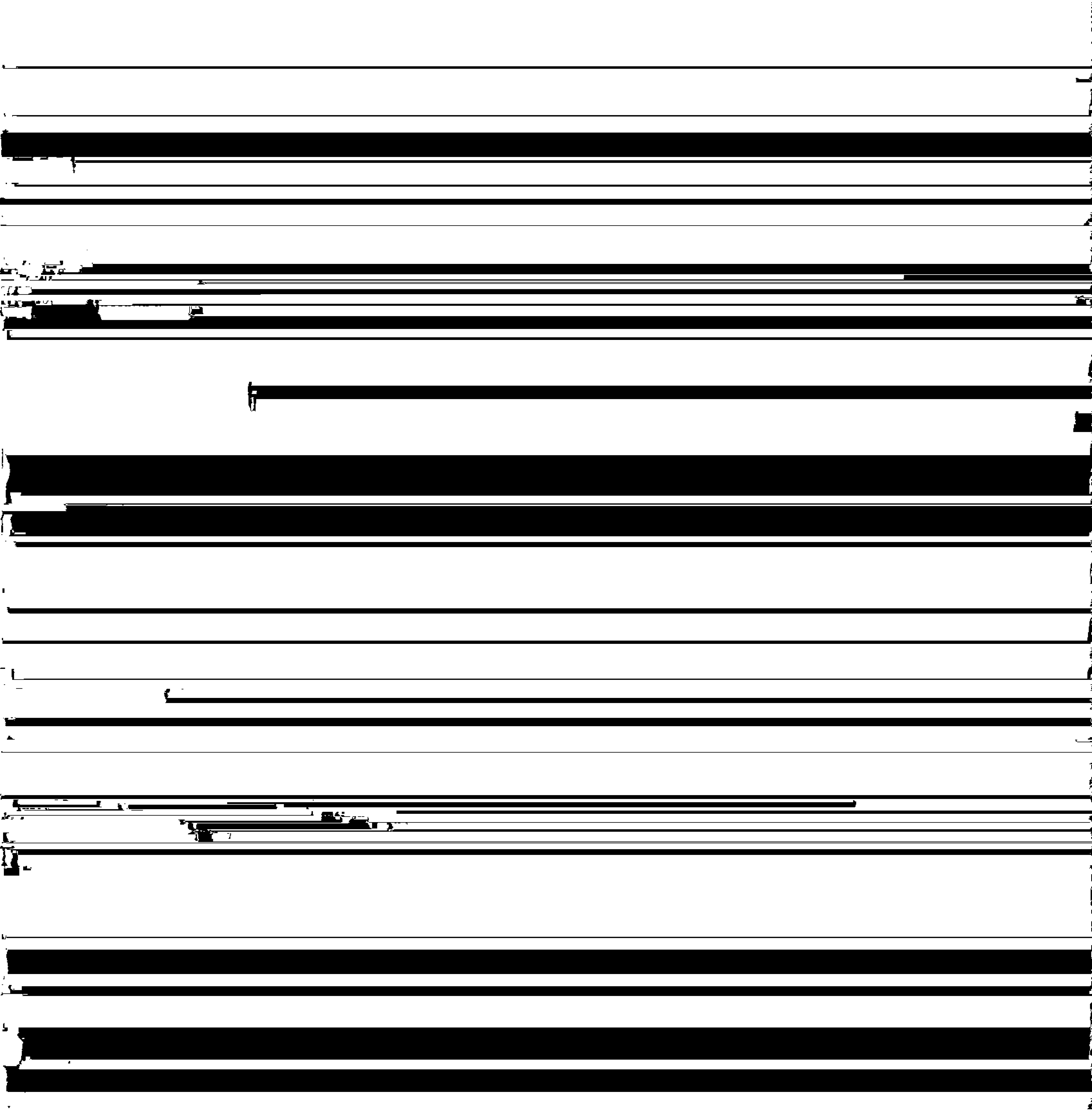
creased in bulk, they lost in quantity, owing to the commendable desire of the smiths to make them more durable. This desire was so violent that although the poor husband, at the command of his wife, sat the whole day and watched the progress of the ornament, yet the smith, by some magic process, subtracted the genuine gold and slipped some alloy into it. So the wife gained nothing, while the additional gold and the wages for workmanship were clear loss to the husband. If any smith succeeded in introducing any improvement in an ornament the news flew like lightning, and the village-women broke their trinkets in order to have them made according to his pattern. On a sudden, he became an universal favorite, and all the women were almost mad to see him as if he was the greatest genius of the age. For these ladies who are so shy in showing their faces to gentlemen like ourselves, are always accessible to smiths. But you know these things, Doctor, so well by personal experience, that it is unnecessary for me to dilate on the subject."

PANDIT JIBANANDA'S PUBLICATIONS.

"In Europe it is not easy to find a publisher for any extensive Sanskrit texts, and therefore it is creditable to Calcutta to hear that Pandit Jibánanda Vidyáságara, B.A., of the Calcutta University and son of the well-known Pandit Táránátha Tarkaváchaspati, has just issued a list of seventy-three Sanskrit publications, large and small, issuing from his press alone."—London Correspondent of the *Bengallee*.—February 14, 1874.

PANDIT Táránátha is a man whose abilities we acknowledge, and whose erudition we honor. Pandit Jibánanda is one for whom we cherish no individual ill-feeling. It is on public grounds alone that we have thought it advisable to gauge the merits of the multitudinous publications which are under-bidding the Sanskrit publishers of Europe to such an extent that an authority like Max-Müller is led to make the remark that in a few years it will be simply impossible to print any Sanskrit texts at Europe in the Devanagari character. The question to which we address ourselves to-day is whether the quality of these publications bears any fair proportion to the quantity which is so striking to the imagination. Three-score ten and-three! A goodly number for a single printer and publisher. But unfortunately Pandit Jibánanda owns no press, and before we close this paper we shall have reason to qualify the greater part of the praise which the London Correspondent of the *Bengallee* is so lavish in bestowing.

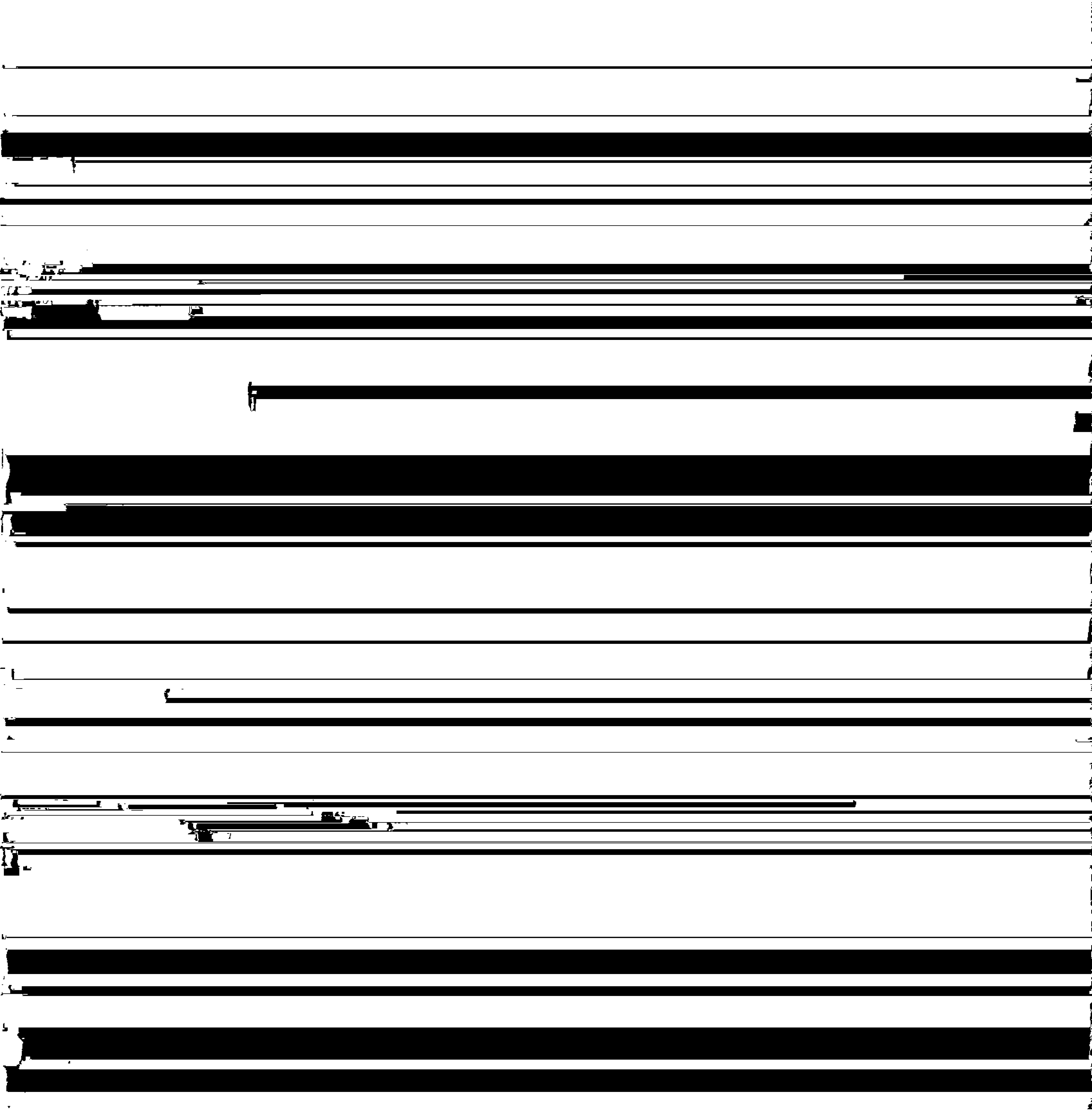
Pandit Jibánanda, it must be admitted, makes the most of his father, his University-degree, and his *alma mater*. Indeed the fact of his being a B. A. put forth in abbreviations (without reference to any institution for education or examination) in the Sanskrit title-pages and in the body of his works wherever opportunity has offered, must have a bewildering effect on indigenous Pandits, yet undefiled by contact with the languages of *Yavanas* or acquaintance with *mlechha* ways. They understand the













গুরুনি জাউনি বাসাংলি বজ্রানি বিমুচ্য দূরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেষু
তনু স্তম্ভমক্লুশং বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তীত্যর্থঃ ॥

Pandit Jibānanda's Commentary.

সমুদাতো নির্গতো যঃ স্বেদো ঘর্ম্মস্তেন চিতাঃ ব্যাপ্তাঃ সন্ধরো
বাহুযুলাদয়ো বাসাং তাঃ সর্ষোবনাস্তাকণ্যসহিতাঃ উন্নতস্তনা
উচ্চকুচাঃ প্রমদাঃ স্ত্রিয়ঃ সাম্প্রাতমিদানীং গুরুনি (দুর্বহানি)
বাসাংলি বজ্রানি বিমুচ্য দূরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেষু তনু স্তম্ভম
(অংপুকং) বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তি ইহ স্বেদবসন
ভ্যাগো ঐশ্বৰ্য্যম্ ।

Pandit Jibananda has here reproduced very faithfully the commentary of Manirām with the exception of the expletives *tathoktah* and *ityarthah*. To save appearances *jarhāni* of the latter has been changed into *durvahāni*; a misprint has also been corrected and three words added towards the end.

We could multiply such instances at will from the "commentary of his own" which he has affixed to the *Ritusamhāra*, but we have really not the space for them. Should, however, our readers be not disposed to condemn a man on the testimony, however damning, of a single passage, we ask them to compare the commentaries on the second sloka of the second canto.

Manirām Sharma's Commentary.

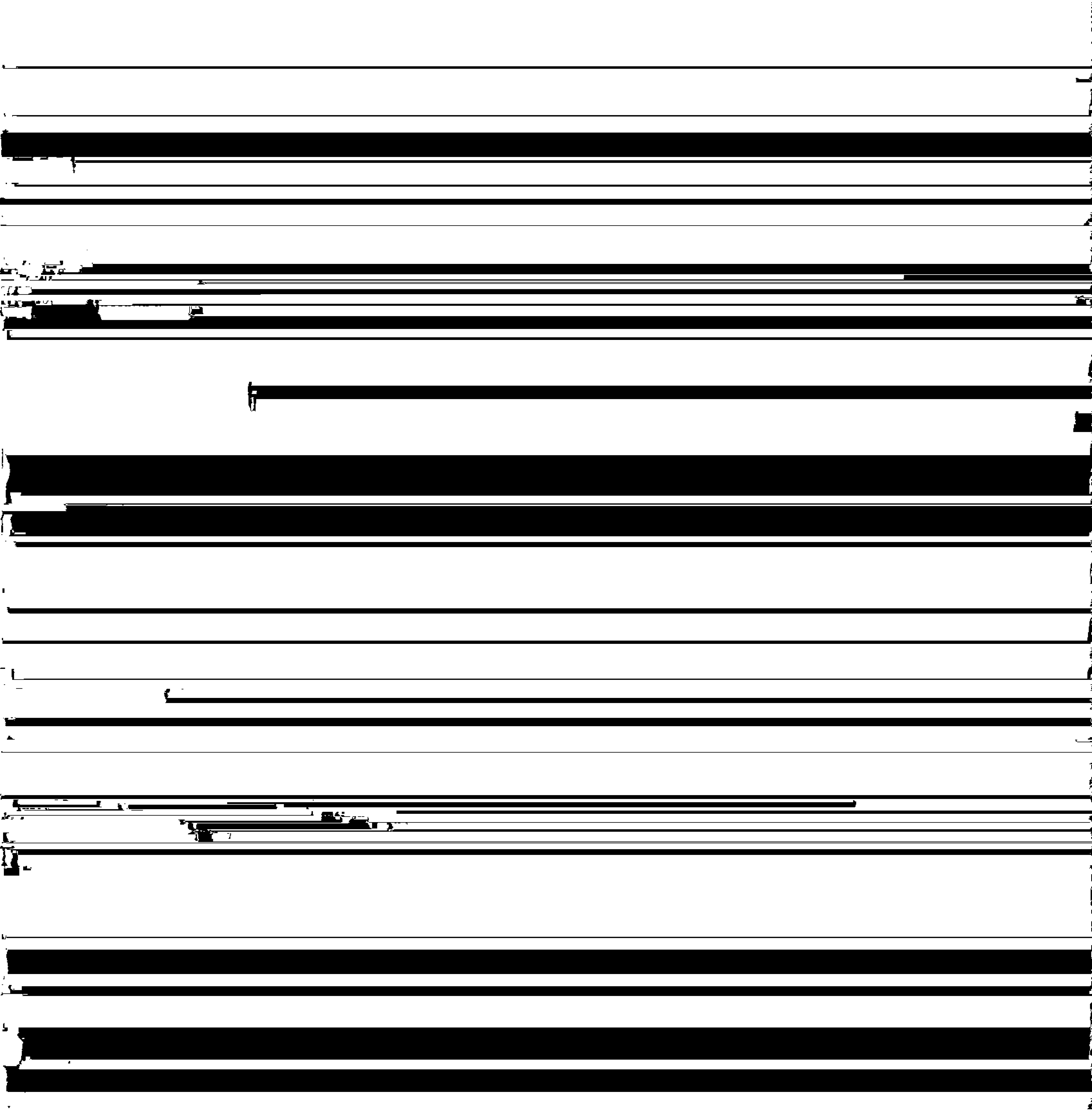
নিতান্তমত্যন্তং নীলানি ক্লুশানি বায়ুংপলানি কুশলানি
তেষাং পত্রাণাং দলানাং কান্তিরিব কান্তির্যেষাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈঃ
কচিৎ কুত্রচিৎভাগে প্রভিন্নো যোজনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন
সন্নিভৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কচিৎ সগৰ্ভাণাং গৰ্ভবতীনাং যে স্তনাঃ কুচা
স্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কান্তির্যেষাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈর্ঘনৈর্মেষৈঃ
ব্যোমাকাশং সমংততঃ ইতস্ততঃ সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তমিত্যর্থঃ ।

Jibānanda's Commentary.

নিতান্তমত্যন্তং নীলানি কৃষ্ণানি ষাণ্ময়পলানি কুবলয়ানি
 তেষাং পত্রাণাং দলানাং কান্তিরি কান্তির্যেবাং তৈঃ কুচিৎ
 কুচচিৎভাগে প্রতিম্নো যোঃজনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন
 সন্নিভৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কুচিৎ সগভাণাং মতবতীনাঃ যে স্তনাঃ
 কুচাস্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কান্তির্যেবাং তৈঃ যনৈর্মেঘৈঃ ব্যোম্য
 কাশং সমন্ততঃ (সর্বদিক্ক্ষু এব) সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তম্ ॥

It will be seen that these plagiarisms are committed on a fixed plan. An expletive or two left out, a single synonym changed for another and our Pandita-Rajahamsa thinks that he can safely strut out with the feathers which he has stolen, and pass off for a peacock. One stands aghast at the impudence which can christen such stuff and attempt to palm it off on the unsuspecting public as a "commentary of his own," a phrase which by-the-way reminds us of the Bengali saying about the plantains in the sanctuary. One wonders at the rashness which can thus plagiarise a work issued, but five years ago, and which must certainly be used for the purposes of comparison when another commentary professing to be new, is given to the world. How bold the thief, so runs the Persian saying, that he bears a lamp in his hand! Pandit Jibānanda has the heart to mention in his preface the commentary of Manirām which he has thus shamelessly appropriated.

The *Nalodaya*, an alliterative poem on Nala, king of Nishadha, is commonly attributed to Kālidasa, and tradition would have it that it was written expressly to humble the pride of his rival poet, Ghata-karpara, who plumed himself much on the alliterative excellence of his *Yamaka Kāvya*. The text, with the commentary entitled *Sabōdhinī* by Prajnākara Mīśra of Mithilā was brought out in 1813 by Babu Ram under the orders of the Committee of Education. The Rev. William Yates gave to the world another edition of the text and commentary in 1844, accompanied by a translation in English blank verse. Jibānanda's edition is a reprint of the last edition, minus the preface and the translation.



progenitors and has never to our knowledge taken up the study of Hindu medicine privately, we are at a loss to see how he qualified himself to superintend the bringing out of a current work on Hindu medicine. The utmost that a layman like him ought to have attempted was an *editio princeps* of a single manuscript, or if he made bold to give an independent edition, he was bound to give every difference which he found in his Mss. The very misnomer "Chakradatta by Chakrapánidatta" which disfigures the title-page, speaks volumes against the industry of Jibánanda's collation. Perhaps when one day he assumes the self-sought position of a "great" English publisher he will edify us with an edition of *Paradise Lost* with the following introductory title page:—"Milton by John Milton."

The book which Jibánanda has printed is really the *Sarvasāra Sangraha* of Chakrapáni-Datta commonly called, for abbreviation's sake, Chakradatta. Surely we have a right to expect that the so-called editor of a book should at least have the leisure and industry to discover the name of the book which he gives to the world for the first time in a printed form. We suppose the clue to the mystery lies in the fact of the Sanskrit College copy, the only one which the *soi-distant* editor would seem to have consulted, being defective about the name of the work. We have had no opportunity of examining the Sanskrit College copy, but we arrive at this conclusion from combining two facts. First, that in the Sanskrit Catalogue of the Asiatic Society, (which as a first compilation is not free from errors), चक्रदत्त is described as a medical work of which the Society has no copy but the Calcutta Sanskrit College has. Secondly, Jibánanda's Chakradatta is the same as the Asiatic Society's MSS. Nos. 561 and 626 which are the *Sarva Sārasāngraha* of Chakradatta.

The *Bhoja prabandha* of Ballála, being anecdotes of Raja Bhoja and his court, is in the absence of better material an important element in the study of the history of later Sanscrit literature. Apart from its historical value, it will as a composition amply repay perusal, on account of



page which characterises the aphorisms of the most atheistic philosophy as those of *A Theistic Philosophy*.

Our readers must excuse us for reproducing at length from the "Hindu Patriot" of July 21, 1873, the review of "*Vetāla-Panchavīnshati, or twenty-five tales related by a vampire to Rajah Vicramadītya*, compiled by Pandit Jibananda Vidiyasagar, B. A., Calcutta, New Indian Press, 1873." Though the true character of Jibananda's publications was apparent to the merest tyro in Sanskrit literature, and a common topic of conversation among the students and teachers of that literature, still to the writer of the review here reproduced, whose name we have no authority to divulge, belongs the credit of having been the first to raise his voice against this Saturnalia of Sanskrit Literature.

"This is the most bare-faced piece of literary imposition that has lately come to our notice; and we regret exceedingly that a Bachelor of Arts of the Calcutta University, and a Pandit who bears the proud title of "ocean of learning" (no matter how got) should be the culprit. The work which the Pandit professes on title-page to have himself "compiled," was compiled many centuries ago by Jambhala Datta, and MSS. of it, though rare, are by no means unattainable. In Calcutta we know of two codices, one in the library of the Sanskrit College, and the other in that of Baboo Rajendralala Mitra. We are informed that the last was lent to the Pandit a few months ago, and the book has been printed from it almost verbatim. We qualify our remark by the word "almost" as the Pandit has occasionally omitted a word, or a sentence or changed a case mark, or a word, or introduced a new sentence. The sum total of these alterations and additions is insignificant. We have ascertained by a careful collation with the MS. (which by the way bears marks of having been used by the printers as copy, no separate copy for the compositors having been prepared) that the whole of the additions in it cannot fill up a single 8vo. page. Most of the alterations are merely corrections of copyist's errors of the MS., a few are attempts at improving the style. The new sentences may be the readings of the Sanskrit College codex, or emendations introduced by the Pandit, but their number is limited to a dozen. The new words are mostly synonyms, such as the use of *patnyam* "wife" for "*bharyayam*" of Babu Rajendralala Mitra's text. How under these circumstances the Pandit claims the right of compilership it is difficult to conceive, unless we take it to be an attempt to impose upon the public, and this last supposition receives much support from the fact of the real author Jambhala Datta's name having been omitted from the title-page, though the would-be compiler knew it perfectly well from its

occurring in the first line of his second page. We hope for the credit of the Calcutta University that there is not another of its graduates who will seek literary reputation in this style.

We may add to the *Patriot's* criticism that the poor author's name is vouchsafed in the colophon, though saddled with that of the redoubtable compiler.*

The following review of Jibananda's edition of the *Mahaviracharita* of *Bhavabhuti* is reproduced from the issue of the same journal for October 20, 1873, with the less hesitation as it proceeded from the pen of the writer of this article.

"Maha Vira Charita, by Bhavabhuti. Edited by Pandit Taranath Tarkavachaspati. Calcutta. Printed and published by Herumbo Chandra Banerjee and Co., at Bishowprokas Press, James's Lane, No. 5. 1857.

"2. Mahaviracharita, a drama by Bhavabhuti, edited by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B. A. Calcutta. Printed at the Mahesh Satya Press, 1873.

"In his English title-page Pandit Jibananda, though he makes no mention of any commentary, speaks of the work as edited by him, but in the Sanskrit title-page he states that the book is edited by himself with a 'made commentary,' i. e. a commentary made by himself. Now the fact is that the notes appended to Pandit Jibananda's edition (!) are exactly the same as those appended to Pandit Taranath's Edition of 1857. A curious coincidence no doubt. We have compared both the editions most carefully, and found that the text is the same in both, and the commentary, but for the insertion in a particular note, of *narapati* for a synonymous term *nripati* of the first edition, would have been exactly the same in both. The difference however we believe to be quite accidental, for such is Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagar B. A.'s loyalty to the genius of his father, that he has perpetuated a mistake every time that he has met with one in his father's edition. * * *

"We cannot denounce too strongly this transparent endeavour to impose on the public a commentary by the father, as one by the son. The 'Ocean of learning,' may throw up texts like 'Son thou art self'†; but we doubt very much whether the reading world will be satisfied with such an explanation. A novice in these matters would be almost tempted to believe that like Katyayana—Vararuchi, Taranatha—Jibananda is the name of the same indivisible personage."

* इति वि-ए-उपाधिरिणा श्रीजीवानन्दविद्यासागरभट्ट-आचार्येण रङ्गलितायां जम्बुदत्तप्रोक्तवेतालपञ्चशतौ पञ्चविंशतिवेतालकथाप्रबन्धः । समाप्तोऽयं ग्रन्थः ।

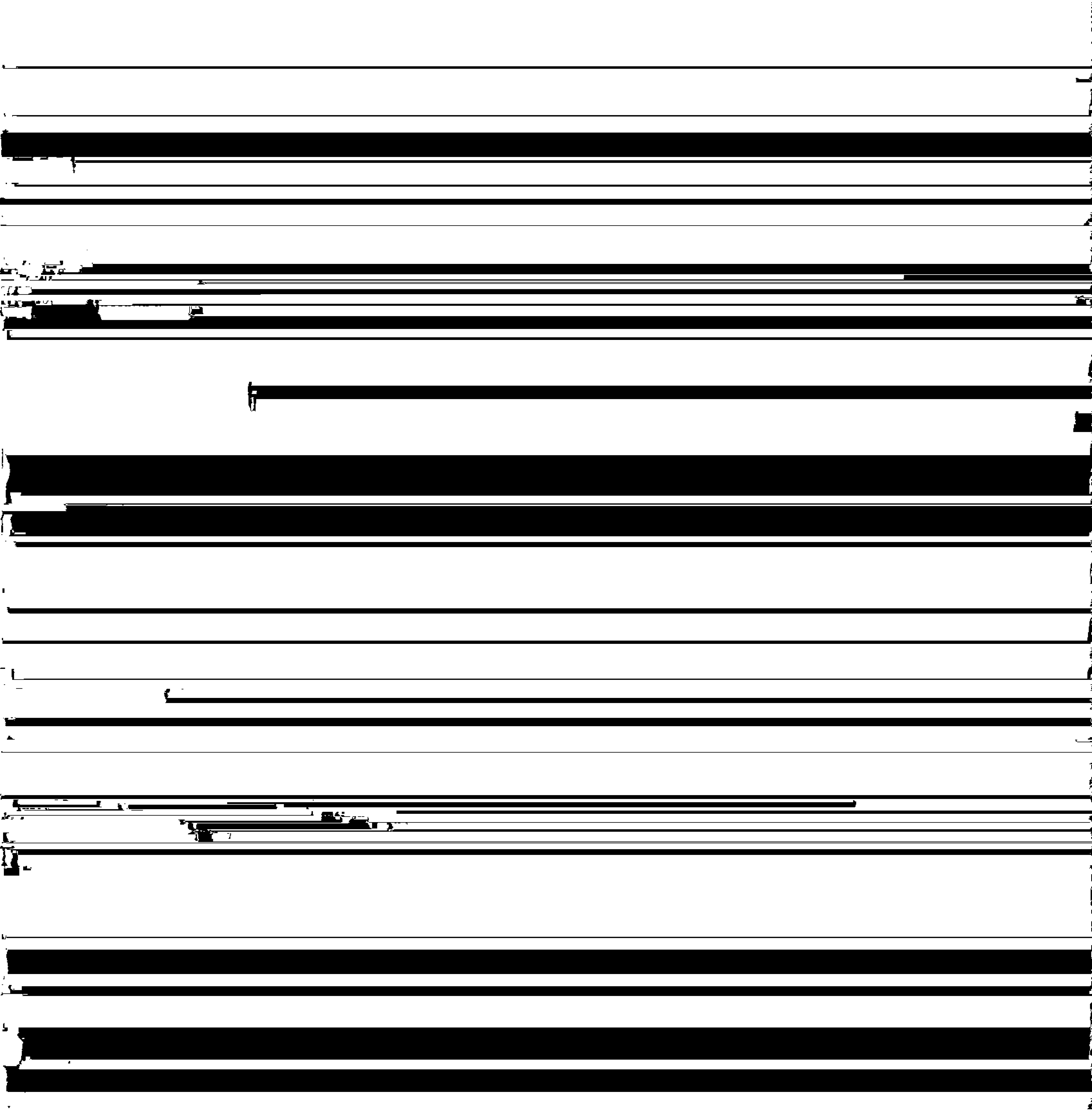
† आत्मा वै पुत्र नामासि ।

Here then we stop to-day. To expose the failings of others is always a thankless and disagreeable task and nothing but a sense of public duty could have induced us to take up this matter in hand. The curtain we believe has been torn wide enough to reveal some of the most startling mysteries of the editorial *sanctum*. For the dethroned idol there is still time for amends. He has scarcely passed the prime of life and if he would only bring to his self-imposed task a little more of the scholar and the man of taste and a great deal less of the Burtollah shopocracy; if he will only measure himself, and casting aside that feverish love for fame and rupees which seems now to have taken possession of him, attempt only things within his reach and in things beyond it, rather than accept the position of a slavish imitator, leave things well alone; if he would but condescend always frankly to inform his readers of the genealogy of his editions, the materials from which they are drawn and the principle on which his MSS. are collated, he may still do an amount of good which it is not easy to calculate.

But if this warning voice is raised in vain, if he persists in his career of robbing others of what is far dearer than gold, literary reputation, we shall be obliged to issue another card for the dissecting table, and with unwilling hand again to expose the disease and corruption which fester beneath the fair and promising exterior of these seventy-three publications.







larly free from internal disturbances, excepting such as were unavoidable to the tenure by which they hold ; and now that they have attained the *neplus ultra* of their aspirations in the country, the whole of it is at peace from one extremity to another quite as much as Great Britain and Ireland. The wars they have fought will of course have to be referred to. They commenced with their struggles with the French for a footing in the land, which were soon followed by the wars for the acquisition of Bengal and Behar. Then succeeded the wars with Hyder Ally and Tippoo, which may be regarded as the sequel of the struggles with the French ; then the first Mahratta war ; then the war with Nepal ; then the great Mahratta and Pindari war ; and then the Burmese war. Next followed the capture of Bhurtpore and the subjugation of the Jâts ; after which there was a long era of rest, that was abruptly concluded by the fear the English entertained of the Russians, which provoked the Afghan war, which in a manner obliged them to undertake in succession the conquest of Scinde, the Gwalior war, and the Punjab war. The last of their great wars in India up to this time has been the Sepoy war of 1857-58.

Of most of these wars detailed accounts exist, but in such voluminous form as is repellent to a large number of readers. Our only endeavour will be to produce a book that will give the general reader such a cursory sketch of them all as he will care to read and remember. The wars with China and Persia will not be referred to, as they were, in point of fact, not Indian but imperial wars.

II.—THE INVASION OF SEMIRAMIS.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 2,000.

THE first celebrated invader of India was Semiramis the wife of Ninus, who succeeded him on the Assyrian throne, some two or three hundred years after the flood.





the Assyrians with such vigour that they were obliged to give way. The attack of his elephant-corps was now irresistible, while the mock-elephants of Semiramis proved useless and cumbersome. The sovereigns on both sides fought hand to hand, and Semiramis was wounded with an arrow and a javelin. This compelled her to fall back ; and her army, already dissipated, fled with her in disorder. Many of the Assyrians, after having escaped the enemy, were, in the precipitancy of their flight, pressed to death on the bridge, or being thrown into the stream were drowned. But Semiramis took a bitter revenge for this when she saw the Indians continuing the pursuit across the river, by ordering the bridge to be cut down the moment her own men had passed over, whereby a multitude of Indians were destroyed.

Such was the end of the last great expedition undertaken by the most famous queen of the olden world, who is by some authorities said to have made her escape from India with only twenty persons in her train, while others assert that she was able to save about a third part of her army. The Indian account identifies her with the goddess Shámá, the wife of Mahádeva, the god being himself, in a separate story, identified with Osiris of Egypt, which gives force to the belief expressed by some authors that Semiramis, after the death of Ninus, was married to Osiris. Her Indian opponent is named Virasena, a devout worshipper of Mahádeva, by whom he was made *Sthábarpati* (Stabrobates) or lord of hills, trees, and plains. His country was near the sea, evidently down to the mouths of the Indus ; and he began his reign by repressing the wicked and rewarding the good. Shámá Devi, amazed at the final issue of her expedition, made minute inquiries in regard to the life of the conqueror ; and, finding that he had become a son of Mahádeva by his *tapsaya* and austerities, she adopted him as her son also, and gave him command over all Váhnisthán, the empire she had herself reigned over. It is not unlikely that this invasion of India was the last of the continuous wars fought between the Ahoors (Asoors or Assyrians) and the





river, where the contest was continued in the water till all except Thureus were drowned. Bacchus then crossed the river, and meeting with opposition set fire to it. This angered Oceanus; but the Hydaspes itself implored clemency, upon which the flames were extinguished.

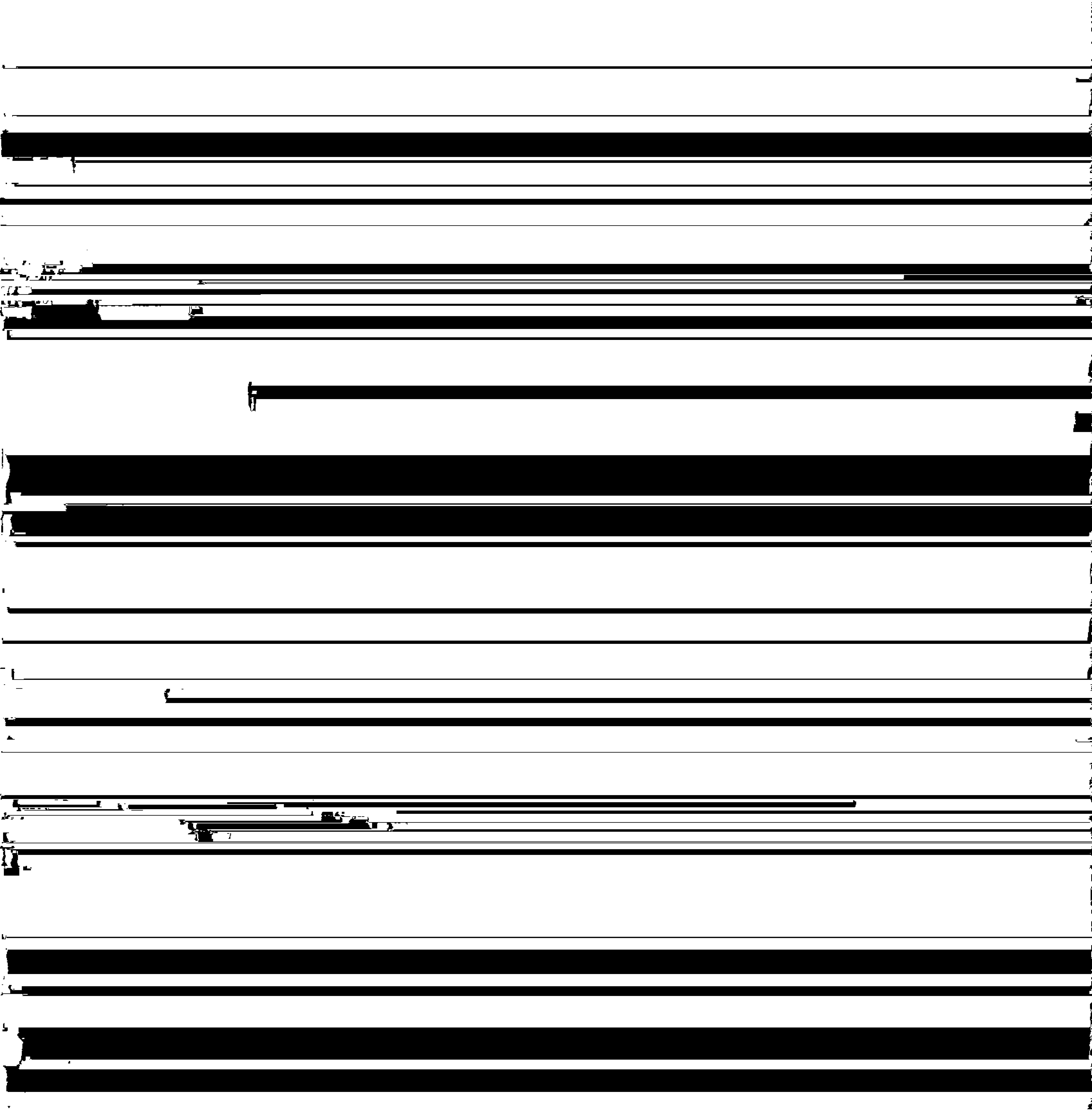
The preparations for the battle with Deriades were now completed. Bacchus received a shield made by Vulcan on which were displayed the figures of the sun, moon, and stars; of Thebes, Amphion, and Ganymedes; of Damasenus engaging and slaying a dragon; and of Rhea holding a stone to Saturn. His opponents were at the same time craftily encouraged by Pallas to venture out; and they advanced vigorously, bearing various arms. In the battle which followed Dexiochus and Corymbasus, two Indian chiefs, particularly distinguished themselves, the latter standing at his post even after he was killed. But the advance of the Cyclops soon reduced the troops of Deriades to straits, many fell back before them, and Deriades himself was surrounded; when Juno inspired him with courage, upon which Deriades and Bacchus engaged in single conflict, till they were parted by night. Juno now deceived Jupiter with the girdle of Venus, and lulled him asleep; and Deriades, being assisted by Mars, soon put Bacchus and his host to flight, upon which Bacchus became demented.

Jupiter was filled with wrath when he awoke, and compelled Juno to cure Bacchus with her milk; after which the war was renewed, Bacchus charging the elephant-corps of the Indian army at the head of the wild beasts that accompanied him. He himself also assumed a great variety of forms to engage Deriades, and finally succeeded in entangling him in a mess of vine-plants, which forced him to entreat for liberation, and to conclude a peace.

Numerous prodigies appeared at the termination of the truce, but they deterred neither party from continuing the war, which now took a naval form; and the ships of Bacchus and Deriades being both ready, a vigorous engagement was begun. The Indians were

early surrounded, but still fought with obstinate valor, till Boreas sent a storm against them and Jupiter sent rain, when the Indians being subdued their fleet was burnt. Deriades now attempted to fly, but was deceitfully persuaded by Pallas to continue the fight, which enabled Bacchus to come up and slay him ; after which Bacchus returned to his native country.

The account given of Sesostris by Diodorus Siculus does not very materially differ from the above, though no details to an equal extent are given. His first expedition, it is there related, was in command of an army sent out by his father to conquer Arabia, in which he was entirely successful. He was next sent to conquer Libya, which was likewise brought under subjection. These successes excited in him the ambition of conquering the world ; and, on coming to the throne, he raised for that purpose a large army of 600,000 foot soldiers, 24,000 horsemen, and 27,000 chariots of war. The chosen companions of his infancy were the generals who commanded this army ; and he fitted out a fleet from the Red Sea to co-operate with it. The latter being first sent out succeeded in conquering all the maritime nations to the borders of India. The army then took its course through Phœnicia, Syria, Assyria, and Media, all of which were conquered ; after which it entered India through Persia, and subduing the whole of it, passed down the Ganges to its mouths, where the fleet was waiting for it, and where triumphant pillars were erected. Nine years were spent in the expedition, after the successful termination of which Sesostris proceeded westward into Europe, where he subjugated Thrace. We have no information of the kings he met with in India. If he was the same person as Shishak, he is supposed to have conquered a large part of the country, and to have left one of his most intimate friends, Spartembas, on the throne, whose descendants continued to occupy it till the invasion of India by Hercules. The story, whichever version of it be accepted, is not improbable ; there is no doubt that the Egyptian empire was at one time contiguous to India.





While in the wilderness Ráma killed several Rákshases or demons (by whom Buddhists apparently are meant) who persecuted the sages or Bráhmans dwelling in the forests for their worship of the gods. Among the Rákshases thus encountered were two brothers of Rávana and one of his sisters. The latter offered love to Ráma, and, on being told that he was already married, rushed upon Sita in her jealousy, to do hurt to her; whereupon Lakshmana thoughtlessly cut off her ears and nose, and her brothers attempting to avenge her were killed. This brought out Rávana to the spot; but he did not come either to fight for glory or to avenge his relatives. He came only to gratify his lust for Sita, for whose hand he had before unsuccessfully competed, and who was now represented to him as being as beautiful as Lakshmi, without her lotos. An accomplice of his assuming the form of a golden stag with silver spots lured out Ráma from the hermitage, and Lakshmana being sent after Ráma shortly after by his devoted wife to assist him against fancied danger, Rávana came into the hut, declared his passion, and, being indignantly answered, carried off Sita on his chariot through the air. This being observed by Jatáya, the king of the vultures, an attempt was made to rescue Sita, but proved unsuccessful, Jatáya being mortally wounded in the conflict, and surviving only long enough to give the necessary directions to Ráma for the search of his wife.

Now comes the story of the war. In the middle of the southern ocean was the wonderful island of Lancá which owned Rávana for its lord, and thither Sita was supposed to have been carried. Her captor was a great warrior, and had a large army of Rákshases under his command. "If you desire to conquer him," said Kabandha, the *Gandharva*, to Ramá, "you must form a friendly alliance with Sugriva, one of the most powerful of the monkey-chiefs, who will first require your assistance against his brother Bali, and then assist you in return." The advice of Kabandha was followed; the monkey-chief was assisted in his quarrel with his brother for the possession of the monkey-throne, and, being



person, a golden chaplet which held her braided hair, as her token to Ráma, with ardent entreaties that he would come and deliver her, as soon as possible, from the insults and solicitations to which she was obliged to submit, and the impressive notice that, if he did not rescue her within two months, she would destroy herself. Before retiring from the island however, the monkey-chief thought it befitting his character to commit a deal of mischief in the enemy's capital, and he accordingly destroyed eighty thousand soldiers, seven chiefs, five commanders of inferior note, and a son of Ravana; besides which, he set fire to several buildings by lashing about his tail, which the Rákshases had foolishly ignited.

On the return of Hanumán, Ráma advanced towards Lancá to invade it. His army, though composed only of monkeys and bears, was innumerable, and covered 100,000 miles of land; and this vast body proceeded towards the sea as one man, rejoicing in their strength. The earth trembled at the loudness of their shouts and the lashing of their tails; mountains and wildernesses were passed over with the swiftness of the wind: but there was consternation and astonishment on every face when, arrived on the sea-shore, they saw the waves bursting on the beach. How was the sea now to be crossed? Varuna, the god of waters, was invoked for assistance, and suggested the construction of a bridge by the monkey-chief Nala, a son of Vishwa-karmá, the great architect of heaven. There was no difficulty experienced in finding materials for the work, for the monkeys, going out in all directions, brought together a large stock of trees, mountains, and loose stones, and Nala made these float by the simple process of engraving Ráma's name on each, Ráma having previously, by the strength of his arrows, forced the ocean-god to agree to support a bridge.

The bridge thus constructed was called Shetbandhā, and was one hundred *jojans* long and ten *jojans* broad. The whole army passed over it with ease, and then encamped near the Subala mountains, tidings of their entry into the island being communicated through Hanumán to

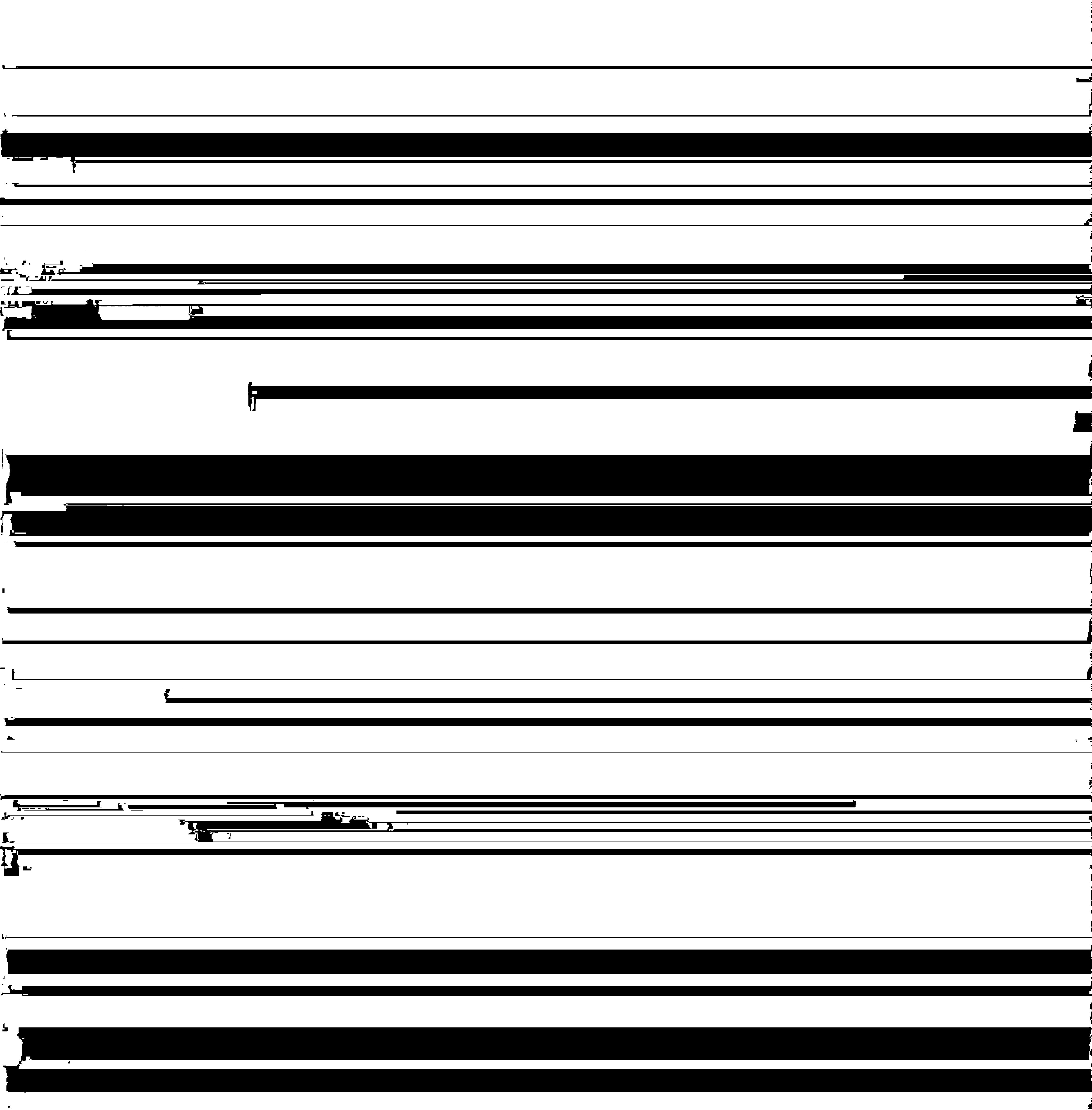
his palace to witness the engagement; but eleven arrows were shot at him by Ráma, ten of which discrowned his ten heads, while the eleventh cut down his royal umbrella, whereupon Rávana was compelled to retire from shame, amid the jeers and remonstrances of his own wife, Mandádori. The slaughter on the field was so great that a river flowed from the blood that was shed, and a hill was formed of limbs and bones. After long fighting the monkeys began to give way, and eventually ran off; but they were soon rallied and brought back by the valiant Sugriva, who put even Indrajit to flight, till the latter came back in a charmed chariot which made him invisible, whereby he was enabled to catch both Ráma and Lakshmana in a noose of serpents which had been given to him by Bruhmá. Ráma now summoned Garura, the deadly foe of serpents, to his aid, and at his sight the noose fell off and the serpents fled, whereby the brother-chiefs recovered their liberty.

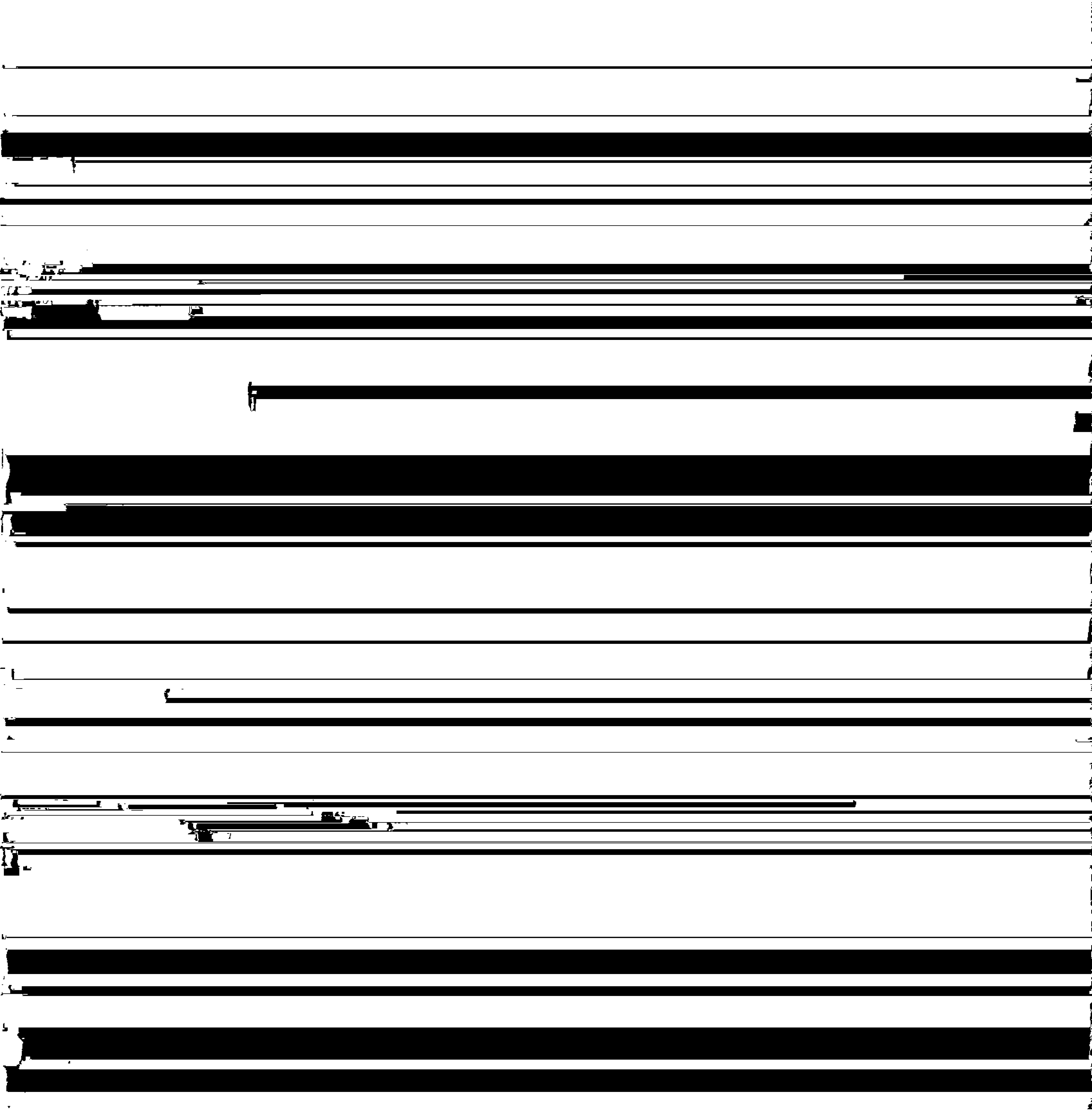
The field was yet indecisive when Rávana entered it in person. Andromache-like Mandádori endeavoured to dissuade him from doing so, but he refused to listen to her. A thousand horses were harnessed to his car; his ten heads appeared as ten mountains; his teeth were as anvils; and his twenty hands had twenty different descriptions of arms to fight with. He came out with a vast army in his rear, and there was great battle on whichever side he pressed. There were also many single combats, but they were generally very indecisive. That between Ráma and Rávana ended by a crescent-shaped arrow of the former cutting off again the ten crowns from the latter's heads, upon which Rávana was again obliged to retire.

All the hopes of Rávana were now centred in his invincible brother Kumbha-karna, who slept six months at a time, and then awoke only for a day when nothing could withstand his power. He was awakened with difficulty, and then gave expressions to fearful dreams of imminent danger which had disturbed his sleep. He nevertheless fought with a stout heart; but all his prodigious valor was of no avail. He had struck terror among





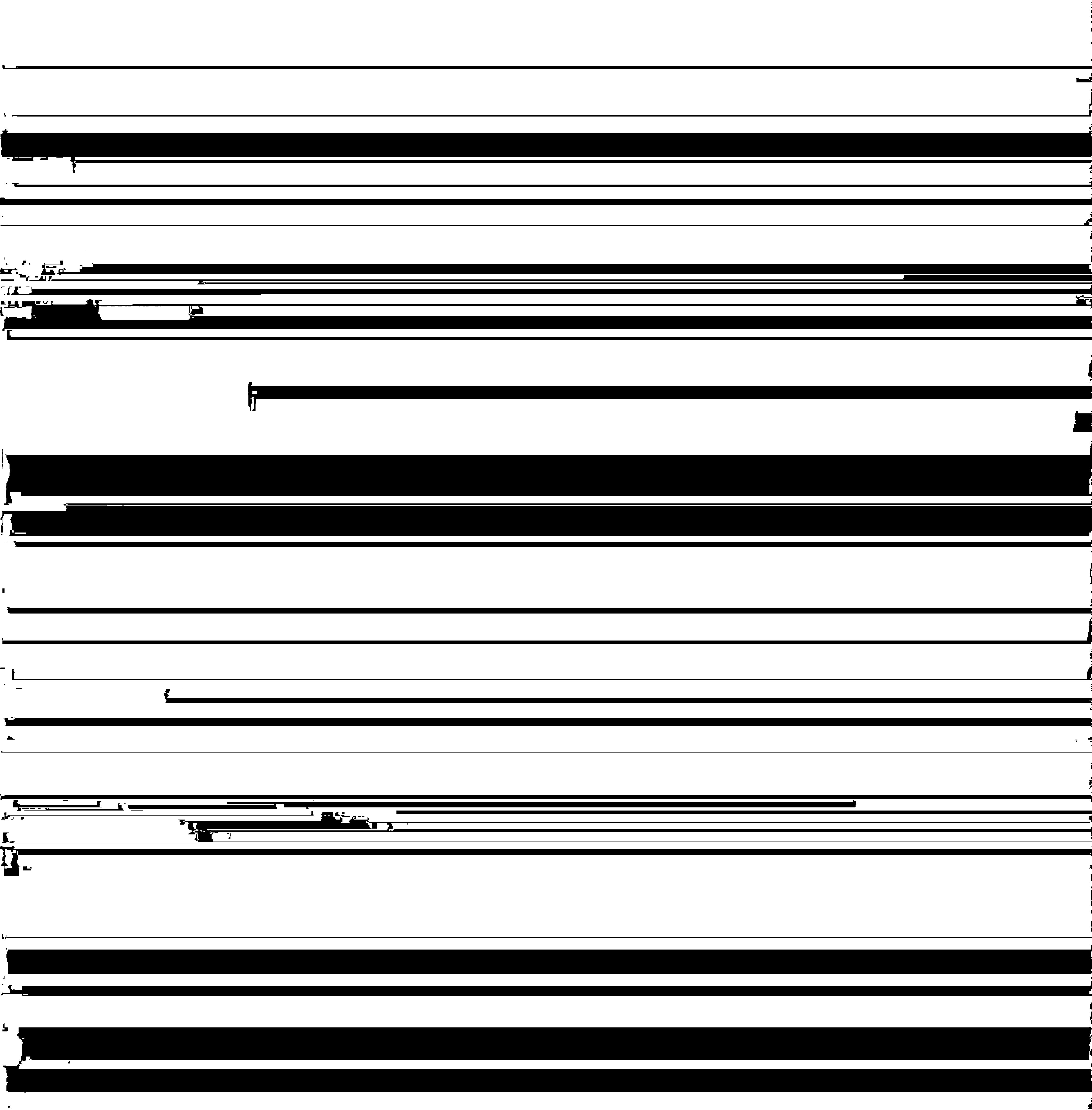


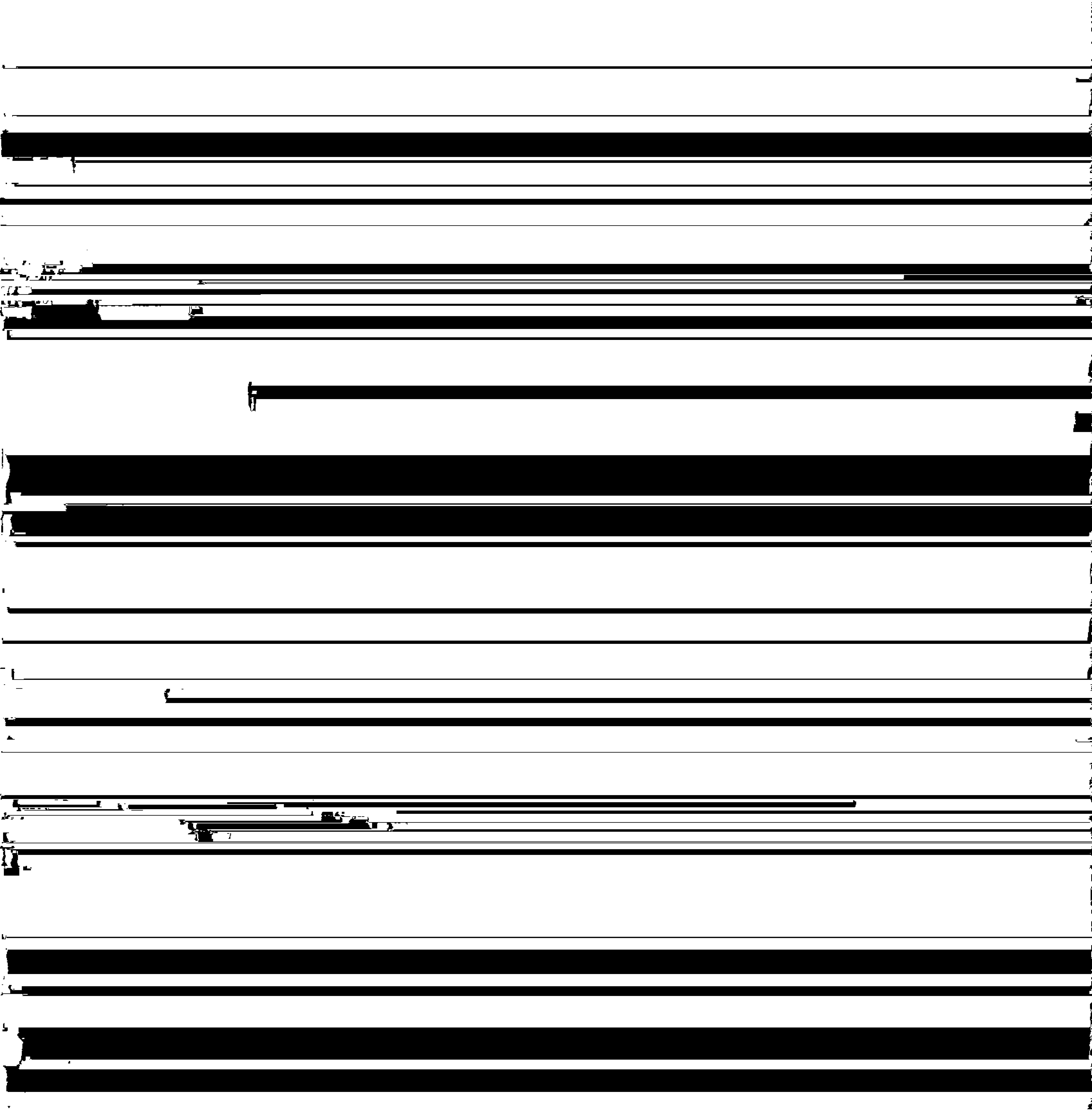
















adyumna, and, the Pándavas rallying, the Kuru army was again broken. A temporary advantage was gained by them once more from a shower of arrows being discharged by Sakuni ; but the continual reverses that followed soon drove them almost entirely out of the field. A final charge made by Duryodhon was easily repelled, which led to a complete and general rout, upon which Duryodhon fled and concealed himself in a lake, while the only chiefs who remained on the field were Kripa, Aswathámá, and Kritavarman. Both the victors and the vanquished then made a search for the missing chief of the Kurus, who was at last discovered and pressed to return. But Duryodhon was so disheartened that he preferred to surrender the *rāj* to the Pándavas, and offered to retire to the desert. Yudhisthira, however, refused to accept the *rāj* except by conquest ; and, continuing to taunt Duryodhon, compelled him to come out. Duryodhon now agreed to fight singly with Bheem, and a tedious contest with clubs was carried on, till Bheem terminated it by striking a blow on Duryodhon's thigh, by which he was felled to the ground. The judges of the field declared this to be a felon stroke, as in club-fights no blow below the navel was allowed ; but the quarrel was terminated by Krishna proclaiming Yudhisthira to be the rightful king. Aswathámá, being determined to revenge the death of his father, Drona, now made a night attack on the Pándava camp, and killed a large number of warriors in their sleep. He also killed the sons of Draupadi mistaking them for her husbands ; and the news of these deaths revived Duryodhon for a moment, who complimented Aswathámá by saying that not even Bhishma, Karna, or Drona had done such service to his cause as he had done. After this Duryodhon died, and the difference between the Kurus and the Pándavas was finally closed.

The war having terminated in favor of the Pándavas, the eldest of the brothers, Yudhisthira, was raised to the throne, and celebrated the *Aswamedh Jagya* which established his sovereignty. But they were all dissatisfied with their life in India, and particularly with the result of the war, which had well-nigh exterminated the fifty-six

tribes of Jadu ; and Arjun, having seen the shade of Vyása, was advised by him to abandon all worldly concerns, an advice which was accepted by all the brothers, who placed Parikshit, the grandson of Arjun, on the throne, and tried to return to their Scythian home. They are described as having attempted the passes through Nepal, but are said to have died on the way, one after another, with the sole exception of Yudhisthira and his dog, who in living form went together to heaven—by which Scythia of course is meant. Yudhisthira, the wise and the just, is the Ulysses of the story, with a dash of uprightness and integrity in his character which did not belong to any of the Grecian heroes. Bheem resembles Ajax, and Arjun may be likened to Achilles, though not equally thin-brained. The whole war refers apparently to one of the earliest Scythic inroads into India, of which the date has been approximately fixed at B. c. 1450 or 1400, in which, after having settled in Upper Hindustan, the barbarians fought out a blood war among themselves, in which they were all but annihilated. All the great chiefs of India of the day, from Afghanistan to Cape Comorin, are mentioned as having joined the conflict on one side or the other ; so that, though the commotion was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Hastinápore, it directly affected the remotest confines of the peninsula.

VII.—THE SCYTHIC INVASIONS.

DATES.—VARIOUS.

THE information available in regard to the Scythic invasions is too vague to be made use of. A fondness for establishing a new hypothesis has led several writers to exalt the importance of these inroads in very remote times ; but it does not appear that they were ever in reality anything better than the Mahratta raids of more recent eras, each a passing whirlwind of great fury that

left no trace but of the devastations it made. These expeditions were however very frequent, and were probably so even before the date of the Mahábhárat. Wilford, in the *Asiatic Researches*, refers to one invasion in B. C. 2000, when Rajah Báhu, the king of India, was defeated by them, till his son Ságara repelled the invaders with his *agni-astram* or fire-arms. The best known of the invasions however was that of Oghuz Khan, the predecessor of Chingez, whose era has been supposed to be somewhere between B. C. 1800 and 1600, though some make it yet more ancient, and who is said to have first conquered Irak or Babylon, Azerbijan, and Armenia, and then turned his arms towards India, of which all the northern provinces, namely, Kabool, Ghazni, and Cashmere were subdued. The first two provinces were easily conquered; but at Cashmere he was obstinately opposed by a king named Jagma, (assumed by those who give Oghuz Khan an older era than between B. C. 1800 and 1600, to be the same as Jamadagni, the father of Parusrám,) who fortified and defended all the mountain-passes leading to the country, and thus retarded the progress of the enemy for one whole year. At the expiration of that period however, Oghuz Khan succeeded in defeating his opponent, and pursued his army with great slaughter. A great part of the inhabitants of Cashmere were also slaughtered, Jagma himself being of the number, after which Oghuz Khan retired to his own dominions.

The path being thus opened, the Scythians, whose sole object was plunder, repeated their inroads as often as they chose, devastating all the country of the Punjab; nor is it impossible that they occasionally penetrated into the more southern and south-eastern provinces, which lay open to them and promised a rich booty. When Cyaxares, the Median king, defeated the Scythians under Madyes, a great portion of them dispersed precipitately and endeavoured to secure settlements in the neighbouring regions, and some of these are supposed to have penetrated into the western and central districts of India. Kiun and Ay, or the sun and moon, the sons of Oghuz Khan, also succeeded in entering the country in

the same direction, on the empire of the Moguls in Tartary being subverted by the Tartars; and, at a later date, the serpent or Takshak race forced their way still further inwards, as is implied by the word Nága, or serpent, occurring so frequently in the annals of Central India. It is believed that the Takshaks penetrated even into the Deccan, establishing their first settlement in it on the site still called Nagpore. But all this is mere surmise: we have no authentic accounts of their wars, or of the era in which they were waged.

VIII.—THE PERSIAN INVASIONS.

DATES.—VARIOUS.

OF the Persian invasions the first is said to have been led by Cyrus, who, Xenophon says, made the Indus the eastern boundary of his empire. The Persian writers go further and assert that Roostum, the general of Cyrus, carried on a war of long continuance in the heart of India, subdued the whole country, and dethroning the sovereign, raised another chosen by himself, who founded a new dynasty. The king of India appears, in this latter account, first as an ally of Afrásaib, the king of Turán or Tartary, against Cyrus, and is said to have been defeated along with Afrásaib at Khárisim, on the banks of the Oxus. This victory having extended the dominions of Persia on the east as far as Siestan and Zábulistán, gave Roostum an immediate passage into the heart of India, which, it is asserted, was fully availed of. But, happily for the repose of India afterwards, the fury of Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus, was directed towards Ethiopia, Lybia, and Egypt; and so little concern was felt for India by the Persians that, by the time of Darius Hyastáspes, all the knowledge previously acquired by them in regard to it was entirely forgotten, which led to the exploration of the country about the Indus by Scylax before a fresh invasion of it was attempted.

The project of Darius was based on an envy of the maritime genius of the Grecians and of the great naval arrangements fitted out by them. He determined to construct a Persian navy of equal strength, and, on its being formed, to test its efficiency he directed Scylax to sail with it down the Indus, ascertain the exact point where the river met the ocean, and then, coasting along the Persian and Arabian shore, enter the Red Sea and sail up to the point whence Necho, king of Egypt, had despatched his fleet to sail round Africa. This hazardous navigation was accomplished by Scylax, and the information furnished by him in respect to India emboldened Darius to invade that country, all the western provinces of which were conquered. But no details of the wars which must have been fought are known. Herodotus only says that India was one of the countries that paid tribute to Darius; and, as the tribute is said to have amounted to nearly a third of the whole revenue of the rest of the Persian dominions, the inference is that a large part of India was conquered. The Persian historian, Mirkhond, asserts that Isfundear (Xerxes) the son of Darius, compelled all the princes bordering on the Indus to renounce idolatry and embrace the religion of Zerdosht; and as he is said to have marched southward so far as to reach the shore of Guzerat to see the Indian Ocean, his line of conquest would seem to have been pretty extensive.

After the times of Darius and Xerxes, a nominal supremacy over India was arrogated by the Persian kings, and the Persian historians assert that tribute was paid; but the Indians east of the Indus frequently mentioned to the followers of Alexander that they had never before been invaded from the west; and, putting this and that together, it would seem that even the conquest of Darius did not leave much permanent impression far beyond the Indus, while that of Xerxes was probably no better than a raid or marauding expedition that left no mark behind it. We read indeed that Indian troops served under both Xerxes and Darius Codomanus against the Greeks; but this does not necessarily imply the exercise of

sovereign authority by the Persians in India, for it has been explained by Arrian that the Persians hired mercenaries from India to fight for them. This at least may be fairly assumed that, after the time of Darius, there was no great war with India from the direction of Persia, till we come to the invasion of Alexander the Great.

THE SONS OF JUPITER.

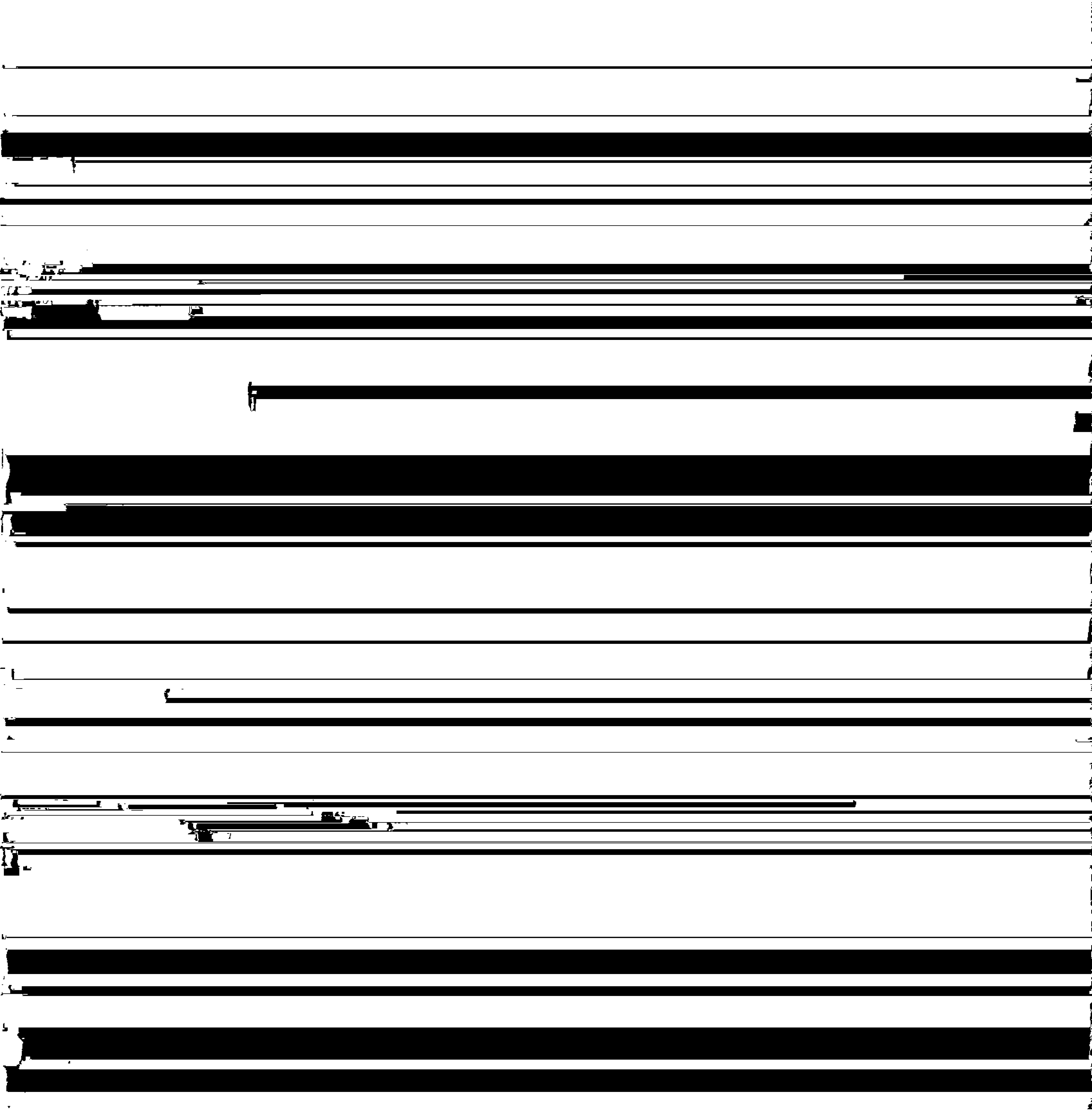
THE sons of Jupiter were at all events numerically less strong than his daughters, though it does not appear that he was in the habit of devouring his male issue as old Saturn was.

Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was the god of all the fine arts including poetry and music, and also of medicine. He was moreover the deity who inflicted plague and pestilence, which was part and parcel of his medical attributes ; and it is in this character that he appears in the first book of the Iliad when, "fired to vengeance at his priest's request" "bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound," whereupon

" On mules and dogs the infection first began,
And last his vengeful arrows fixed on man."

Mars was older than Apollo, but Jupiter loved the latter best. Juno, the mother of Mars, had apprehended with the intuition of a stepmother, that this would be so, and tried to prevent the birth of Apollo altogether, by putting difficulties in the way of Latona getting a resting place during her labors. At last Delos received her, and Apollo was born.

Like all the Greek gods, Apollo was extremely amorous, but it does not concern us to chronicle all his love-adventures here. His first love for Daphne is a poetical conceit. Daphne stands for Fame, which all poets love, but which is so scarcely found. Apollo saw and burned ; but the nymph fled before him. He pursued, he begged, he entreated ; but the lady would not listen, and was not to be overtaken. In her fear she stretched forth her hand to her father, Peneius, for protection, and the nymph became a tree, the laurel. And so have all the pursuers of Fame found her. Be the chase ever so eager and hotly pursued, the thing attained consists only of a bunch of bay leaves, or at best a statue or a monument.







their chariots and arms. At the request of Jupiter he made the first woman, Pandora, to deceive Prometheus, to whom she brought a boxful of sorrows and distempers, which must have since multiplied on the earth a million-fold, since no big-sized Treasury chest will now contain the whole of them. He also made brass-footed bulls for Helius, king of Colchis ; a brazen man for Minos ; gold and silver dogs for Alcinous ; a collar for Hermione, the wife of Cadmus ; a sceptre for Agamemnon ; one shield for Hercules and another for Achilles ; and for himself, the old lascivious dog made golden maidens who waited on him. It would seem that the artist was a regular dollmaker in his day, and as he was able to endue his dolls with reason and speech he would have made his fortune in our own puppet-show times. It was mainly for his art and design that he was tolerated in heaven, where he was the butt of all the wags as the great cuckold of the age, even his own wife joining in the ridicule against him. But he was a quiet cuckold, and never made use of his horns. He caught Mars and Venus nicely, but all he did was to forge an invisible net around them and so to expose them to the jeers of the Olympian public, some of whom laughed at him for his trouble, and said that they would not care for the predicament Mars was in, if they could share in the offence.

Hermes was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He was a thief from his birth, and tried his 'prentice hand' on the oxen of the gods which were under the care of Apollo. The little fellow was then yet in his cradle-cloths, but on being taxed with the theft stoutly denied it, and the case was regularly contested in the High Court of Olympus, before old Jupiter himself, who would not leave it in the hands of any of the minor judges. Hermes also stole the quiver and arrows of Apollo, the trident of Neptune, the girdle of Venus, the sword of Mars, several instruments of Vulcan, and the sceptre of Jupiter ; and the father of gods and men, being quite charmed with his dexterity, made him his messenger or herald, without any competitive examination, though he had at first intended to make the selection by the B. A. test. He also

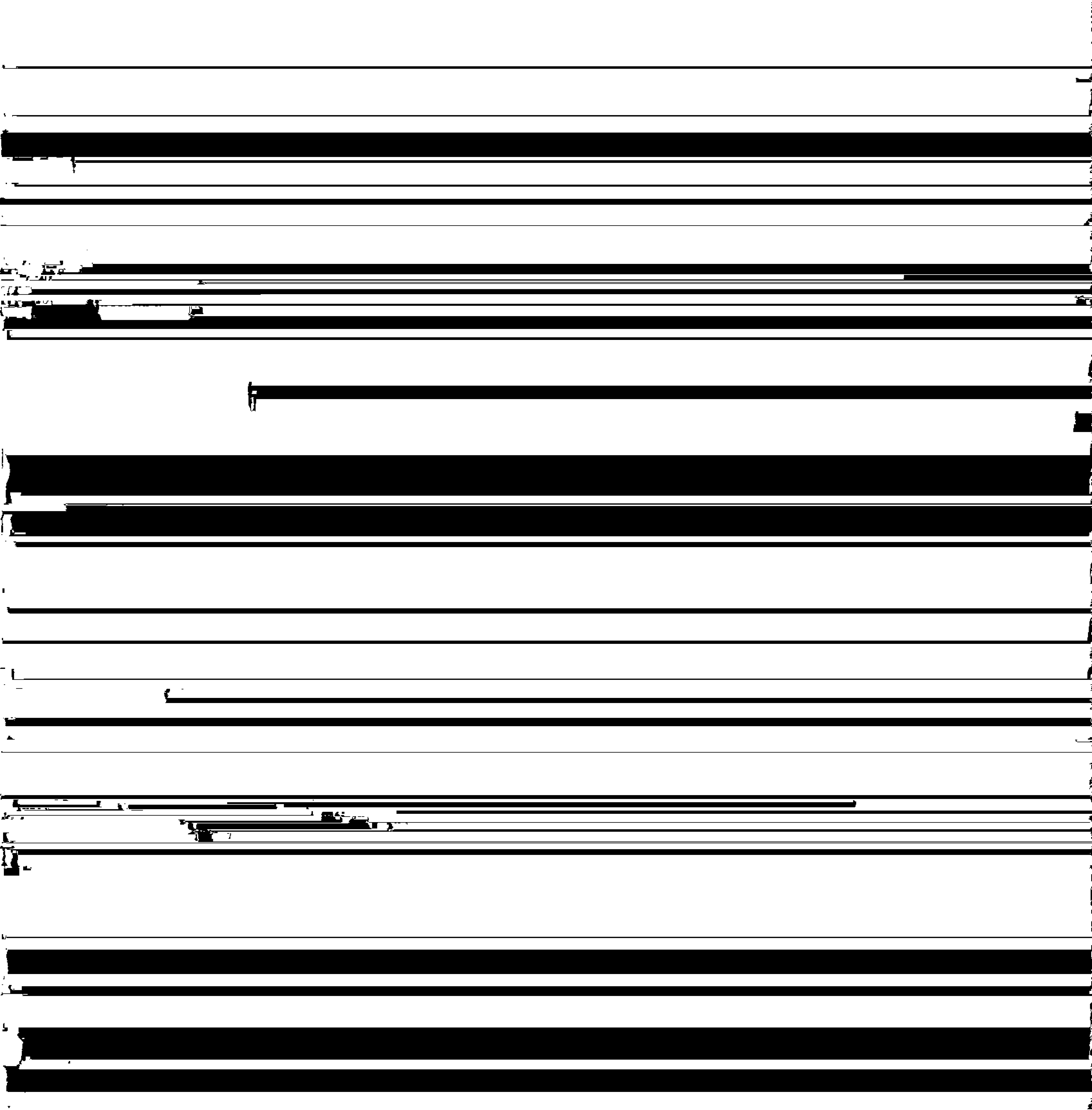
made him his confidanté, and as such Hermes learnt the art of love-making in the best school. His own amours were necessarily numerous, and he was the father of a plentiful progeny as distinguished as himself, including Autolycus, the thief, and Priapus.

As a matter of course Hermes was the god of pick-pockets and thieves ; he was also the god of merchants : but it does not necessarily follow that the ancient Greeks prized all three as of equal worth—since mercantile morality was not so low in the old world as we find it in our own. He was also the patron saint of declaimers and orators, which qualifications were justly appraised by the Greeks as mere gammon and claptrap, even though they had, and could have, no inkling of the oratory now rampant in Calcutta, which is so full of Patriots, *i. e.*, patriots of the “squeaking,” the “screeching,” and the “gibbering” classes. Offerings of milk and honey were made to him as god of eloquence, but his admirers of the present day appear to feed entirely on curd and vinegar. The Greeks and Romans offered him tongues by throwing them into the fire, a devotion which should find imitators among our long-tongued friends here, who battle in season and out of season merely to see half a column of newspaper writing attached to their names.

The illegitimate sons of Jupiter were many, but do not require any notice in this place, except Bacchus, who was made a god even before he ceased to be a man, for the grand discovery he made of wine. All countries claim him as their own ; the Osiris of Egypt and the Siva of India being held to be identical with the son of Semele. So great an authority as Jupiter himself is made to say in the Iliad that Bacchus was born “a joy to mortals.” In Greece the orgies of Bacchus were celebrated with great extravagance, and also with great indecency. Royal maids and matrons joined the carousals, and of course surrendered their persons freely to their male associates. This is proved by the admission of Xuthus in Ion, before the Delphic oracle :

“Didst thou approach any illegitimate nuptials ?

“Ay, in the folly of youth,





OPINION OF THE PRESS.

force and bitterness in the bill of indictment drawn up against England, and it will doubtless serve its purpose of lashing into fury the enmity of many of our native fellow-subjects. We really admire the candour and boldness of the writer; his language may be here and there exaggerated, but he has certainly hit not a few blots, and if he has done harm by exciting the passions of our foes, he has also done us good—just as a bitter tonic is more efficacious than a mere soothing syrup. Lip-loyalty is odious to those who do not believe that it accurately represents the inner feelings, and dangerous to the credulous fools who swallow it all as gospel. It would be pleasant to know that British rule was universally beloved and respected in India, but if such be not the case, it is certainly advantageous to learn from the candour of our foes that there does exist a necessity for keeping our swords bright and keen in their scabbards. The official atmosphere in India is so filled with the fumes of lip-loyalty and slavish adulation that responsible authorities may almost be pardoned for not seeing, through this smoky fog, things as they really are. Officials, moreover, are directly interested in representing the outlook to be bright and clear, even if they know themselves to be enveloped in a delusive and dangerous fog, for if they report the existence of discontent and disloyalty, they indirectly accuse themselves of bad management in having brought about so undesirable a state of things. It is always necessary to find a scapegoat who is to be made responsible for all and every disease in the body politic, and few are willing to offer themselves as voluntary sacrifices by dwelling upon the existence of unfavourable symptoms in the patient they are endeavouring to doctor and are expected to cure. Constitutional causes of disease, such as antagonism of race, religion, custom, interests, &c., are not allowed for in such cases, and the man who cannot cry "all's well" at all times is condemned as an incapable blockhead. But although there are various reasons why we should admire and approve the candour exhibited in publications like the one under consideration, it may be suggested with some degree of plausibility that the Government of India, having once satisfied itself that disloyalty is not yet extinct in the country, and knowing what its own great strength is, should exercise a parental discretion in removing out of the reach of the people it is bound to protect publications which are eminently calculated, if not expressly designed, to create a conflagration which could only be quenched in the blood of ignorant persons, who, not knowing what the real strength of the British power is, and attributing the license of the writers to the weakness of their rulers, are led onward in the path which terminates in the precipice of insurrection.

The following extract is not complimentary to England, but it might do good if it only opened the eyes of our statesmen to the fact that British diplomacy in Europe and elsewhere is not lost sight of by native watchers, and that it has not added to the prestige which constitutes so important an element in our rule of India: "England, however she may be over-reached or bullied by other Great Powers, has in India a fine field for compensation by practising on smaller fry conduct she has to submit to from the political whales of the West. It might be taken for granted that she would make the most of the advantage. Yet,



OPINION OF THE PRESS.

the line between treason and lawful criticism of its acts and its general policy.—
The Indian Statesman, (Calcutta and Bombay.)

NATIVE OPINION OF BRITISH POLICY.

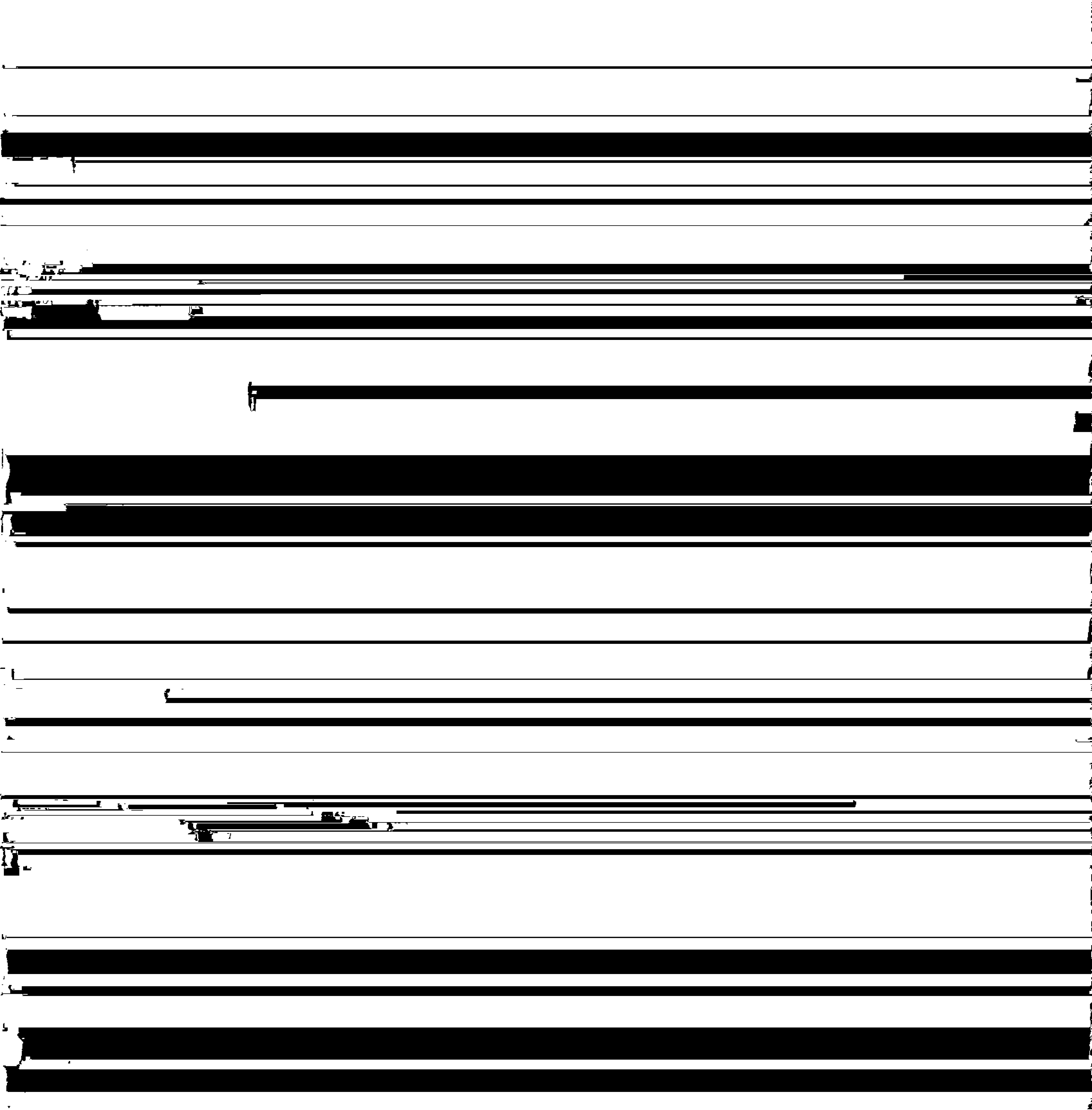
The Baroda Coup D'Etat,

CHARACTERIZED AS A BLUNDER ON A GIGANTIC SCALE.

WANT OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE RULED.

KNOWLEDGE is a keen-edged weapon, and our native subjects have got possession of it, and have also learnt the use of it, and they can use it dexterously withal. Yes, they know how to use the weapon even against those who have put it into their hands, and to make it felt too. We have hardly forgotten the ratiocinations of Ranga Charlu who not long ago condemned the British administration of Mysore in unmistakeable terms. We have heard what the late Jeya Ram Row had to say of the British as a nation and as our rulers. Although his diatribes were set down as maniacal hallucinations, yet they represented to a great extent the inner feelings of the better classes of thinking natives: and Englishmen too, cannot forget how the famous "Naidar" of Madras braved the British Lion in his own den. Well these are mere beginnings, and as they come forth from the "benighted" Presidency where the 'mild Hindu' predominates, they may not suggest any serious reflections in the minds of our rulers. But turn we further north, nearer the scene of the memorable Mutiny of '57, we find the case is far worse. Look into the Magazine now lying before us. Intense hatred of the British rule manifests itself in every line of its 170 pp. We shall review the number at length at some future date. It certainly deserves more than a passing notice. The Magazine endeavours to prove that the whole of the Baroda business was a blunder from beginning to end. The language used is severe and bitter. While in many places the utterances are sensible, in other places they border on sedition. But this is excusable, as in an animated discourse infused with feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, a candid and vivid wrier as Mookerjee can hardly be expected to avoid seditious observations. For our present purpose we shall append an extract from the Magazine. Let Mookerjee speak for himself, although we do not give in to all that he says:—

"The evil of British power in India, as well as its inherent weakness, lies in the absence not only of the ties of close ethnic and religious consanguinity—these are not practically of so much consequence as bigots are apt to fancy—but of those other important artificial ties which result from moral and political affiliation between the rulers and the ruled. It is a power essentially foreign, not only in origin but throughout its progress. The people did not found it,—it does not depend on the people for its maintenance. It is a Government over, rather than of, India. It is an oligarchy of foreigners, deliberately, or by disposition, isolated from the people. Sympathy is a plant too delicate to grow



OPINION OF THE PRESS,

We wondered for a time as to what the writer was driving at, and whether he was only attempting a fancy sketch of "Hereditary rulers," under painful circumstances, but it occurred to us after a very little reflection that he was going to point a moral, for he proceeds :—

"They sooner die! Here is a sentiment which would receive the applause of Radha Bazar politicians! This is just the clap-trap heroism of men who have read of heroes and martyrs, but who prefer only to read them.

We have given an instance of the writer's moral spasm, but here is something like a political spasm which would only be permitted in a Native Gentleman who, after having attended meetings of the Calcutta Municipality, or the less dignified assembly of the Indian Association, fancied himself a Burke, or a Charles James Fox :—

"Particularly, as the real Court lurked behind the screen at the back of the "open" box of the six jurymen—as the Commissioners may be called—it would have been best for the prisoner, for his counsel, to reserve his energies for a thorough exposure of the iniquity from top to bottom of the entire proceedings of the Government of India, as well as for a great discussion of the legal and moral rights of the action of the Viceroy, and to concentrate all his powers on an impressive appeal in behalf of his client on the highest constitutional and political grounds."

Is this an advice which the Gaekwar should have followed as coming from a friendly quarter, or is this the sort of advice which Babu Mookerjee thinks worth a place in the pages of a magazine occasionally devoted to thoughtful writing? We do not object to the muddle in the construction of this long, windy and jagged sentence, but is the sentiment worth the ink, paper and printer's patience which its publication has cost?

The writer's estimate of the English, or rather the London Bar, is a piece of impertinence with which we laymen have only to do in a general way. He tells us that, "The Broughams and Plunketts have left themselves in their mantles." We do not quite understand this, but, as to that matter, there is a lot of other things in this pamphlet that we do not understand; we have heard of people disappearing in their boots, but what, in the name of common sense, is the process by which orators leave "themselves in their mantles? Is this a stage strick familiar to the gentlemen who practise in the Calcutta High Court, or is it only the freak of a deranged mind burning with political ardour? That the writer is familiar with the speeches of our great forensic orators and is a competent judge of their merits, is evident from the fact that he classes Talfourd with Charles Phillips and, impliedly, deplors the loss of that description of oratory of which the latter was avowedly the great master! But for the fact that we believe the writer to be honestly in earnest, we should have credited the following as an attempt on his part to disguise a very clever chaff :—

"There is now more true oratory in a French provincial city than in all the English circuits. O, for a Berryer! exclaimed we, as we read the measured







OPINION OF THE PRESS.

dence, mild tonics (auriferous compositions) of quotations of opinions and sayings of impartial writers among their own countrymen and British officials.

Mr. Mookerjee has well administered good doses of the latter description of remedies. But he has not been so careful with the first-named kind of prescriptions, namely, the milder draughts of winning, insinuating argumentation. So that the malicious malcontents, strengthened in their pretences, may make people believe, and are endeavouring to make people believe, that 'Mr. Mookerjee is a seditious writer, opposed to the English, and a hater of the race: can his words carry any weight with the wise?'

Were most Englishmen in matters political as true Christians in deed as in profession—truly liberal, just in their behaviour, real wellwishers of this Indian Dependency—then we should not have been in the least alarmed at this charge or the misrepresentations and misdirected skill by which they try to support it, nor entertained any apprehensions of harm or mischief. But, to the misfortune of India and the shame of England, only a few English politicians and functionaries are so high-souled—the rest are the very reverse. That is, the majority are disposed to find fault on any pretext,—ready to seize on the veriest slip and execute on us heavy punishment. In that land everything is governed by the will of the majority. Therefore, in our solicitude for safety, we have nothing for it but to walk measured steps, fearfully, sounding the way to warn off venomous reptiles.

To give an illustration. In this Baroda drama, whatever the *Indu Prokash* of Bombay, or the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Calcutta, has said, many English writers have done likewise, or worse—treated the Government to stinking abuse or harsh-sounding intolerable names. But alas, for the fate of our poor Dependent Mother—India! How wonderful the influence of the evil spirit of national partiality! No single British nostril has perceived the disgusting stench—no white person's aural drum has felt the slightest shock—while so many have fainted under the flowery missive of the *Indu Prakash*. What raving, what lamentations! what assertion of prestige! what howlings of rage! and what not? So long as we shall recall them we shall be confounded!

On this view, such as is the praise due to the easy eloquence of the accomplished Mr. Mookerjee, or the stern justice of his political strictures, such also is the alarm it gives. One is reminded of the lament of Raja Vira Sinha how the very accomplishments (*Vidya*) of his clever daughter Vidya (literally, *Learning*, *Knowledge*) had proved an embarrassment—a source of evil.

Mr. Mookerjee's outspokenness and unparingness and the eloquence of his pen many a distinguished English journalist has noticed. Thus *The Friend of India*, speaking of one of his essays, says.—“A more uncompromising piece of criticism was never offered to the public,” &c.—

* * * * *

Except for the consideration spoken of above, there is no objection to the manner of Mr. Mookerjee. Such writing undoubtedly goes deep into the minds of the nation.—Translated from a review extending 40 pages folio in “*The Maddhyastha*, a Bengali Magazine.”

MOOKERJEE ON BARODA AFFAIRS.

WE have received with thanks *Mookerjee's Magazine* for March, April and May last. The triple number is devoted solely to a searching analysis of the Baroda blunder, and we confess *Mookerjee* carries his reader with him to the length of believing that Mulhar Rao has been the victim of a foul conspiracy. We do not fully concur in all that the writer advances in reference to the turpitude of political agents, nor do we believe that Lord Northbrook has greatly erred in sticking to his post after the deposition of Mulhar Rao. Even *Mookerjee* is compelled to admit that His Excellency's intentions are pure. All that we can fairly blame his Excellency for is the easy ear his lordship lent to the story told by the police. But it should be remembered that his lordship has no knowledge of the depths of infamy to which hangers-on of residencies and policemen can descend to incriminate those who may bring trouble on them.

Mookerjee has his own way of telling things. We will just allow him to tell the story of the poisoning affair.

[*Here extracts commencing.*—"The whole thing is improbable as an act of madness." &c., p. 186 down to end of p. 188.]

It was the Khurceta which brought ruin on Mulhar Rao. How ingeniously *Mookerjee* brings this out.

[*Here extract from p. 172 commencing.*—"The Colonel" to "confession" p. 173, line 28.]

Mookerjee attempts to shew that Serjeant Ballantyne's mode of defending his client was not the best. We believe that under the exceptional circumstances of the case, when no body could be relied upon, the Serjeant did what was left to him, viz., to impugn the honesty or intelligence of the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution.—*The Bengalee* (First Notice.)

MOOKERJEE ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE NATIVE CHIEFS AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WHEN Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee was a young man, fresh from the Hindu Metropolitan College, the late Baboo Haris Chandra Mookerjee singled him out as a youth of great promise. Our lamented predecessor had a high opinion of Baboo Sambhu Chandra, and that distinguished journalist, Mr. Meredith Townsend, has more than once spoken of him as man of "high political ability." The Baroda number of his *Magazine* does not belie the promises of his youth. Nothing more interesting than the Baroda number has of late emanated from the pen of a Bengalee. Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee has a personal knowledge of the courts of several Native Princes, and it would be no exaggeration to say that he knows more about their relations to our Government, than any other Bengalee that we know of. Why are we so anxious for the preservation of the Native States? *Mookerjee* has thus answered the question.

[*Here extract commencing*—"Inasmuch as British supremacy is the supremacy of order," &c. to "We only point out the possibilities of dependent dominion," p. 95.]

This is a fair solution of the question, but it is not a complete one. The worst consequence of foreign domination is the loss of national self-respect. We may talk as big as we like; at heart we are crushed by an overwhelming sense of our own inferiority. Our educated young men may not share the sentiments of the old Hindoo who, on looking for the first time at a Railway Train in motion, exclaimed, "These Englishmen are the gods of the Earth!" but most of them feel acutely what a lot of helpless babes they are. They feel that there would be no Railways, no Telegraphs, no ships—in fact none of the material appliances of civilisation without Englishmen. They feel that unless Englishmen take the trouble to clothe us, ninety-nine per cent of our population would go naked. This feeling crushes out all self-respect. Why are we so imitative? Why do we ape the vices and bad manners of our rulers? Why, whilst so sadly deficient in true heroism are we ready to exclaim, 'Brandy for heroes?' It is because we are wanting in self-respect. Why are our courts of justice disgraced by so many low tricks practised in them? It is because we have lost self-respect; because being denied career in the Army, we have made courts of justice our battle-fields and have come to think that every stratagem is fair in the warfare of litigation.

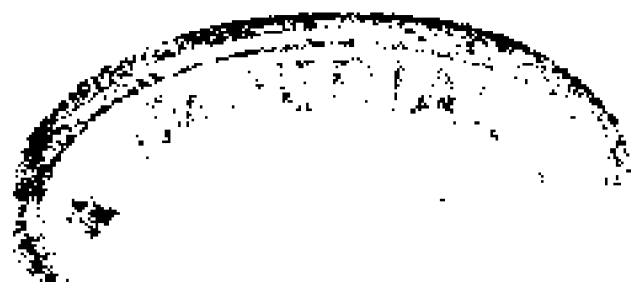
We wish to have the integrity of Native States preserved in violate, because we do not like to see the last vestiges of national self-respect yet existing swept away.

The English have given us one inestimable boon. They are imparting to us Western knowledge which has become as necessary as our daily rice. It will be our duty to impart to the Native States the knowledge we receive, and it will be their duty to keep alive our self-respect.

We know very well the difficulties of our British Indian Government. As annexation is no longer fashionable, a Native Prince in the hope of being upheld by British bayonets may be tempted to misgovern his State. Our Government fancies that the difficulty is solved by appointing meddlesome Residents, and what comes of such meddlesomeness, Oudh and Baroda will testify. With the exception of the lamented Henry Lawrence we do not know of a single man of the ruling race qualified to act a Resident in a Native Court. Most Residents as we have repeatedly said, are crosses between spies and bullies. How Major Baillie used to tyrannise over the Nawab Vizier of Oudh, Lord Hastings' Diary, from which *Mookerjee* has given copious extracts, will testify. We content ourselves with one extract.

[*Here extract p. 213, line 2 to line 11.*]

We need hardly add that Major Baillie has worthy disciples in Colonel Phayre and Mr. Ballard. It is better to annex Native States at once than to humiliate and degrade them to receive Residents of this stamp. All interference in the internal affairs of Native States should be avoided, and to prevent misgovernment, the right of rebellion should be conceded to the subjects of such States.—*The Bengalee* (Third Leading Article.)



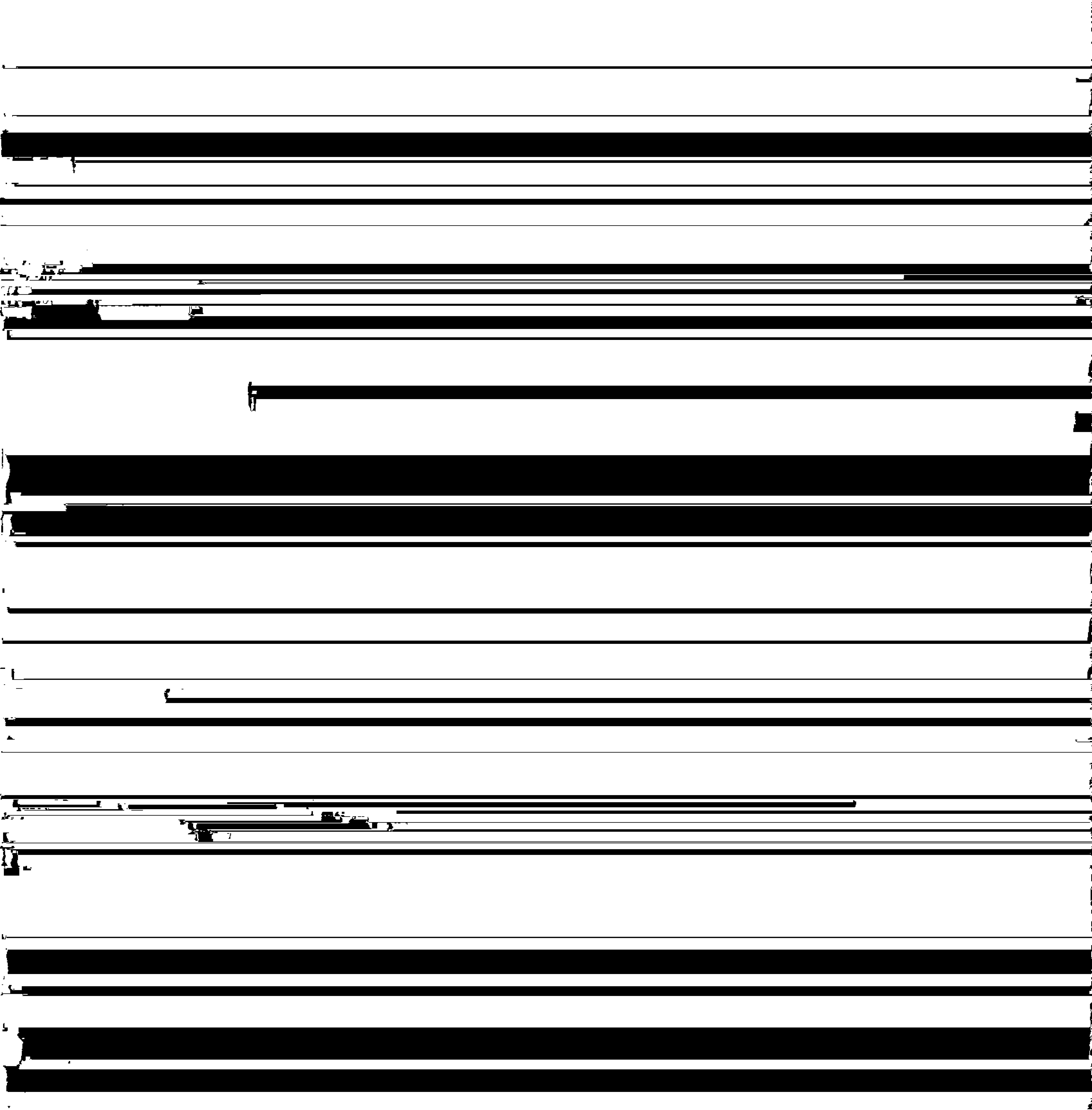






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From the West came foemen fierce of yore,

With war's blood-hounds in their dismal train :
Timur,—Nadir,—Ahmed,—Ghazni,—Ghore,
Ravishers of India's fair domain.

But the West now sends her Prince of peace,
To bid Joy arise, and Sorrow cease !

For thy mission's one of rarest grace,

And a nation's love has justly won ;—
Fitting too in season and in place,

It reminds us all of Mary's Son !
Hope at thy approach exulting high,
Draws her magic bow across our sky !

Welcome him, O Indians, welcome him !

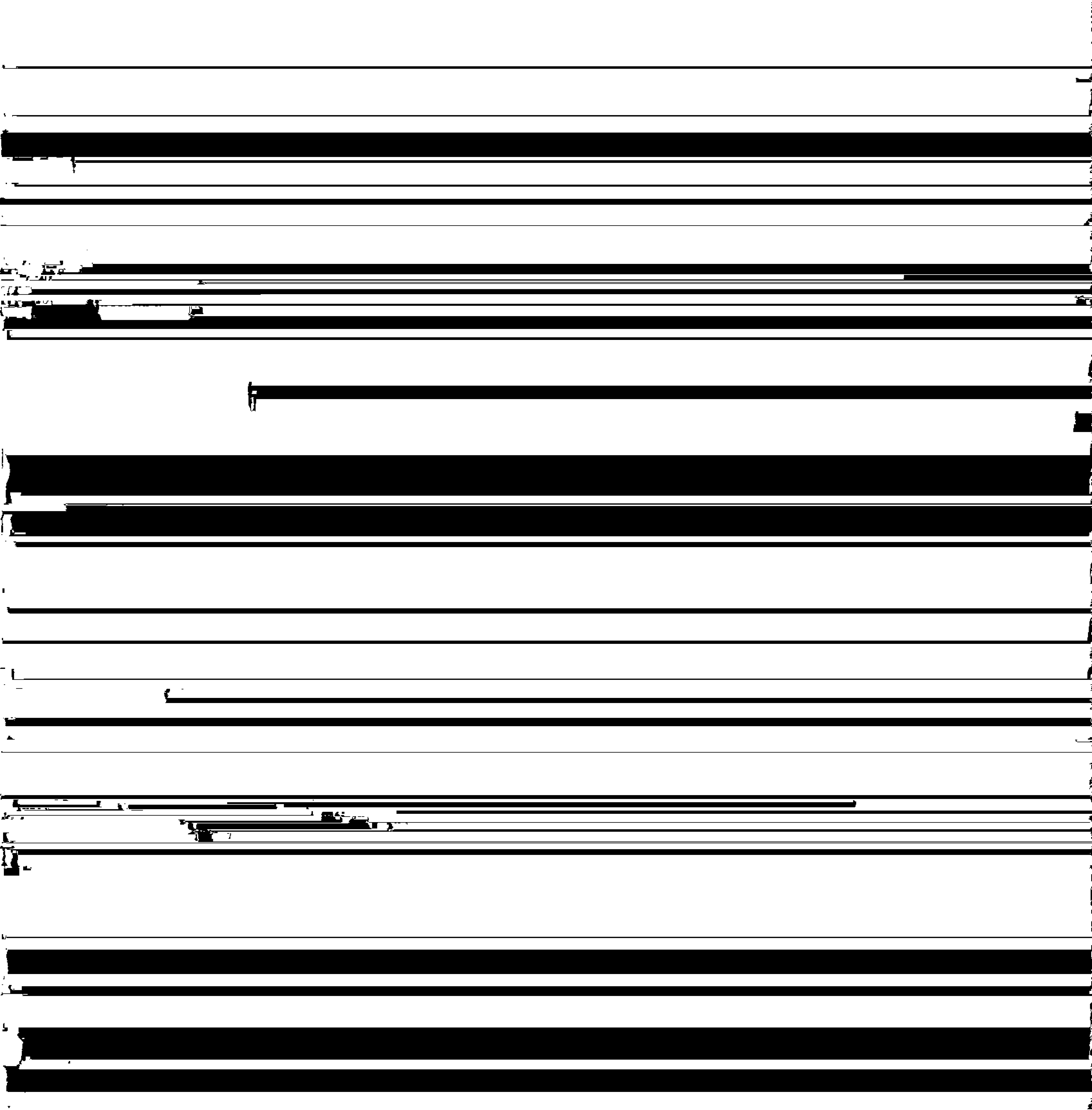
Hindus,—Moslems,—Parsis,—Budhists, all !
Now our cup of joy flows o'er the brim ;

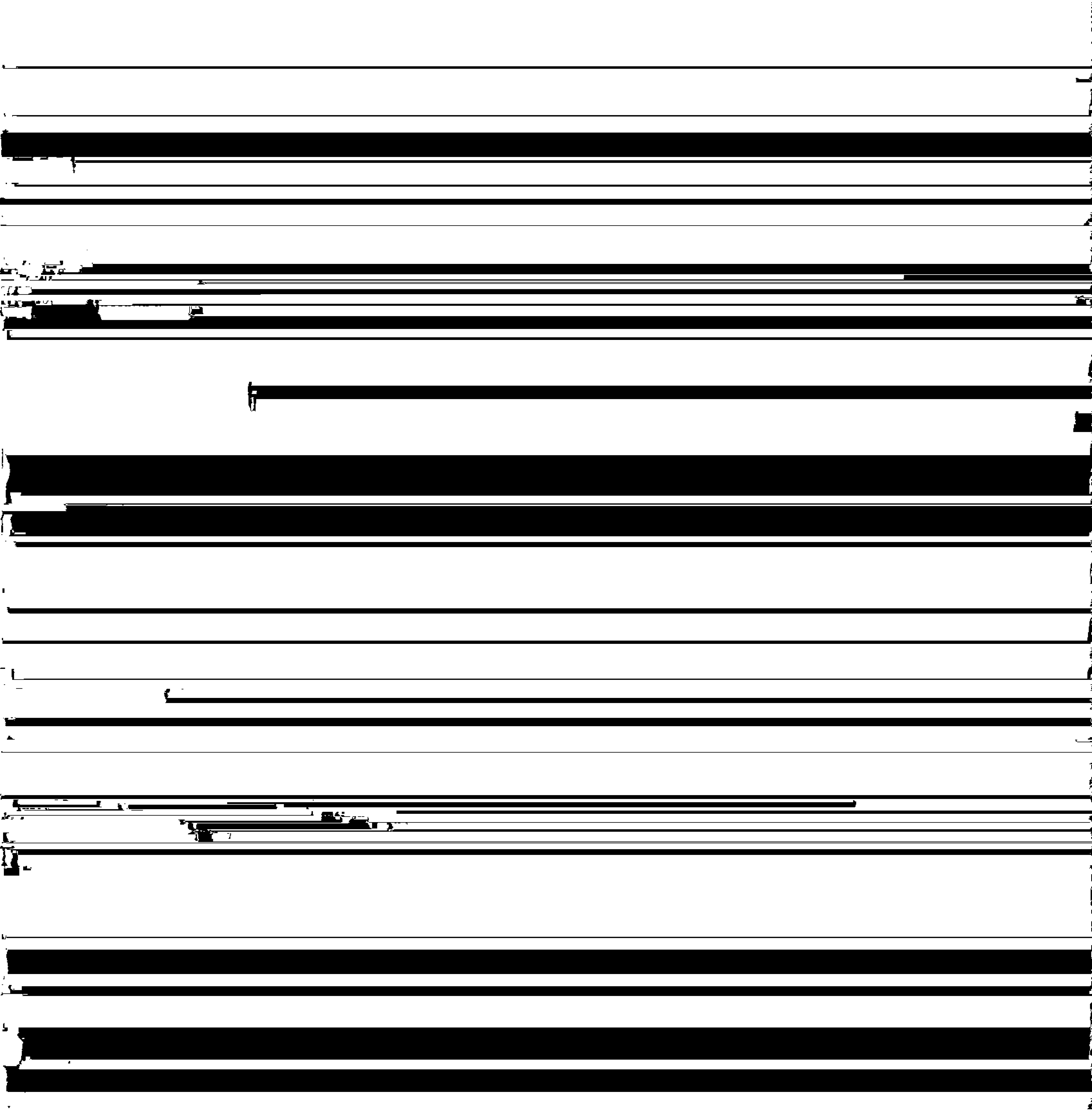
Welcome him from street and roof and hall !
All that's ours from Himmala to sea,
Welcome him with shouts of jubilee !



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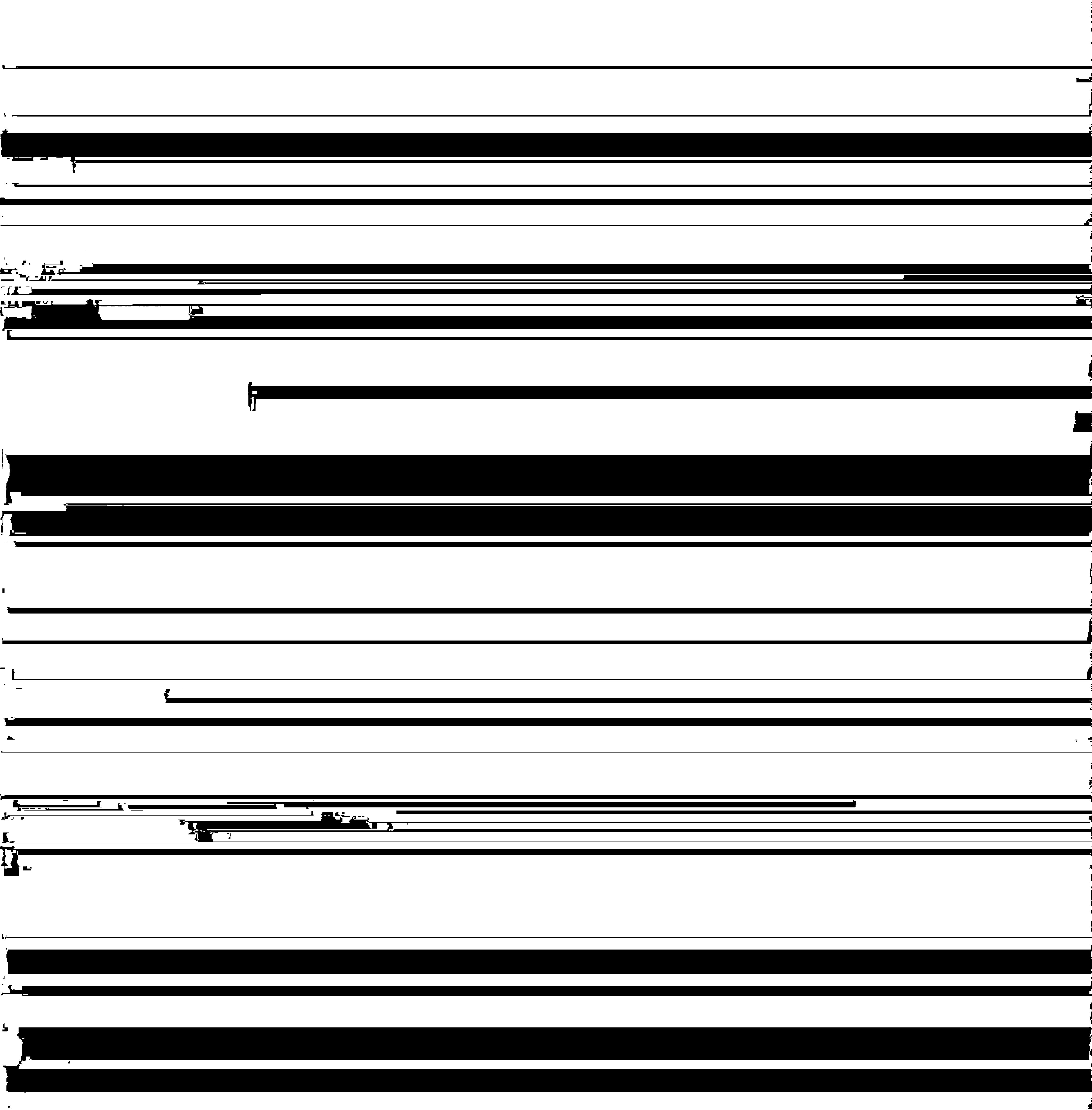


which you will doubtless regard as ominous of the fate of a moribund corporation (*hear, hear and laughter.*) But, gentlemen, though "Othello's occupation's gone," *our* Moor is most reluctant to bid farewell to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the municipal board, and so we see him madly beating his drum and blowing his trump like one possessed. So sweet was ne'er so fatal, I say ; so let him roar again—let him roar again.

Now, gentlemen, let me ask you to consider who are they that have raised this frantic cry for nomination. A moment's reflection will enable you to trace the cry to a few obstreperous Justices and their ignorant followers. There is the bell-wether tinkling its bell, and the whole fold is bleating after it. They are afraid to be mutton-chopped under the new system, which is regarded as an improperly licensed slaughter-house set up by the enemy for their destruction. But I say the shambles are necessary, no matter who ceases to bleat. Progress is the law of Nature. It is as necessary for the existence of society in the nineteenth century, as the presence of members of my profession. You can't do without either. I shall not insult your understandings by dwelling on the advantages of elective institutions at this time of day. The idea of self-government without election is exceedingly delusive (*hear, hear.*) They who say otherwise are not only guilty of *speaking*, but of *thinking*, an untruth. There never was a reform but was assailed on its introduction. The petulance of those who are opposed to the new system, reminds me of the child, who throws away his

rattle, and demolishes his rocking-horse, because he does not get the "moon for the asking!" We must not forget that Calcutta is situated in India in Asia, and not in the United Kingdom in Europe. Let us, then, accept with thankfulness the concession so readily offered to us, and not ungraciously "look a gift horse in the mouth." The rest will doubtless come in good time, and we, who have borne so long with patience the rule of an irresponsible body, can certainly afford to wait a little longer. But says Windbag, where shall you get such clever people as the present Justices? Fudge! There are as good fish at sea as ever came out of it. Long purse at any rate is not always synonymous with Long head, let parasitic creatures say what they may of their respective blue-bottles!

Though elective institutions imply an improved sanitation, and an improved sanitation means reduced practice to a medical practitioner, still, gentlemen, I conceived it my duty to sink the medico in the citizen, and thus you have my attendance gratis to-day. I am glad you have mustered strong on this occasion. I was told that the League consisted of a lot of very low people, respectability being monopolized by the other Association, and that my pockets would most surely be picked if I attended this meeting! Well, I am glad to observe that this respectable gathering gives the lie direct to your slanderers. I am glad to observe amongst you many who are at the head of the inland trade in Bengal,—men whose assistance has saved many a Zemindar's estate from the sunset law, and enabled some at least of our new-



they cannot be altogether dispensed with, but I would respectfully appeal to those who have a voice in the matter to make them as little cumbersome as possible. Next, I would submit, that the arrangements which are in contemplation for the custody and care of the dear babe are susceptible of considerable improvement. Let me ask, for instance, if female nurses might not, with propriety, be allowed a voice in the election of guardians to take charge of it, in addition to nurses of the male gender. I conceive, gentlemen, that the other sex have a perfect right to complain of their exclusion in this respect, and to protest against the idea of confining their functions to the lying-in room. It would have afforded me very great pleasure to see some of the dear darlings asserting their rights in this hall to-day and overcoming all opposition with the artillery of their looks ; but do not fancy, gentlemen, that their inactivity is due to indifference or apathy—their sense of outraged justice may yet shew itself in a way not pleasant for Benedicts to contemplate. Again, why, let me enquire, should not the famous hero of Bhowanipore get up a female deputation to wait upon the occupant of Belvedere, by way of a counter movement to that of the Fussociation, and force His Honor, if he at all values his reputation as a gallant knight, to extend the franchise to Benares *sharees* and jingling anklets and tinkling armlets !

“ Bold is the task when *rulers*, grown too wise,
Dare slight the sex with the all conqu’ring eyes ;
 For, though we deem the short-liv’d fury past,
These the darlings will revenge at last !”

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PANDIT JIBANANDA'S PUBLICATIONS.

"In Europe it is not easy to find a publisher for any extensive Sanskrit texts, and therefore it is creditable to Calcutta to hear that Pandit Jibánanda Vidyáságara, B.A., of the Calcutta University and son of the well-known Pandit Táránátha Tarkaváchaspati, has just issued a list of seventy-three Sanskrit publications, large and small, issuing from his press alone."—London Correspondent of the *Bengallee*.—February 14, 1874.

PANDIT Táránátha is a man whose abilities we acknowledge, and whose erudition we honor. Pandit Jibánanda is one for whom we cherish no individual ill-feeling. It is on public grounds alone that we have thought it advisable to gauge the merits of the multitudinous publications which are under-bidding the Sanskrit publishers of Europe to such an extent that an authority like Max-Müller is led to make the remark that in a few years it will be simply impossible to print any Sanskrit texts at Europe in the Devanagari character. The question to which we address ourselves to-day is whether the quality of these publications bears any fair proportion to the quantity which is so striking to the imagination. Three-score ten and-three! A goodly number for a single printer and publisher. But unfortunately Pandit Jibánanda owns no press, and before we close this paper we shall have reason to qualify the greater part of the praise which the London Correspondent of the *Bengallee* is so lavish in bestowing.

Pandit Jibánanda, it must be admitted, makes the most of his father, his University-degree, and his *alma mater*. Indeed the fact of his being a B. A. put forth in abbreviations (without reference to any institution for education or examination) in the Sanskrit title-pages and in the body of his works wherever opportunity has offered, must have a bewildering effect on indigenous Pandits, yet undefiled by contact with the languages of *Yavanas* or acquaintance with *mlechha* ways. They understand the

The first country arrived at was Taxila, the kingdom of Taxilus, which lay between the Indus and the Jhelum ; but the king of it offering no resistance, Alexander gave him a favorable reception. The case was different with Astes, the king of Peucelaotes, which lay between the Indus and the Cophen, or Cow river, who, having endeavoured to oppose the Macedonians, was slain, and his capital taken after a siege of thirty days, and given over to one Sangæus, a native nobleman not friendly to the house of Astes. The passage of Alexander inwards was rendered facile mainly by this disunion among the native princes, one of the peculiar traits of their character from the remotest times. The sole cause of the easy submission of Taxilus is said to have been his enmity to Porus, or Pauráva, whose territory lay between the Jhelum and the Chenáb, who was preparing to oppose the Greeks, but had two internal enemies to watch over, namely, Taxilus on one side, and Porus the younger, his own nephew, on the other. The other princes who submitted were Abisarus and Dioxoreas, the first of whom is said to have possessed two dragons, one 80 and the other 140 cubits long, which guarded his mountainous country naturally difficult of access.

The demand of Alexander calling upon Porus to submit and pay tribute received the high-minded reply that he, Porus, was not accustomed either to acknowledge a victor or to pay tribute, and that if Alexander wanted to fight with him he would meet him on his frontier, as befitted the position of both, in arms. Alexander received the challenge with pleasure ; and Porus, true to his vaunt, guarded the passage of the Jhelum at the head of an army, consisting of 30,000 foot, 7000 horse, 300 armed chariots, and 200 elephants. The stake on either side was great, the ardour for glory on both nearly equal ; but, while Porus and his men trusted to valor only for success, Alexander perceived that his surest chance of victory depended on judicious *manœuvre*. To attempt to cross an impetuous river before a foe so daring was soon understood by him to be hopeless. He therefore waited on the bank with appa-

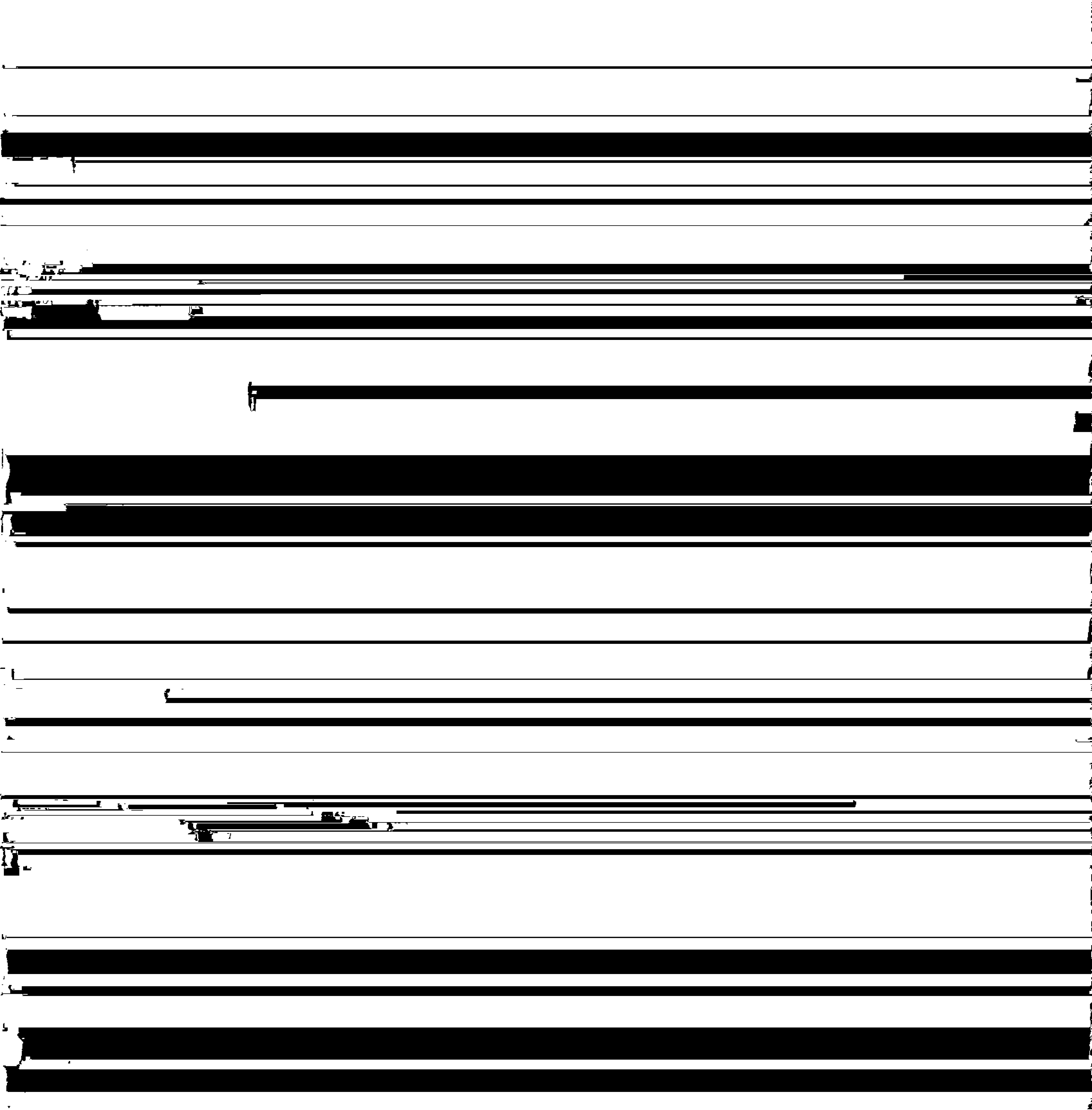


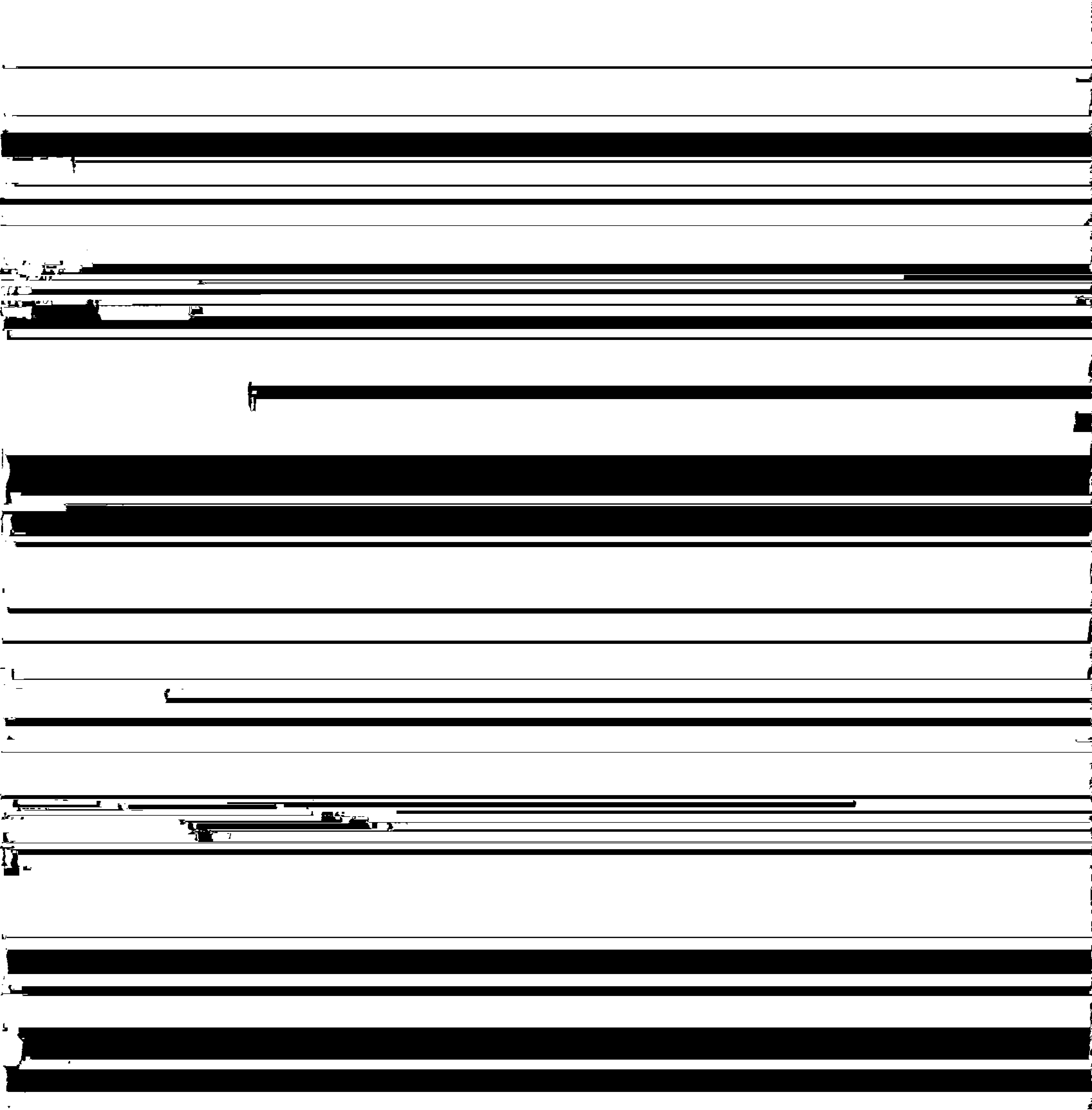


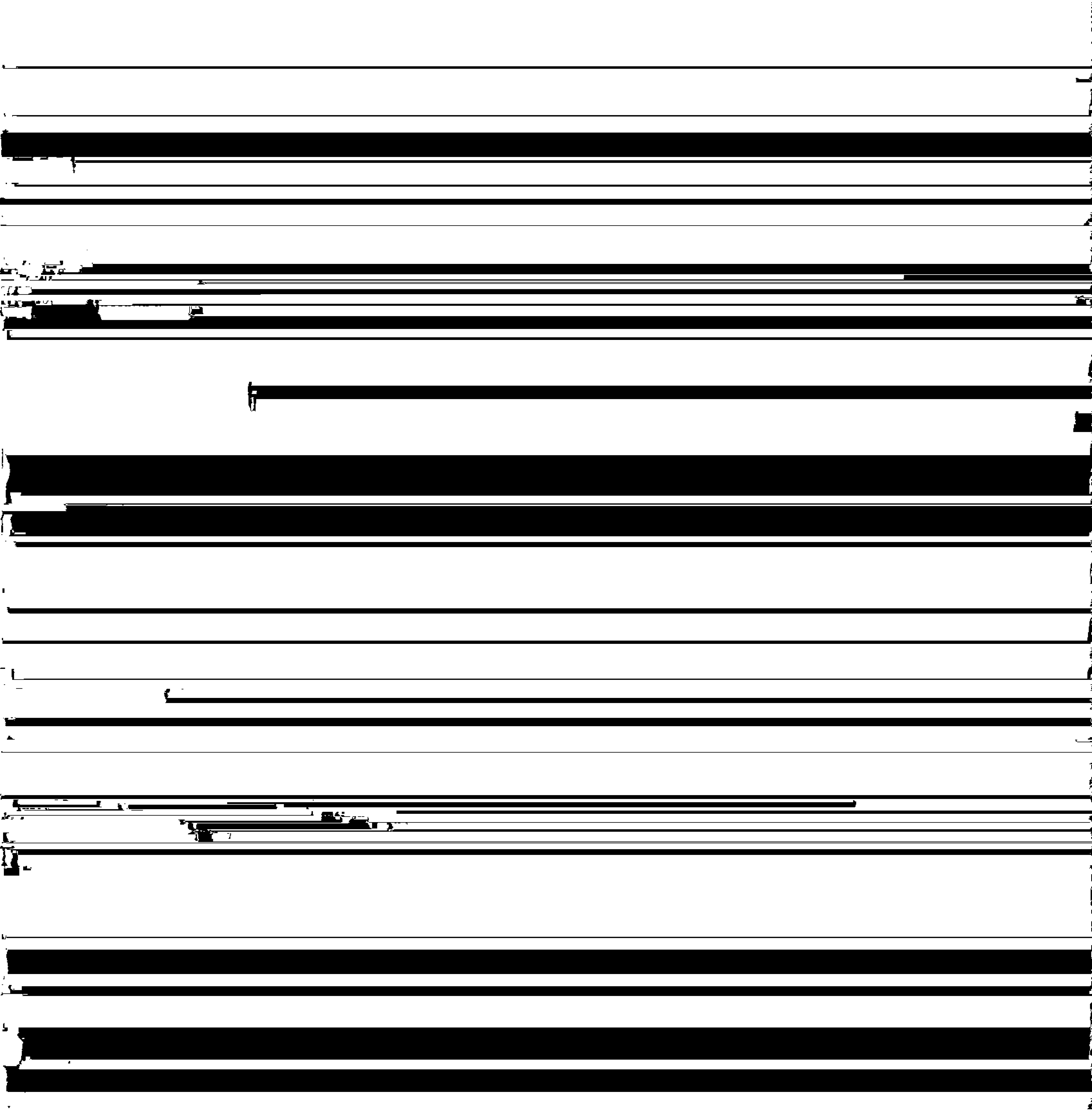
“ vainly opposed us on the plains of Arbela ? Are the
“ Gángárides a braver and hardier race than those you have
“ conquered in the Bactrian hills, or those who drenched
“ with blood the Sogdian plain, or those who precipitated
“ themselves before you down the rocky steeps of
“ Aornus ? * * * Does the broad and rapid Ganges fill you
“ with dismay ? Have you not crossed the unfathomable
“ deep itself ? Or is it less safe to pass a wide and majes-
“ tic river, flowing on with an even though rapid course,
“ than an impetuous current like the Hydāspes (Jhelum),
“ or a stream foaming over a rocky bed like the Acesines
“ (Chenáb)” But all his exhortations and elocution were
of no avail. They were received by the soldiers without
response or applause, in silence more expressive than
words ; and Alexander, submitting to circumstances, was
compelled to abandon an enterprise from which even his
most favorite generals agreed in dissuading him. The
Hyphasis or Sutledge was the extreme limit of his pro-
gress in India, and he built on the banks of it twelve
altars of hewn stone, fifty cubits high, as standing memo-
rials of his triumph, before he returned.

In retreating backwards from the Sutledge, Alexander
had again to fight the Oxydracæ and the Malli, who,
subdued before, had re-assembled to obstruct the return
of his army. But Alexander, by marching through a
desert country with great rapidity, was able to pierce
into the very heart of the kingdom of the Malli
unawares, and to reduce them, which so disconcerted the
Oxydracæ that they also sent deputies to tender their
submission. He then conquered several other mountain
races, captured and crucified one Musicanus, who had
revolted after having submitted to him, and similarly
punished a large number of Bráhmans who had instigated
the revolt.

The further course of Alexander does not require to
be followed. After a short excursion to the mouths of
the Indus, he reduced the Oritæ (the Beloochees of
modern times), and then quitted India by the way of
Gedrosia (Mekran), by crossing the desert, to Persia.
His expedition to India partook more of the character of a









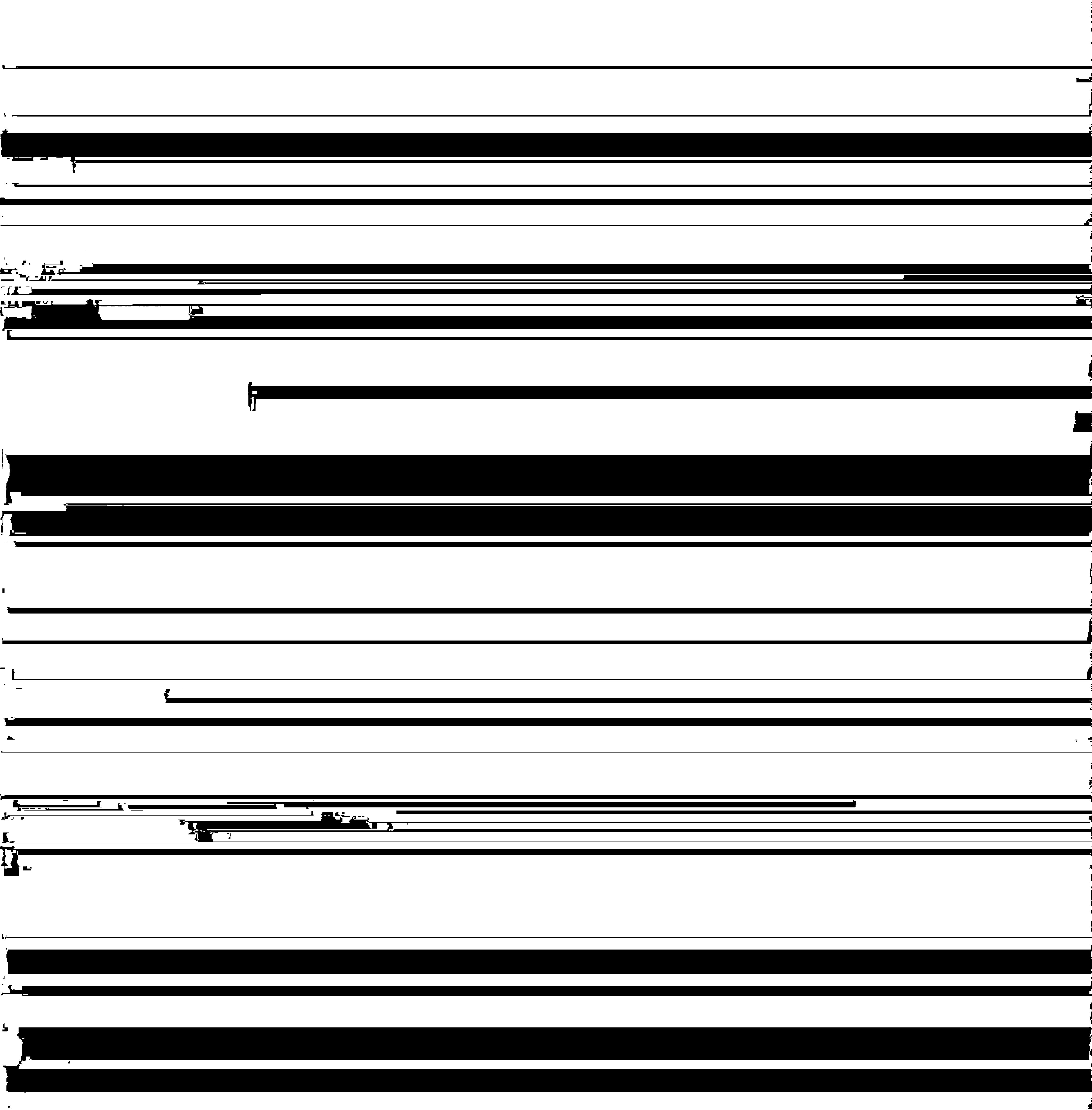


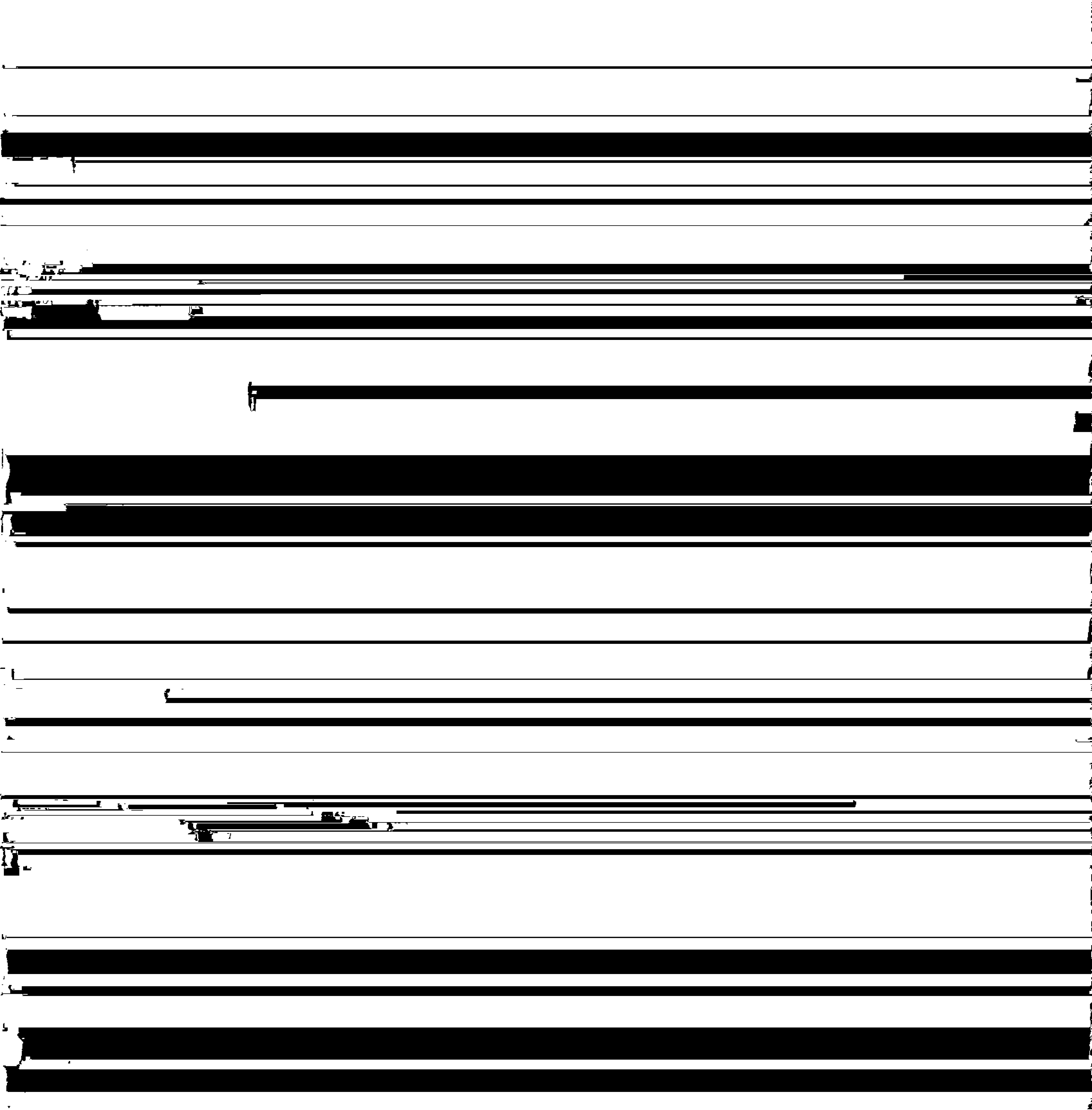
by famine, was compelled to purchase his liberation by the payment of a large ransom.

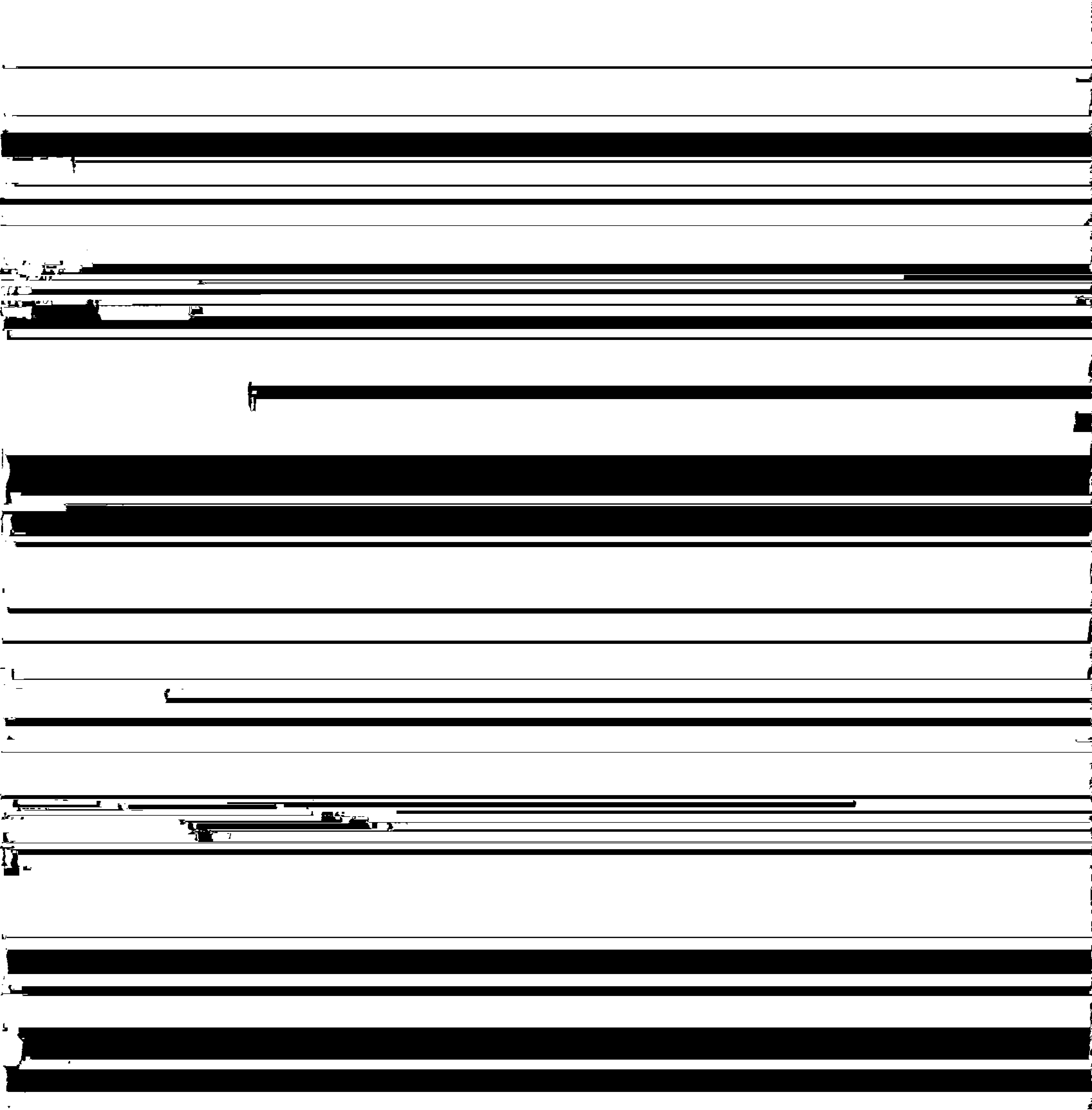
This reverse was avenged in 700, by Abdoor Rahmán, who had intermediately become governor of Khorassan, and who marched again into Kabool, this time at the head of 40,000 men, reconquered the greater part of the country, and retired from it with a large booty. The Kaliph, however, was displeased with him for not remaining on the frontier to secure his conquest; and this compelled him to rebel against him, and, failing in his rebellion, to seek the protection of Rattan Pál, by whom he was betrayed, upon which he killed himself by throwing himself headlong from a precipice.

Intermediately, in 685, Mánick Rai, the rajah of Ajmere and Sámbehur, was attacked in his capital by an Arab army which crossed the desert from Scinde, to revenge, it is said, the ill-treatment of an Islamite missionary, named Rooshun Ali, whose thumb had been cut off by the Hindus. The invading force came disguised as a caravan of horse-merchants, and surprised and took possession of Gurh Beetli, the citadel of Ajmere, Doola Rai, the brother of Manick Rai, and Lot-deo, the son of Doola Rai, being slain.

The most important of the Arab invasions was the next, undertaken in 713, by Mahomed Ben Kasim, the general of Kaliph Wálid, who conquered the whole of Scinde, and penetrated even to the Ganges. The way for this conquest had been prepared by several previous incursions in the same direction. The post of Bussorah was built at the mouth of the Tigris, during the Kaliphat of Omár, chiefly to secure the trade of Guzerat and Scinde, and a powerful army was sent by the Kaliph to Scinde under the command of Abool Aziz, who was killed in battle before Alore. Kaliph Osmán, who succeeded Omár, also collected a large army to take up the work which had been left unfinished by his predecessor; but his intention was never carried into effect. Better progress was made by the generals of Kaliph Ali, who made some conquests in Scinde, which however were abandoned on Ali's death; and Yezed, the governor of







THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

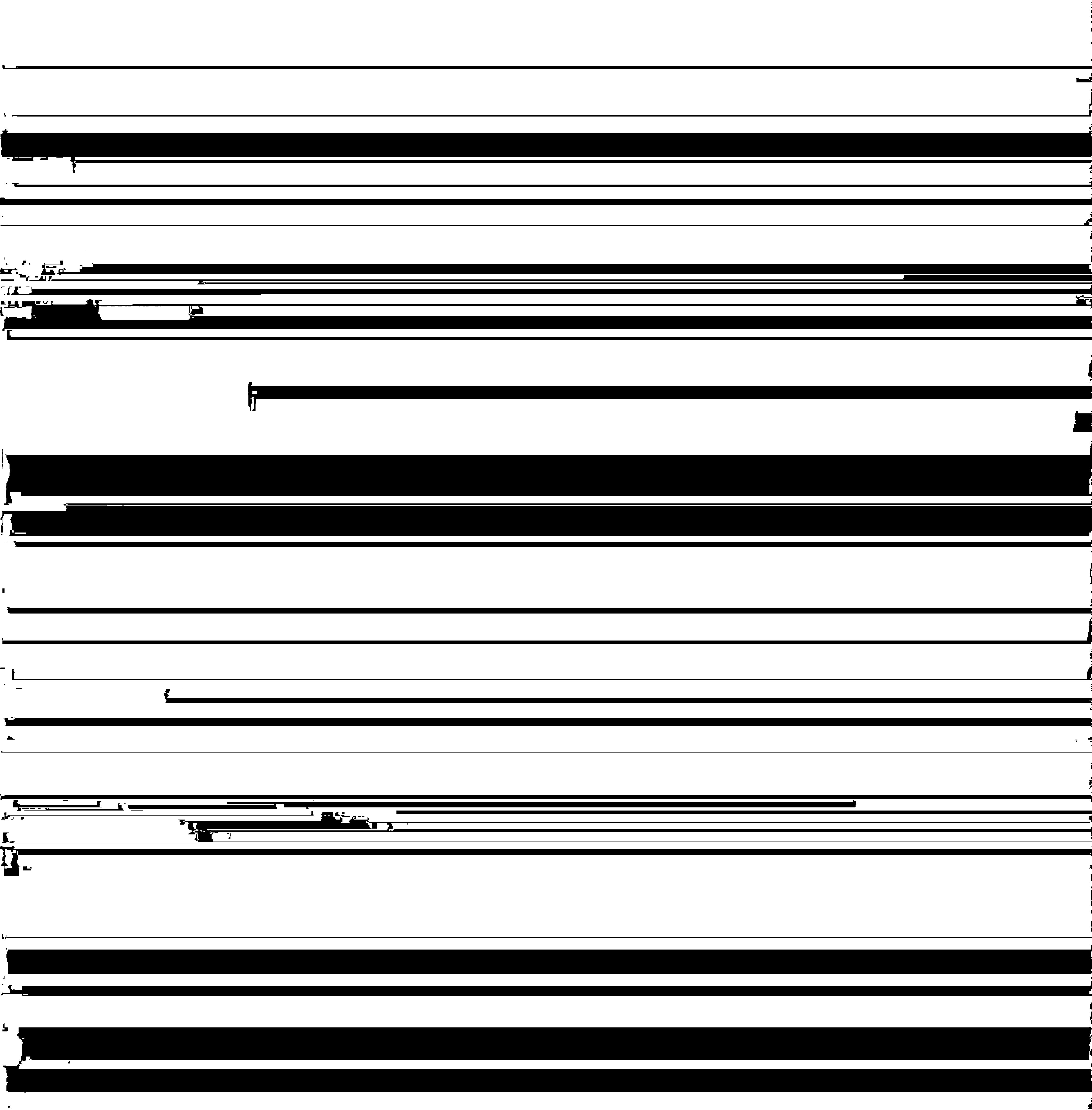
BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

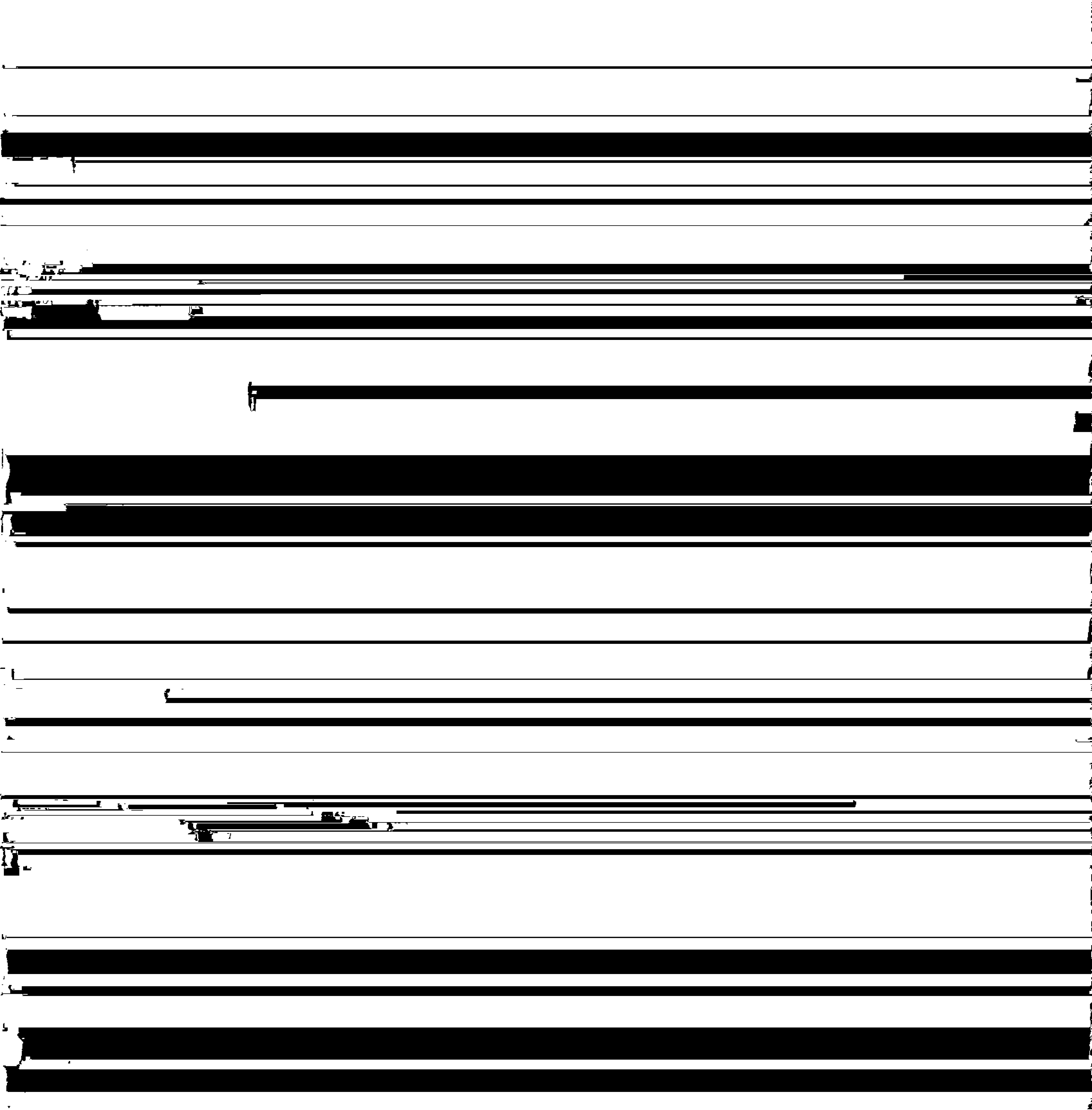
WHO are the Nobles of Southern India ? That is the point which first meets one who turns his attention to this subject. Are they our Zemindars and Poligars, the holders of settled and unsettled Poliams, or have we no Landed Aristocracy at all ? We shall not, in the space of this brief article, enter into the large discussion, whether a Nobility or an Aristocracy is absolutely necessary for the well-being and progress of a nation. That is the controversy at issue between England and America, and sometime or other we may be sure the problem will have to be solved by us. For, unless the British are prepared to govern us for ever through Civilian Magistrate-Collectors and Judges, and make laws for us by means of European Boards, the day will come when the question of a House of Lords or no House of Lords for this great country will have to undergo discussion. The question will come in the train of the general subject of Representative Government for the Indian Empire. We hope the day for *that* will not be very long in coming. It is not difficult to foresee the solution. India cannot, as regards the governing machinery, always remain different to other countries. Before long a popular element must be introduced in the legislature. Probably the first step towards that consummation will be the nomination of a large number of the most powerful or most influential Barons to a consultative assembly and, afterwards, the creation of a yet more dignified Senate. Then, when all the other Presidencies may be prepared to present our rulers with a tolerably enlightened aristocracy, Bombay with its powerful Sirdars and Chiefs, and Bengal with its educated Rajas,—what will benighted Madras do ? A landed Nobility, or, indeed, any Nobility, cannot be created in a day, or even in a single generation, but must be the work of ages. Which class of Madrasedes



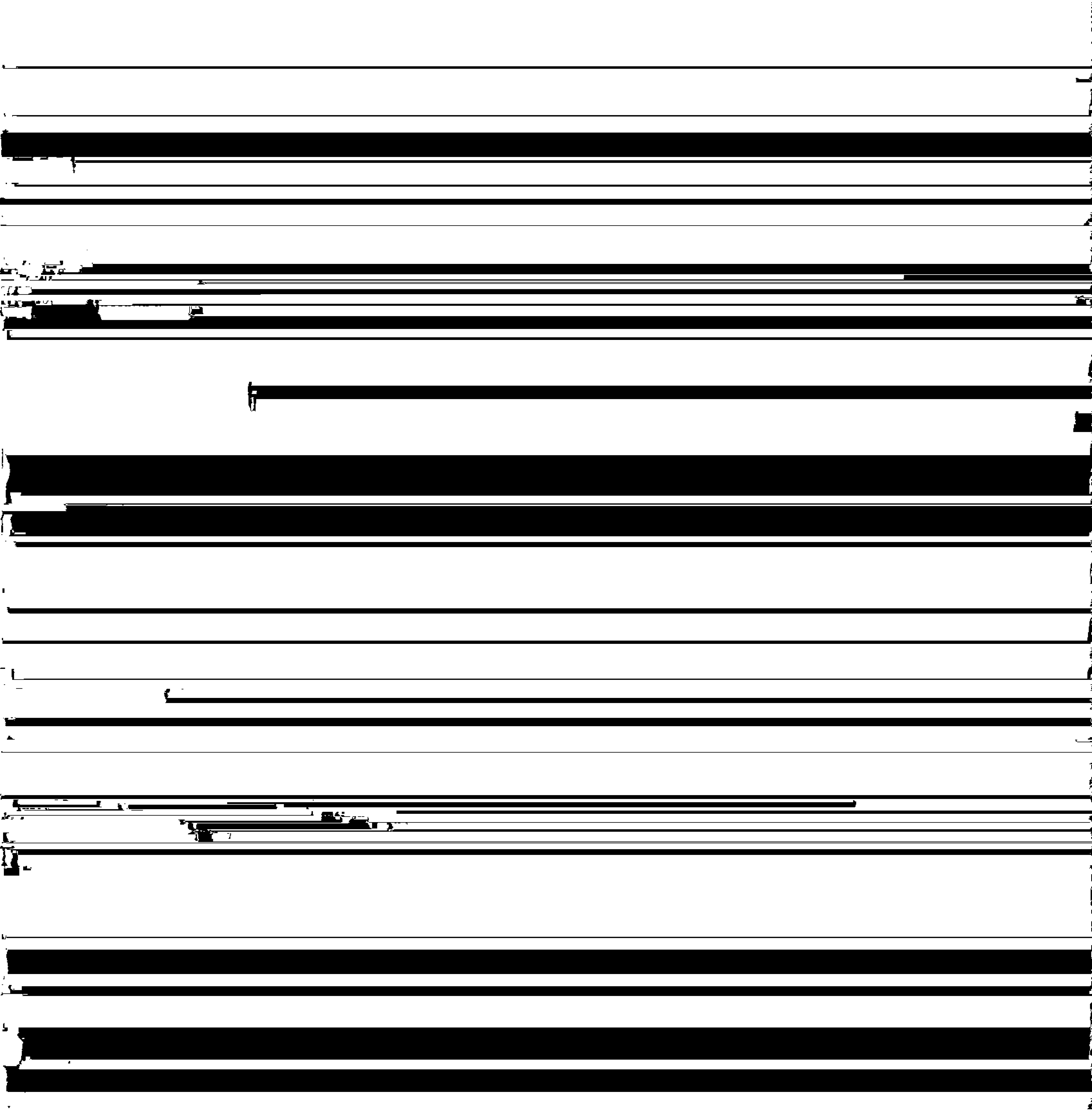








and which capitulated, the rajah agreeing to pay Rs. 2,50,000 and thirty elephants as a present. He then passed on to Mahában, another strong place on the Jumna, which was also invested. The prince, Kálchund, offered to submit and came out for that purpose, when a quarrel was got up for the sake of plunder, upon which Kálchund killed himself, which placed much rich spoil in the hands of the invader, including seventy elephants. He then proceeded to Mathoorá, which was entered without much opposition, and where all the idols were broken down or melted, which brought him an immense quantity of gold and silver. He intended to break down the temples also, but was dissuaded from the attempt by the beauty and structure of the edifices, even bigotry submitting to the influence of taste. Among the plunder taken were five great idols of pure gold with eyes of rubies, one idol of sapphire, besides a large number of silver idols which loaded a hundred camels. The Mahomedans did indeed find India a country of fabulous wealth: alas, that similar luck was not reserved for their successors! For twenty days the bigoted barbarian sacked the city with fire and sword, and then marched on to other forts and districts to reduce them. Recrossing the Jumna he now suddenly appeared before Kanouj,—so suddenly that Korrá, the king, was entirely taken by surprise, and, having made no preparations for resistance, was obliged to submit without a contest, and sue for peace. This was granted to him, but, some relate, only on his agreeing to become a Mahomedan. The victor then proceeded to Munj, or Munjháwan, a strong fort which made a spirited resistance, and the garrison of which, consisting entirely of Kanoujia Bráhmans, rushed through the breaches when the place became untenable, and flung themselves right upon the enemy to certain destruction, or burnt themselves to death along with their wives and children, not one surviving their defeat. The fort of Asni, belonging to Chánd Pál, was next taken, but after it had been evacuated, Máhmood getting however what he wanted—a large plunder. From Chánd Rai, a prince who fled to the Bundelkund hills, an enor-

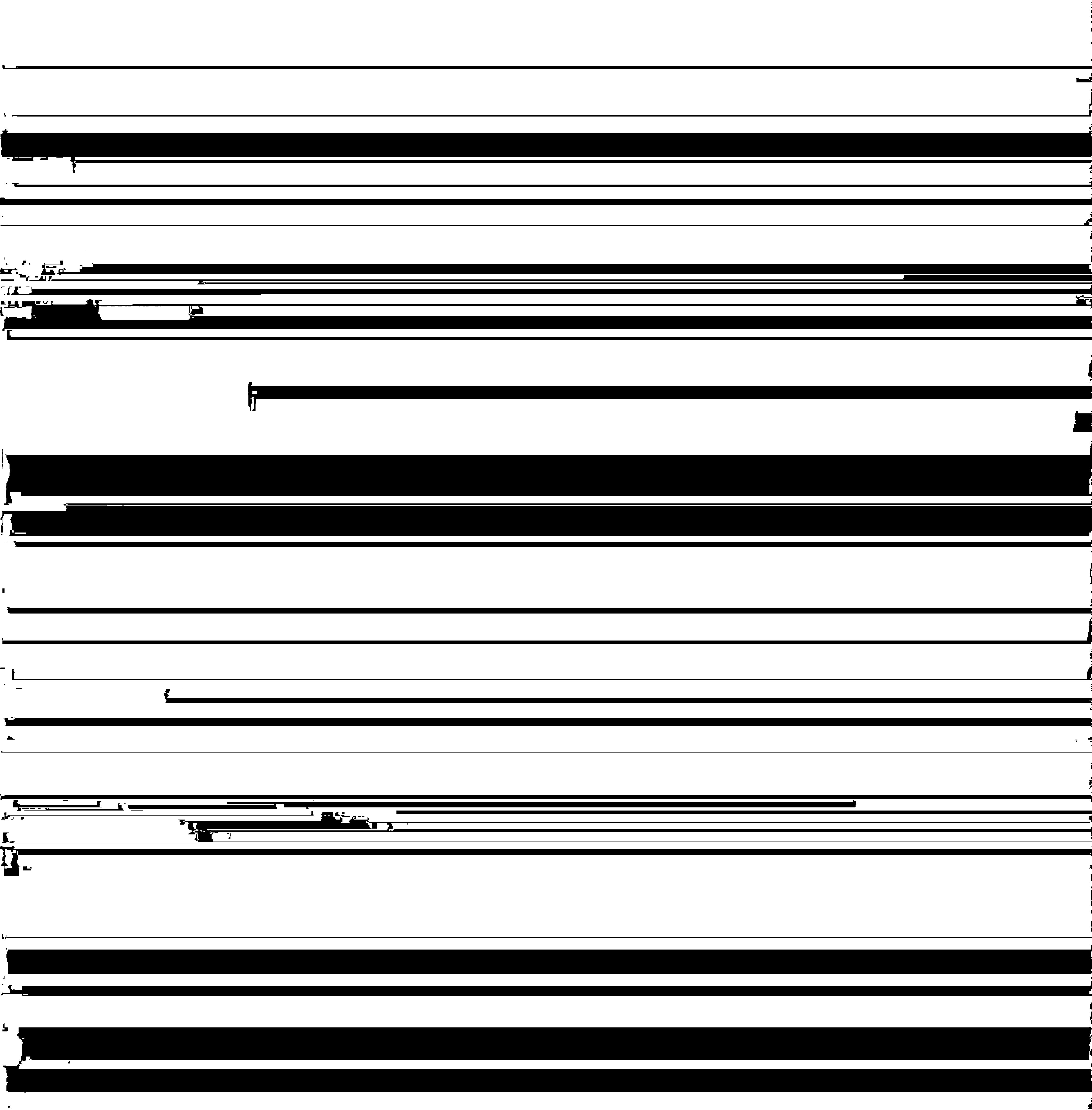


reduced them to obedience ; upon which Nanda again made his peace by other large presents and a flattering epistle, with the latter of which the Afghan king was so well pleased that he conferred on Nanda the government of fifteen forts.

The sixteenth invasion of Máhmood was undertaken in 1026, and was directed against the temple of Somnáth, in Guzerat, which was said to be very rich and greatly respected by the Hindus. He collected an army of 30,000 horse, besides volunteers who flocked in large numbers, and, marching through Mooltan, was first opposed on the banks of the Sutledge by Gogá Chohán, who held the whole of *Junguldes*, or the forest lands from the Sutledge to Hurriana, and who came out to oppose him accompanied by forty-five sons and sixty nephews. The opposition however was fruitless, all the family of Gogá being slain, after which Máhmood proceeded on to Ajmere, crossing the desert. He attacked Gurh Beetli, but was repulsed from it, retreating to Nadole, which he sacked. He afterwards captured Anhalwára, which he found deserted, and to which he did as much mischief as could be done by fire and sword. When Somnáth was reached he discovered it to be a lofty castle situated on a narrow peninsula washed on three sides by the sea. The people were found in high spirits, expecting a miraculous interposition on the part of their deity and the entire destruction of the invading army. But the god was singularly cold-hearted, and declined to interfere ; and the Hindus, after a violent defence, in which two of their princes, named Byram Deo and Dabshilima, particularly distinguished themselves, were obliged to submit. An attempt at flight by sea was made by some ; but their boats were overtaken and many of them sunk. Máhmood then entered the temple, and was enraged at the sight of the idol, a Linga of stone five yards high. He is said to have struck the block with his mace, after which it was ordered to be broken into two and the parts sent to Ghazni, one to be placed at the threshold of the Jami Musjeed and the other at the court of the king's palace, that they might be trod







To avenge this defeat Mahomed recruited a fresh army of 100,000 horsemen, picked out of Turks, Persians, and Afghans, and returned to India in 1192. "Since my defeat in India," said he, "I have never slumbered in ease, nor waked but in sorrow and anxiety. I have therefore determined with this army to recover my lost honor or die in the attempt." He now called forth the Omrahs who had deserted him on the last occasion and whom he had placed under confinement, and told them that he gave them one further opportunity to wipe out their disgrace. Prithu Rai, on his part, was not slow in making preparations to resist the invader. The Mahomedan authors, who always give the Hindus the credit of superior numbers on the field, to enhance the value of the victories won by their co-religionists, assert that he was assisted by 150 confederate princes, and brought together an army of 300,000 horse, 3,000 elephants, and a great body of infantry. The action was fought on the banks of the Seraswati, nearly on the same spot where his former victory was won. The Indian princes, elated with their previous success, anticipated an easy conquest again; while Mahomed to gain time affected to be doubtful of his position, and gave out that he had written to his brother, the king of Ghor, to ask if the war was to be pursued. This pretence of indecision threw the Hindus off their guard, and enabled Mahomed to surprise them in the midst of their festivities. They were nevertheless able to form in line to oppose him, and gave him a warmer reception than he had expected; till, becoming lulled by a certainty of victory, they began to flag in their exertions, when Mahomed made a sudden and resolute charge on them at the head of a chosen reserve of 12,000 horses, and breaking through their ranks, scattered them in dismay. Chánd Rai was killed, and Prithu Rai taken prisoner and afterwards put to death. The plunder was immensely rich, and the forts of Seraswati, Sámáná, Koram, and Hánsi surrendered of themselves. Ajmere was also taken, the inhabitants being butchered in cold blood or sold to slavery; but, upon promise of the payment of a large tribute, the government of the

country was given up to Gola, the son of Prithu, while Kuttubudeen Ibek, one of the slaves of Mahomed, was left at Koram with a considerable detachment. Kuttub was shortly after able to capture the fort of Meerut and the city of Delhi, and this gave rise to the assertion that the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave.

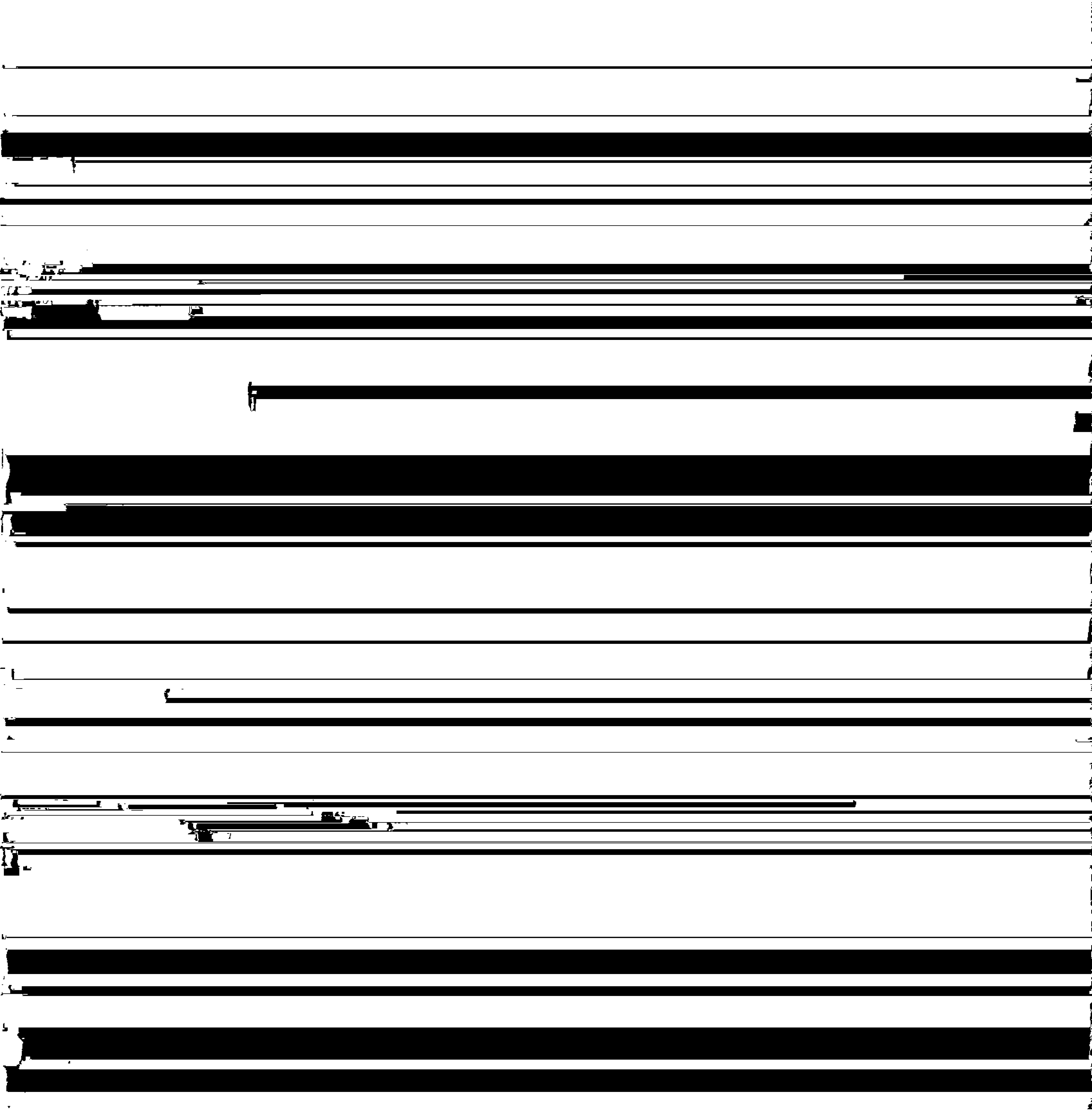
In 1194 Mahomed again invaded India with an army of 50,000 horse, to attack Jayachánd, king of Kanouj and Benares, who opposed him at the head of a stronger army that included 400 fighting elephants. The battle was fought on the banks of the Jumna, at a place midway between Chundwar and Etáwáh, where Jayachánd was defeated, mainly by Kuttub, and flying whence he got drowned in crossing the Ganges. The fort of Asni was next taken, where property in gold, silver, and precious stones was found to a considerable amount. Mahomed then proceeded to Benares, where he broke down the idols in above one thousand temples, and collected an immense plunder. Kuttub at the same time, operating in other directions, first defeated Hemráj, a relative of Prithu Rai of Ajmere, and then, marching against Bheem Deo of Guzerat, destroyed his army and plundered his country. All the great kingdoms of India were thus simultaneously overthrown.

The secret history of India shows that these disasters were mainly brought upon the country by the disunion of the Hindu princes themselves. Anang Pál II, the last Tuar king of Delhi, being childless, adopted and abdicated his throne in favour of his grandson Prithu Rai, king of Ajmere, the son of one of his daughters. This gave offence to Jayachánd, who was similarly related to the Tuar king, and heightened the rivalry and jealousy already subsisting between the Choháns and the Ráhtores. The ill-feeling on both sides was augmented when Jayachánd, aspiring at paramount sovereignty, undertook to perform the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, at which the presence of all dependent kings was required, which Prithu necessarily did not attend. The disagreement was yet further complicated by a love affair. Jayachánd in an errant expedition to Ceylon had captured a beauti-

ful damsel whom he had adopted as his daughter, and whom he wanted to marry to some powerful king who would acknowledge his supremacy. The girl, however, obstinately refused to wed any one but Prithu, having heard of his valor and achievements, and, being kept under confinement for her recusancy, was released by the Chohán and carried off. The sinews of Delhi were lost by Prithu in this devoir, and his best warriors slain. Jayachánd leagued himself immediately with Mahomed Ghori to destroy Prithu; and Mahomed took advantage of their quarrels to destroy both. After the conquest of Delhi, Ajmere, and Kanouj by the Mahomedans, the son of Jayachánd, flying from the last place, founded a new Ráhtore empire in the desert of Mārwar; but the Tuár and the Chohán dynasties were never able to rise again.

In 1195, Mahomed attacked and took Biáná, and directed Togril to lay siege to Gwálíor, which was eventually taken; but, attempting to extend his conquests further to the south, Togril received a terrible defeat from the Rajpoots, and was forced to fly to his forts for refuge. Kuttubudeen, likewise, was hard pressed at Guzerat and Ajmere; but succeeded at last in reducing Anhalwára with its immediate dependencies, after a severe battle fought from dawn till midday, from which Rai Karan, the ruler of the place, only fled with his life. He also succeeded in reducing the forts of Kalinjar and Kalpee in Bundelkund, which had belonged to Rai Parmár; and it is said of him that, instead of demolishing them, he converted all the temples which were taken into mosques.

Previous to this Mahomed, hitherto acting as his brother's general, was, on the demise of Yeasaludeen, called to the Ghaznian throne. His last expedition to India was undertaken in 1203, when he came to it to chastise the Gickers, who inhabited the country between the Niláb and the Sewálik mountains, and had rebelled against him. The Gickers were defeated by a joint attack made on them by Mahomed from one side and Küttub from another, and the carnage was so great that in their country "there remained not an inhabitant to





THE RAVINGS OF PROMETHEUS.

I.

I SEE thee in thy vastness, Jove !
I feel thee in thy power ;
The earth, it heaves and quakes beneath,
The skies around me lower ;
I hear thy thunder's loud rebound,
I see the wreaths of lightning glare ;
But know'st thou not, Oh vengeful king !
How much the broken heart will dare ?

II.

The rock is riven by the blast ;
The hurricane sweeps the sea ;
The sky confounded seeks to hide
Beneath the grassy lea :
Th' unyielding spirit, pride begirt,
Albeit 'twill break will never bend ;
Shiver the mountains from their base,
My heart, Oh, Sire, you will not rend.

III.

Invent a flame more piercing still
Than lightning's fiery flash ;
Brandish a deadlier bolt to mock
The thunder's pounding crash ;
A louder din than whirlwind's raise :
Through all the elemental cry
Thou yet will hear my curses deep,
The ravings that can never die.

IV.

O'erpower my soul and body too ;
Command the eagle's beak
To lacerate my living frame,
My chains with blood to streak :

Defiance of thy fiendish power
Will yet assuage my gnawing pain ;
Crumble my form to ashes light,
Thou smit'st to crush my heart in vain.

V.

Still unsubdued and undismay'd,
I lift not hands to thee ;
Beyond endurance though my pain,
Endured it shall be :
Thy heart no softness feels, I know,
And never glutted is thine ire ;
My heart no weakness can admit,
Above thy hate it doth aspire.

VI.

I ransom'd mortals from thy wiles,
For them thy power defied ;
Think'st thou for self I'll meanly bow,
And my own act deride ?
Hiss forth thy vengeance undisturb'd,
Fire thou the artillery of hell ;
Of fiends thou art the greatest fiend,
And this to thee shall Prometheus tell.

VII.

Come, horrors come ! enwrap me round ;
I care not where I go ;
The earthquake and the hurricane
Point to the abyss below :
I feel the whirl that flings me down,
I yield not yet the reverent knee ;
Oh mother Earth, behold my wrongs !
Oh Jove supreme, I spit at thee !

E V A D N E.

I.

AND is he dead, the iron-armed,
Struck by the fire of Jove?
And is the pyre that him consumes
Now ready for my love?
Ah, why prolong a weary life?
Yon pyre can hold both man and wife.

II.

Capaneus, husband of my love!
Behold, I come to thee!
I cannot live from thee apart;
That were no life for me:
The rock is high; one leap below,
The hungry flames will end my woe.

III.

Nay, father, nay, obstruct me not:
Farewell, old man, farewell!
The sweetest death I'll surely die;
Let Argive maidens tell
To future days my husband's name,
And how I married him in flame.

S.

THE STREET-MUSIC OF CALCUTTA.

I DEVOTED a whole day to listen to the street-music of Calcutta, and report the result for the information of the readers of *Maga*. The cries to which I refer are to be heard daily in the native part of the town. Those peculiar to the European portion of it are of course very different.

I.—KOOAR-GHOTEE-TOLLAH!

ALMOST the first cry every morning is that of the *Kooar-ghotee-tollah*. Be the day ever so cold or so rainy there is the man ready to extricate from the bottom of the well whatever you may have dropt in it, though the cry speaks of brass *lotahs* only. The Moorish lady cried her heart out for the earrings she had dropt in the well, which she could not recover. There must have been no *kooar-ghotee-tollah* in Spain in her day, for earrings, or nose-rings, or finger-rings, are all picked out of wells in Calcutta with the greatest facility. Look at the man as he stands before you—an elderly, stout fellow, with elephantiasis on one leg—and you would hardly think him capable of the feat by which he earns his daily bread. He must dive at least five or six times a day to earn a decent pittance, for two or three pice is all he gets each time; and the frail steps on the well-side by which he gets down are not contemptible dangers to brave for the price paid to him. Talk of old Bazaine's escape from Fort St. Marguerite! It surely was not half so perilous as these incessant descents into wells kept as dirty as can be imagined and in indifferent repair; and yet who ever heard of a *ghotee-tollah* having died in the execution of his duty?

But have not water-pipes superseded the use of wells in every family residence in Calcutta? asks the English reader entirely innocent of native ways and doings.

No, Aryan brother, they have not. The supply of Municipal water is little to be depended upon, and fails frequently at very inconvenient hours; and our Hindu ladies are so aquatic in their habits, and delight so much in water, that an unfailing supply of it from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M. is an absolute necessity of their lives. Almost every act of housewifery requires the washing of hands or clothes, and many make entire ablutions of the body imperative; and since the filtered water of the Justices is not to be had at all hours there is no alternative for the mass but the well and the *ghotee*. They speak again, of the compulsory setting up of metres in private houses to regulate the supply of water according to the rate paid for it. The idea is not particularly liberal; to our thinking the supply of water, like that of air and light, should be unchecked. But, as our sapient Justices seem to think otherwise, "don't fill up your wells yet" is our warning and advice to all whom it may concern.

II.—THE SONG OF THE MAKHUM CHORA.

THIS is a song of the boyhood of Krishna, when that mischievous urchin used to go about from dairy to dairy stealing butter. The itinerant singer goes, Homer-like, from house to house, singing the delinquencies of the little god, that the morning might be commenced auspiciously by all, with the achievements of the deity fresh in their recollections. It is rather odd giving lessons in thieving to business-people at this early hour, as the instruction is not unapt to stick in the minds of those who buy and sell, and to influence their actions throughout the day. Songs about Rámchandra are also sung. For these regular reminders the singers claim a small *buxis* (varying from four pice to two annas) at the end of each month. The songs are good to hear, and some of the singers have very musical voices; and so, for one reason or another, the imposition is tolerated by all families.

III.—JYE RADHAY—BHIKAYAPYE, BABA!

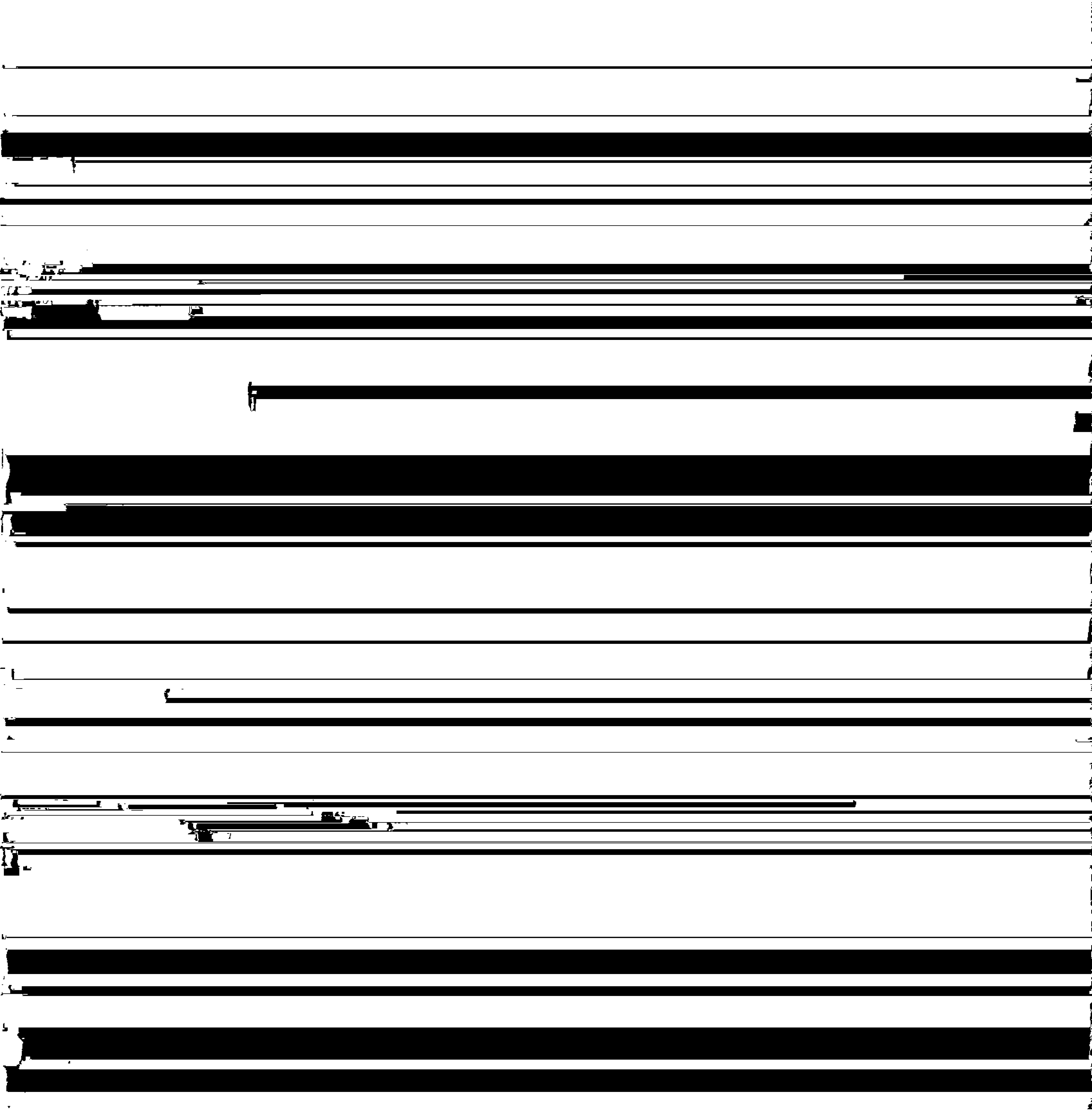
THE begging appeals in Calcutta are intolerable nuisances that recur from daybreak to dusk; and there is

no means of putting them down, as the Police will *never* interfere. I don't object to an old woman, or a blind or lame man, appealing to one for charity; but for two real objects of sympathy that accost you, there are four or six stalwart claimants whose only plea for appeal is that they are Bysnubs, which they think gives them a right to *demand* alms. They actually give you *gallee* if you send them away empty-handed. "What, such a Burra Baboo, with such a house to live in, and not give alms! Remember there is another place to go to; for he that turns away the beggar from his door gets no admittance in Bycant." Cheek of this sort is constantly given; and as you can't condescend to resent it, you are obliged to submit to it with the best grace you can. Often, very often, a sturdy beggar will refuse to leave your door without a reasonable dole. If you ask the *páháráwallá* to eject him, the man of authority laughs at your face; if you tell your own people to push out the applicant there is an action for assault, sometimes resulting in a fine: at all events I remember having once read of such a case in which the learned (?) Magistrate held that force should not have been used for expulsion, without laying down however how the expulsion was otherwise to be effected when the party to be dealt with is stronglimbed, obstinate, and clamorous.

Of course, as I have said, there are many real objects of charity, who, in a city where there is absolutely no provision for them, well deserve the attention of the humane. But, when your temper is once upset by stubbornness, it rarely happens that you are able to do your duty to the rest. "Don't admit any of them," is the snappish order the master gives to his door-keeper; and so many a poor woman loses the pice or grain that she would otherwise have received.

IV.—SISSEE, BOTTOLE BIKREE!

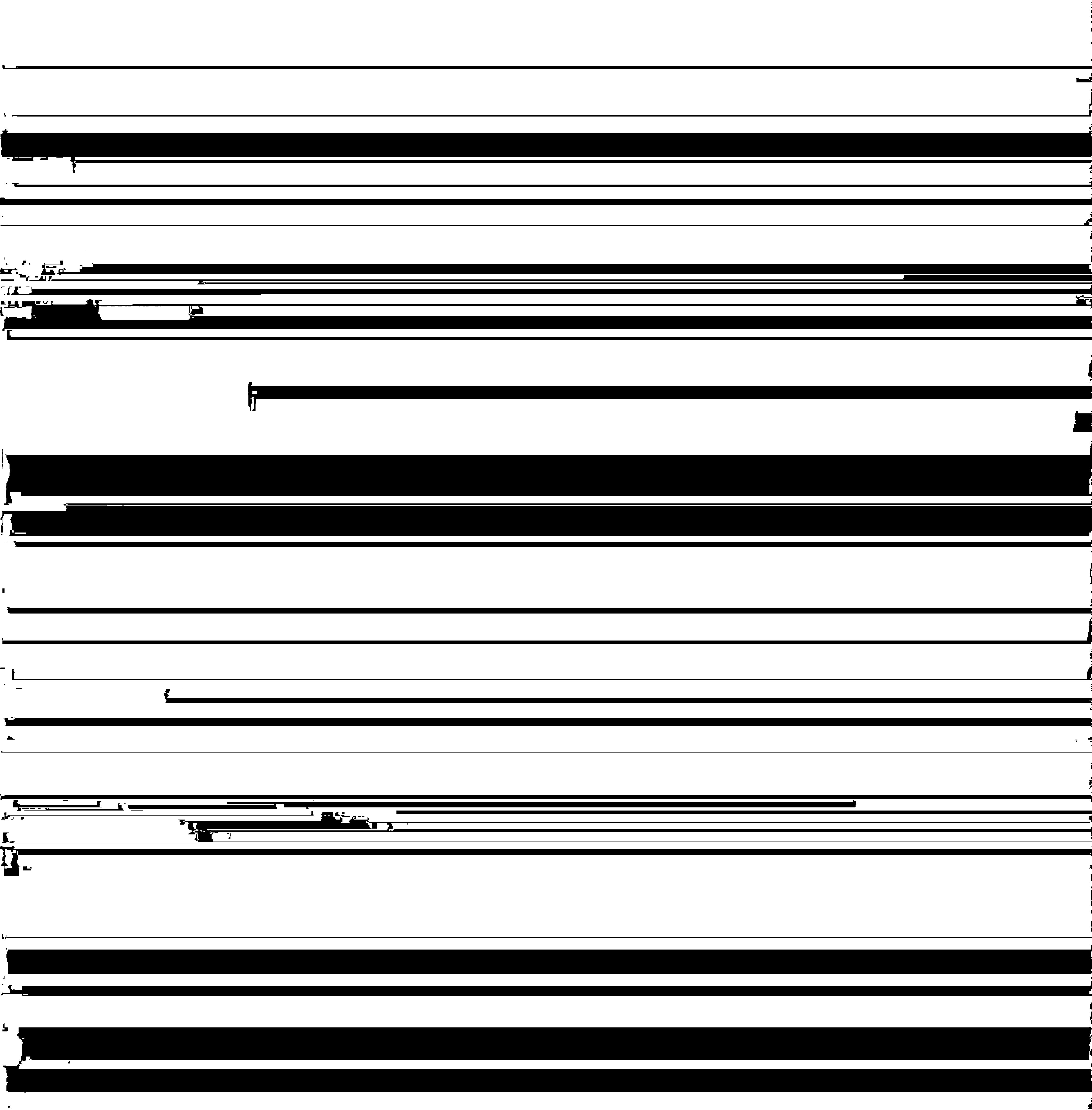
THIS is an expressive cry, a proof of the march of civilisation as represented by the Brandy-bottle. From house to house the *Bikreewáliá* collects all the empty bottles,

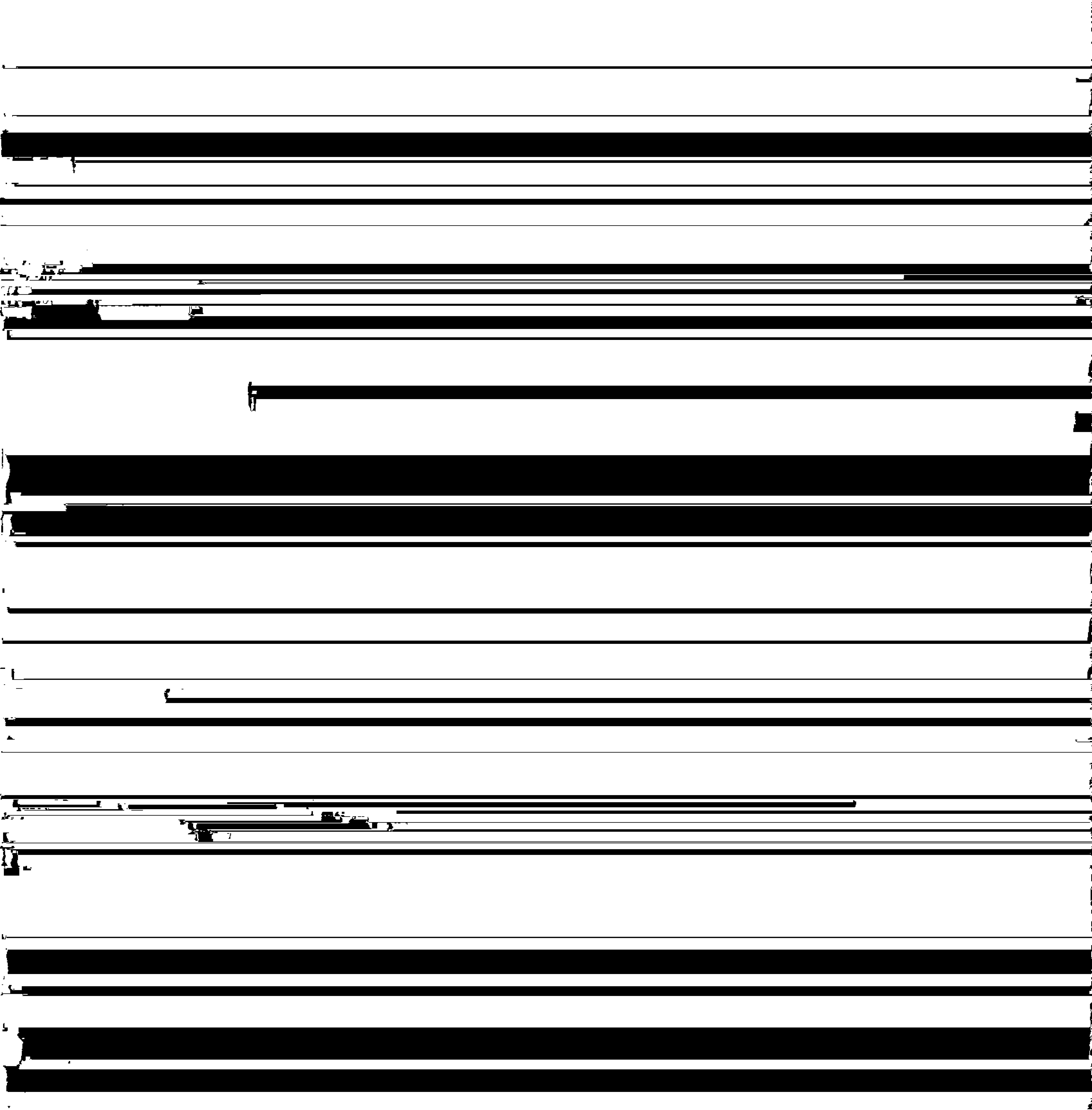












XXVI.—MONDA METOY !

XXVII.—ROOTEE, BISKOOT, NANKHATAYA !

XXVIII.—GOLAPEE AOOREE CHYE ?

XXIX.—CHYE NAKOLE DANA ?

We pass over all these cries as calling for no particular remark.

Immediately after them follows the cry of

XXX.—CHANACHOOR GURMA GURRUM.

YOUR syce is a great scoundrel and steals gram, the horse is getting thinner, you are afraid of being some day hawled up before the Magistrate by the Cruelty-Prevention-Society, which is so vigilant. But where the deuce does the gram go to ? Ask this man and you will know. All the stolen gram is converted into *Chanachoor*, which, made hot with chillies, is much valued by drunkards both of high and low degree. *Brandy-pawny* and *Chanachoor Gurma-Gurru* comprise a feast for the gods, leaving aside the exquisites of the Calcutta University. What Young-Bengal is there who has been able to resist the temptation of sharing them with his syce or his sirdar-bearer, if not in worse company ?

XXXI.—CHYE BUROPH ?

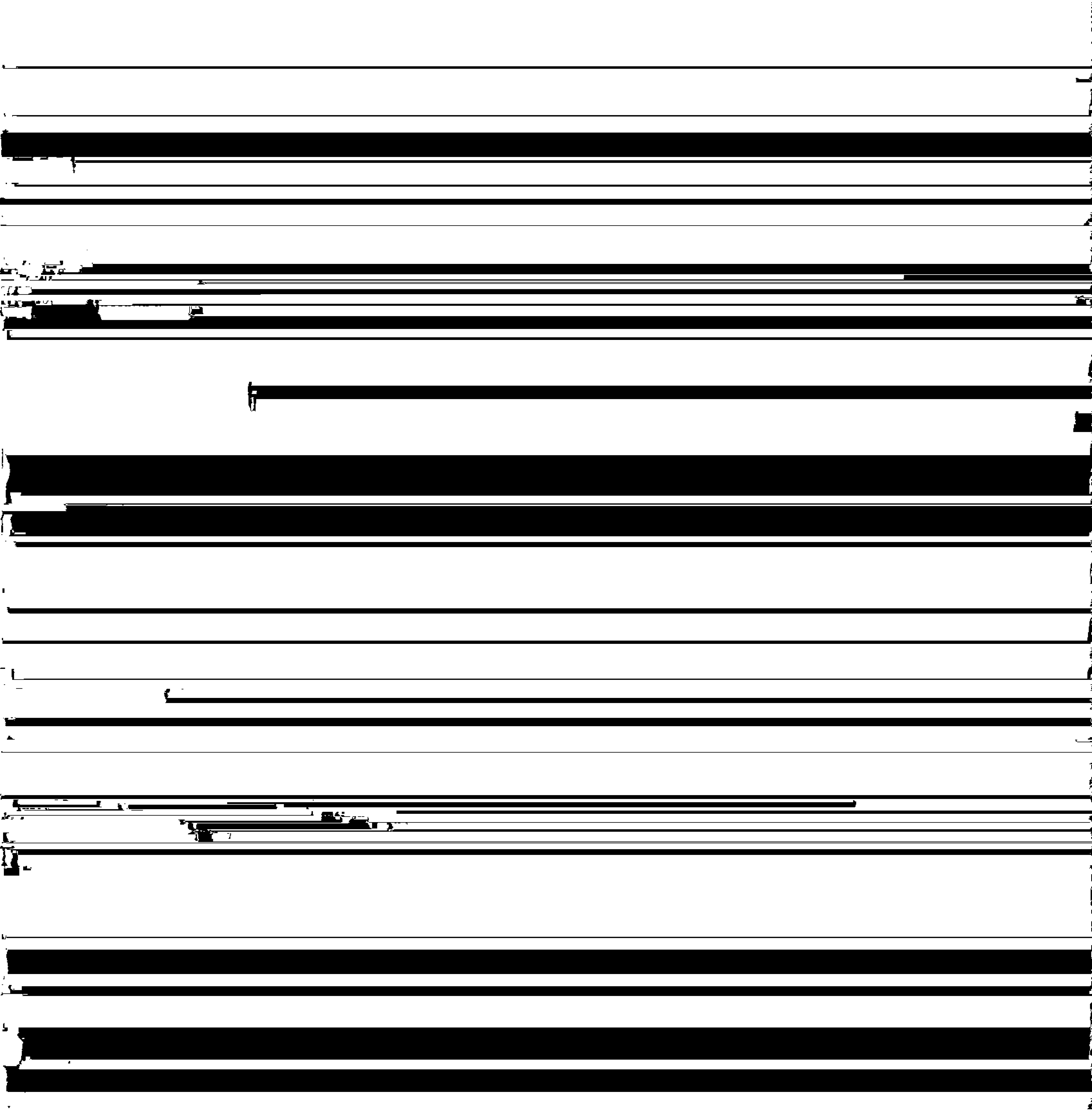
AND there is the Burophwalla coming in good time to cool down both the liquid fire and chillied gram ! Does any one wish to have revelations of pandemonium or the purgatory without the intervention of the Planchette ? Let him accompany a Burophwalla for the nonce, and he will see both places with his own eyes and learn all that he may require to know. O, what secrets these Burophwallas could divulge if they had a mind to !

Night now closes up the city of palaces, brothels, and iniquities for a brief while ; and no calls but those of the Páharáwállá and the jackal will be heard for the next few hours. I may therefore close for the present with

XXXII.—YAPEED MOOSHKILLASHAN KARAYGA,

Which is announced by a broad flaring light in the hands of a bearded *fakir*, who goes about from door to door asking for that dole in the name of a Mahomedan saint which no Hindu housewife dares to refuse. All *Mooshkill*, or difficulties, will be made *ashan*, or easy. Child's sickness, husband's irregularity of life, crustiness of old mother-in-law—every impediment to happiness will be removed at once. And what is the price to pay for this? One pice only!

I wish Maga would pay me a pice per line for this luminous contribution which may not soon be equalled. A pice-a-liner is doubtless a poorer designation than a penny-a-liner; but something is better than nothing, and I am not very hard to please.



“Here is this same peacock accompanied by his mate
“uttering his cry upon the Kadamba tree at the end
“of the festive joys of the dance caused by excessive
“gladness, who, as his beautiful waving tail has lately
“grown, appears like a blazing diadem of jewels.”—
Tawney's *Uttara Rāma Charita*.

The Peacock was a great favorite of the Antahpura; he is so still with our ladies. His shanks are very often ornamented with golden bells, which jingle musically when he dances before his mistress, who keeps time by clapping her begemmed fair hands. The following extracts are to the point:—

इदं तदे विविह-मणि-चित्तलिदो विअ अअं
सहरिसं नचन्तो रविकिरणसन्तप्तं पक्खुखेवेहिं
विधुवेदि विअ पासादं घरमेरो।

“The domestic peacock dances about delighted and
“fans the place with gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool
“its heated walls.”—

Wilson's *Mrichchhakati*.

The following is from the *Meghaduta* of Kālidāsa :—

तन्मध्ये च स्फटिकफलका काञ्चनी वासयष्टि
मूलेवद्धा मणिभिरनतिप्रौढवंशप्रकाशैः ।
तानैः सिञ्जदलय-सभगैर्नर्तितः कान्तया मे
यामध्यास्ते दिवसविगमे नीलकण्ठः सुहृदः ॥”

“There, in their midst, stands the golden house-staff
“surmounted by a blade of crystal, its nether part
“made of a lump of emerald resembling a ripe bamboo
“in lustre; there, at the decline of day, dances thy
“friend, the peacock, while the time is kept by my wife,
“as the bangles jingle in her hands.”

Our poets often compare the long tresses of the fair with the pendent feathery train of the peacock. The hair was generally worn by the ladies in ancient India,





The woods are in fire, and hence the roar,
'Tis not the noise of clouds o'er
Thy head, thou bird o' the lengthened train,
'Tis not the lightning's glare but rise amain
The flames' splendour, 'mong vapours dense,
Which thou takest for the cloud's presence ;
Then why this dance, mid smoke and fire ?
Ah ! fly my friend ! this forest dire.

The moral is, that appearances often deceive.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

Chapter XXIX.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—DIFFERENT FORMATIONS PRECEDING A HUSBAND'S APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE. AN EMBRYO HUSBAND APPEARS IN THE FORM OF A VEGETABLE (PREPARATION), IS THEN SUCCEEDED BY A WINGED BIPED, WHICH GRADUALLY DEVELOPES INTO A MONKEY,—FROM WHICH, IN DUE COURSE, IS DESCENDED MAN OR HUSBAND,—THUS PROVING THE TRUTH OF DARWIN'S THEORY. BHOOBONESHOREE'S NOW EXPERIENCE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

BUT (continued Preonath) however advantageous or interesting the approaching marriage might be to other parties, it was not so to the poor infant bride. For the little boys and girls surrounding Jogen, frightened her with a description of the bridegroom. At first she seems to have thought that a bridegroom, or husband as it was otherwise called, was something eatable,—very sweet to the taste. It was in her estimation the name of a peculiarly delicious sweetmeat, which was to be kept in an earthen jar suspended from the ceiling, and given to her alone by little and little every day, no other boys or girls sharing in it,—no, not even her younger brother, who generally had a lion's share of her parents' favors. When it was consumed or became unfit for use, her great-grandfather would again send Ghottocks to purchase another earthen pot full of bridegroom or husband, and she would eat it alone sitting in a corner where no one else would be admitted.

This was the impression formed in her mind from the imperfect description of the article and its use that she had yet heard. For the women had taught her to be

shy when the subject was mentioned in her presence : they laughed and reproached her if she asked any question about it. But afterwards she often heard verbs of motion predicated about her bridegroom. It could not be a sweetmeat, she thought. It must be a nice bird, far superior to any of those which her grand-father Sham owned in his menagerie. O ! how, when first confined, it would try to come out of its cage !! With its beautiful little beak, it would be now picking this part of the cage, now that part : but all to no purpose ! She would feed the husband with her own hand, and stroke its back ! By degrees, it would become so fond of her, that her sight would make it impatient in its prison house ! She would then take it out of its cage, and keep it near her heart ! It would sit over her fingers, and thrusting its pretty beak between her lips, take the food from her mouth ! When going to bed at night, she would, in spite of its struggles, again put it into its cage !

Poor Jogen did not know that a husband could be made to do all she proposed, except the last. She had however no objection to its being released from cage at night, provided there was no cat to pounce upon it.

But she was horror-struck at the description which the little boys and girls gave of her intended play-thing. They said her husband had a very thick pair of mustaches and large eyes, not to say big hands with which it would raise her to his Palkee, shut the door and carry her away, leaving her parents weeping behind. To frighten her the more, one little urchin said, “ your husband’s eyes would swallow you up-entire.” Another said, “ O ! look ! behold, there it is coming !”

At this last exclamation, made with a shew of affected fear, the poor girl ran without turning behind, or right or left, followed by the wicked boys and girls with a chorus. “ Oh, there it is coming !” Jogen rushed into Bhooboneshoree’s chamber, and plunging into her breast, burst into tears. The urchins finding whom she had got for her protector, sneaked away, being afraid to lose the good opinion of one whom they regarded as their common mother. Bhooboneshoree had great difficulty in

progenitors and has never to our knowledge taken up the study of Hindu medicine privately, we are at a loss to see how he qualified himself to superintend the bringing out of a current work on Hindu medicine. The utmost that a layman like him ought to have attempted was an *editio princeps* of a single manuscript, or if he made bold to give an independent edition, he was bound to give every difference which he found in his Mss. The very misnomer "Chakradatta by Chakrapánidatta" which disfigures the title-page, speaks volumes against the industry of Jibánanda's collation. Perhaps when one day he assumes the self-sought position of a "great" English publisher he will edify us with an edition of *Paradise Lost* with the following introductory title page:—"Milton by John Milton."

The book which Jibánanda has printed is really the *Sarvasāra Sangraha* of Chakrapáni-Datta commonly called, for abbreviation's sake, Chakradatta. Surely we have a right to expect that the so-called editor of a book should at least have the leisure and industry to discover the name of the book which he gives to the world for the first time in a printed form. We suppose the clue to the mystery lies in the fact of the Sanskrit College copy, the only one which the *soi-distant* editor would seem to have consulted, being defective about the name of the work. We have had no opportunity of examining the Sanskrit College copy, but we arrive at this conclusion from combining two facts. First, that in the Sanskrit Catalogue of the Asiatic Society, (which as a first compilation is not free from errors), चक्रदत्त is described as a medical work of which the Society has no copy but the Calcutta Sanskrit College has. Secondly, Jibánanda's Chakradatta is the same as the Asiatic Society's MSS. Nos. 561 and 626 which are the *Sarva Sārasāngraha* of Chakradatta.

The *Bhoja prabandha* of Ballála, being anecdotes of Raja Bhoja and his court, is in the absence of better material an important element in the study of the history of later Sanscrit literature. Apart from its historical value, it will as a composition amply repay perusal, on account of

"But will those kisses be like yours, mother? Will that horrid monster clasp me in his arms as your fair arms do?"

"His kisses," replied Bhooboneshoree smiling, "may not seem very agreeable at first, but when you learn to love him, they will appear more delicious than any thing you have ever tasted. He is not a terrible monster, but a nice young man, just like your uncles who are husbands to your aunts. Your aunts, instead of being frightened, are fond of their respective husbands' company."

"No, mother! my aunts are not at all fond of my uncles' company. On the contrary, they are much afraid of them, and shun their very sight."

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew how to make the child understand that the Hindoo lady's seeming aversion to her husband during the day, proceeded from false modesty, and that during the night they were as great friends as ever. She tried her best to explain the mystery, but Jogen was still incredulous.

"Mother!" said she, "I prefer my little dolls to a big man. The money your grandfather is about to spend in my marriage, will purchase several nice dolls, which will retire with me to bed, lie in my arms, and may kiss me as often as they like. I don't want to sleep with a big man. If husbands are really so very nice things to sleep with, why, mother, don't you take the one your grandfather is bringing for me?"

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew whether to laugh or weep. After a pause she said she had possessed a husband whom she loved better than her life, but it had pleased Heaven to take him away, and she hoped to join him at an early date.

Seeing tears glide down her aunt's cheeks, Jogen kissed them away and said, "mother! do not weep. Tell me what you require of me, and I will do it to please you."

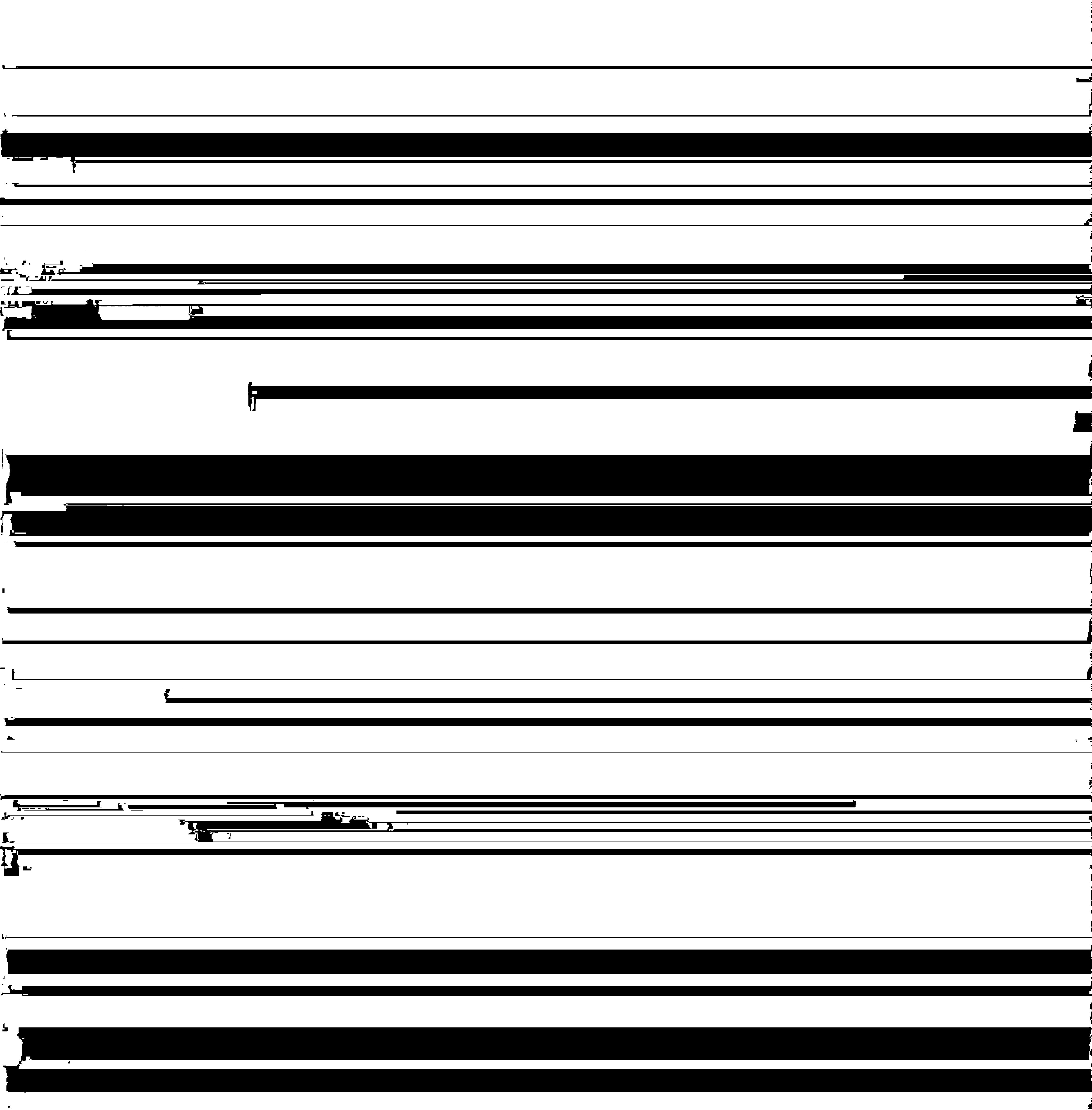
Several minutes elapsed before Bhooboneshoree found voice amidst her sobs and tears.

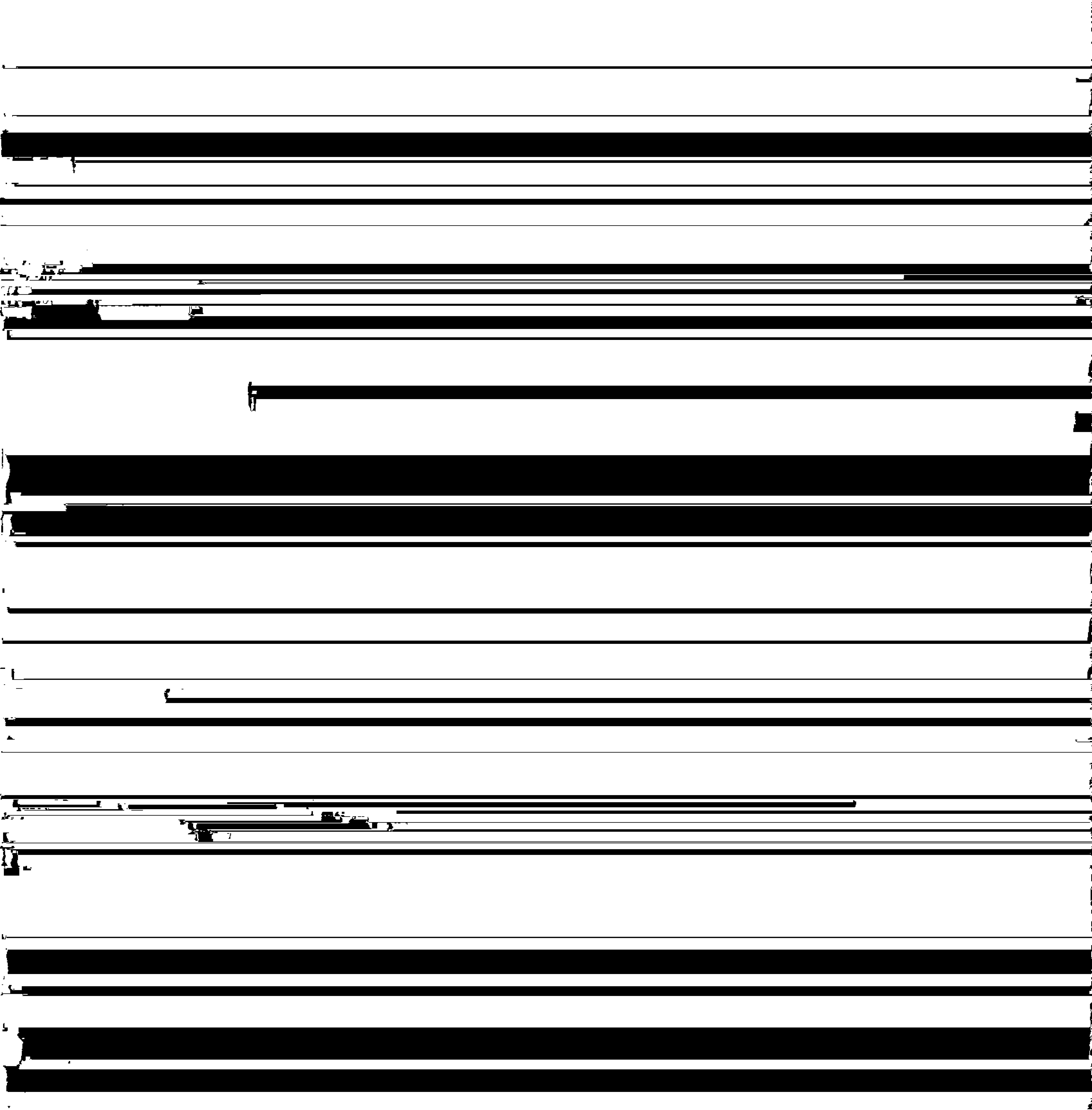
"My child! your feelings are natural. How can girls not appreciate the inestimable jewel of a hus-

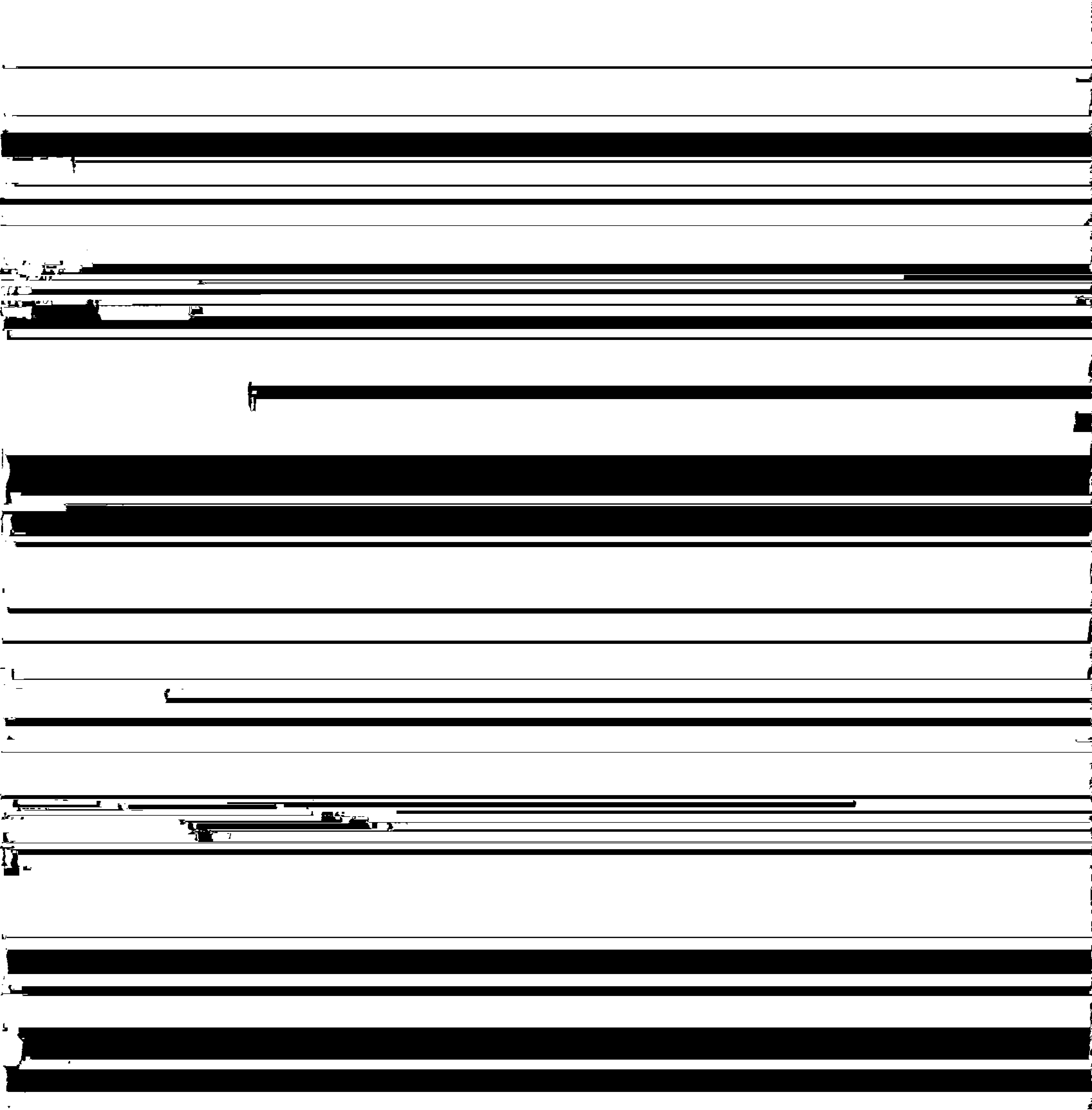


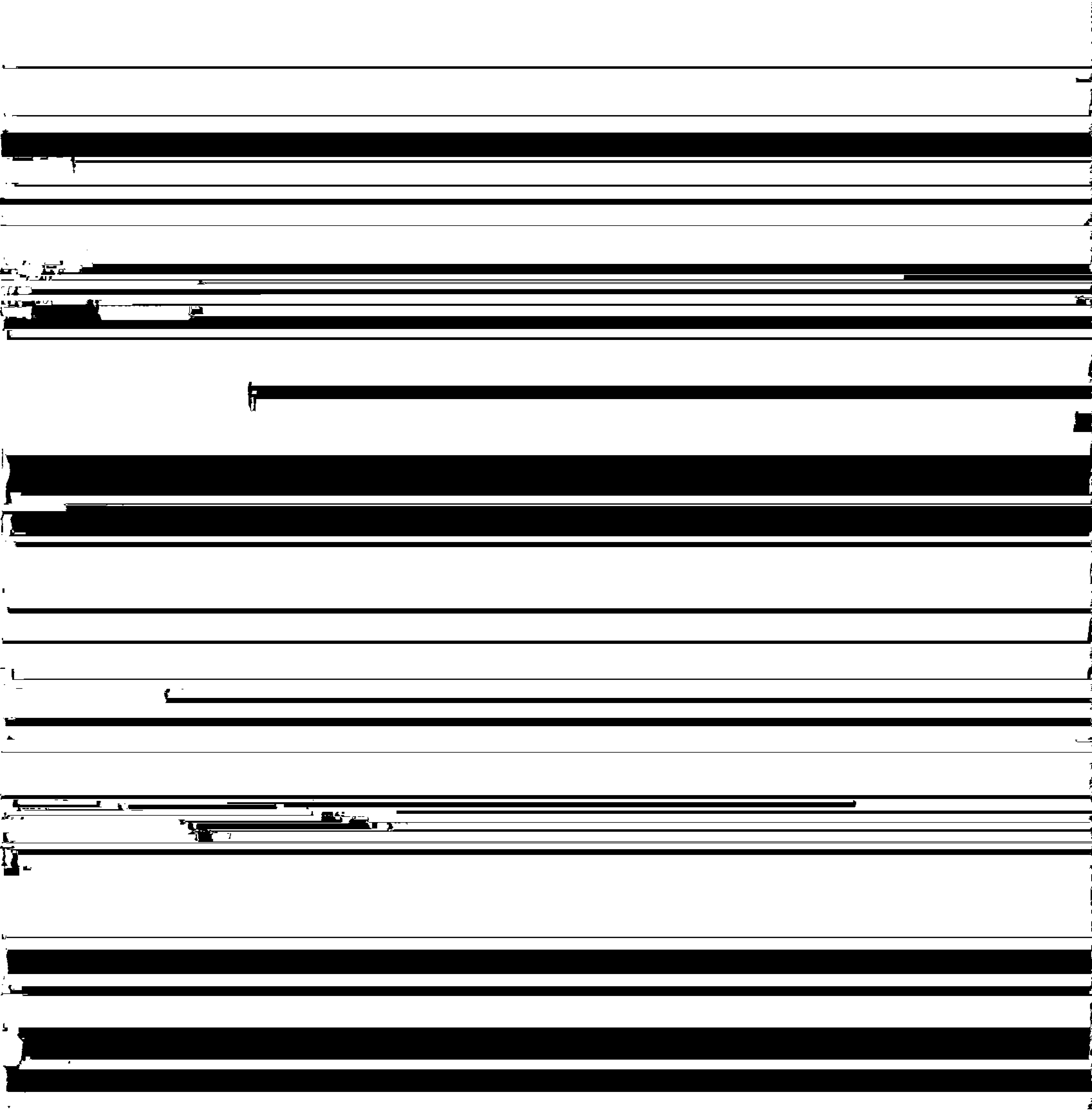


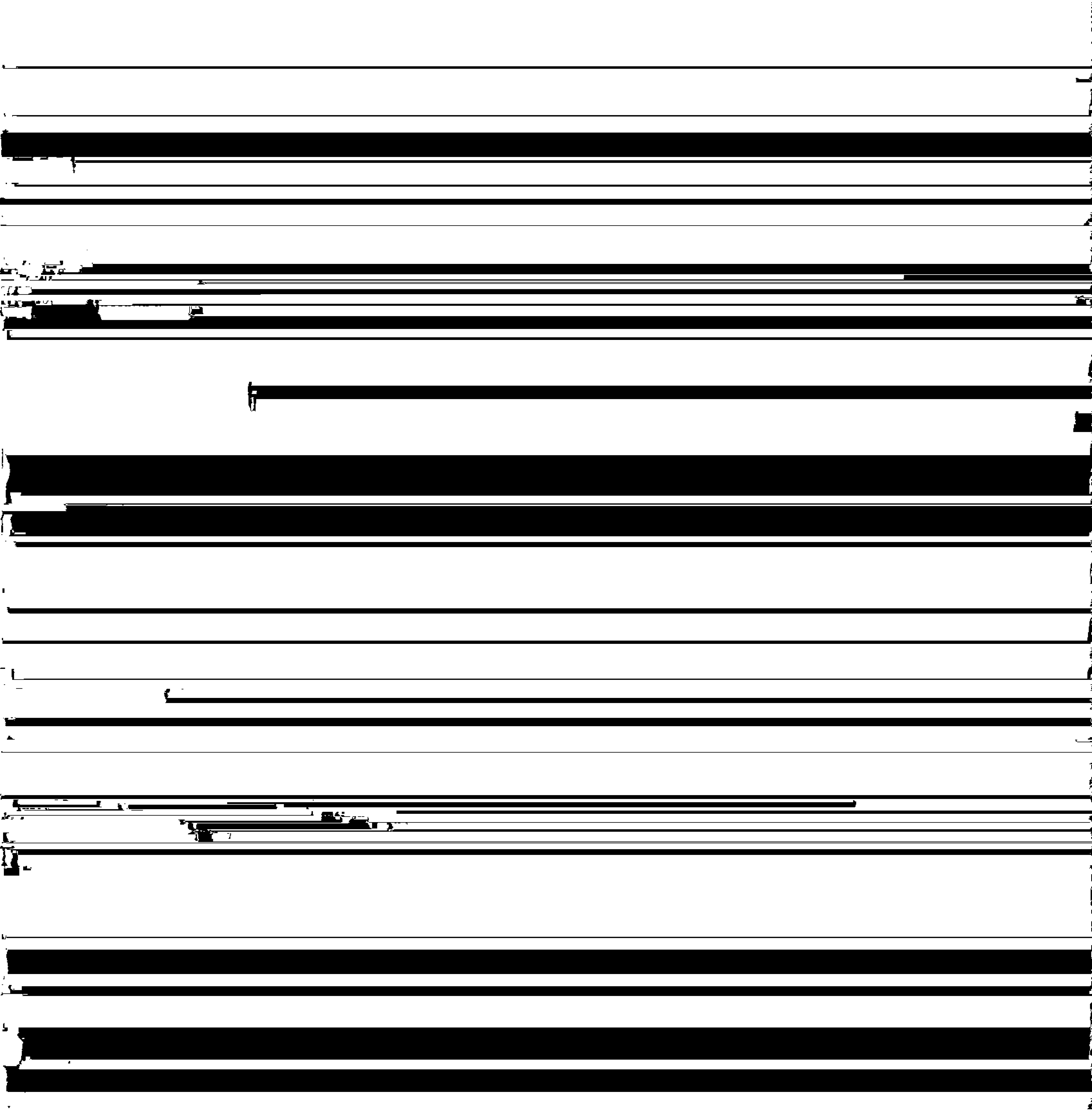












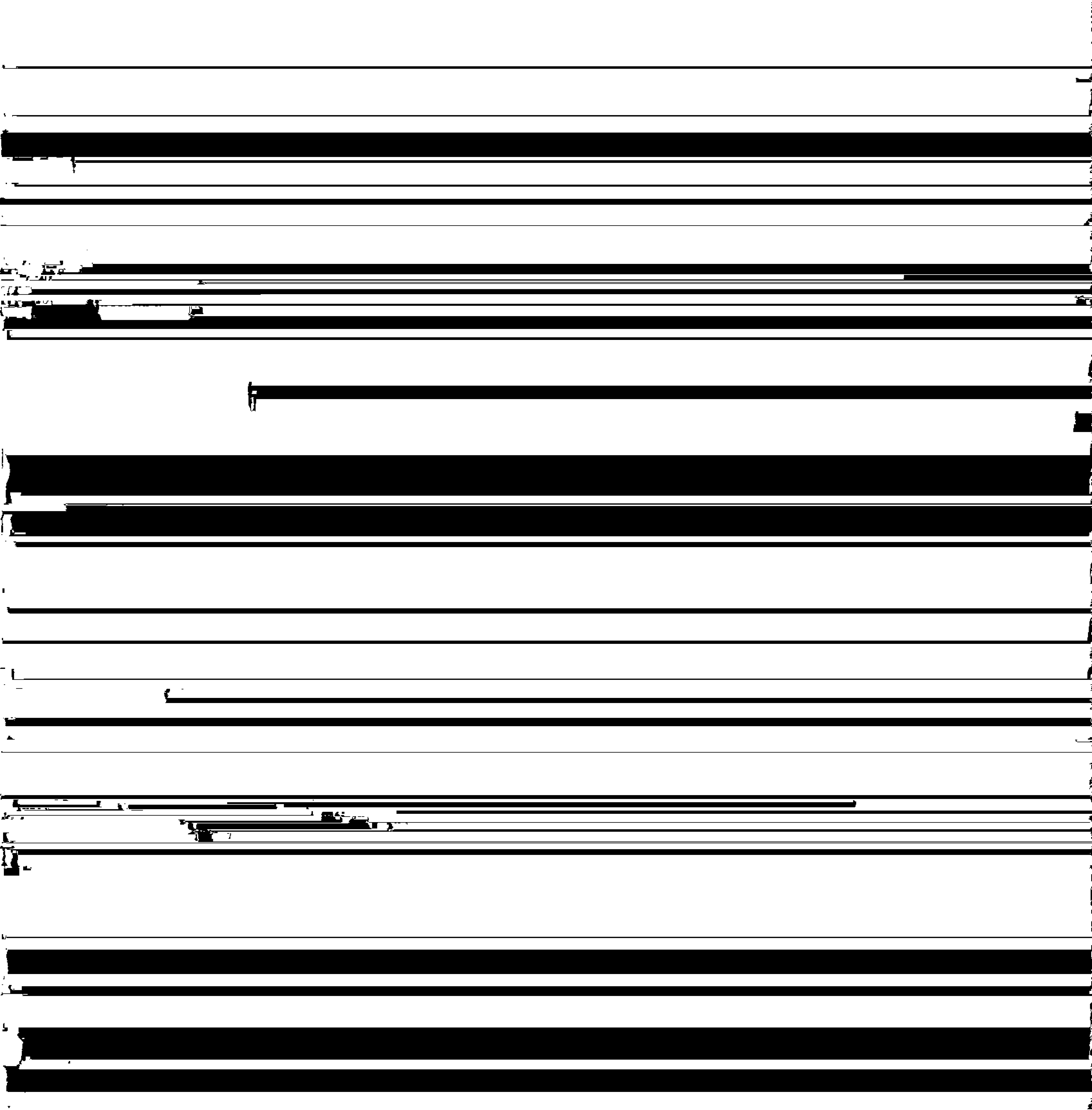


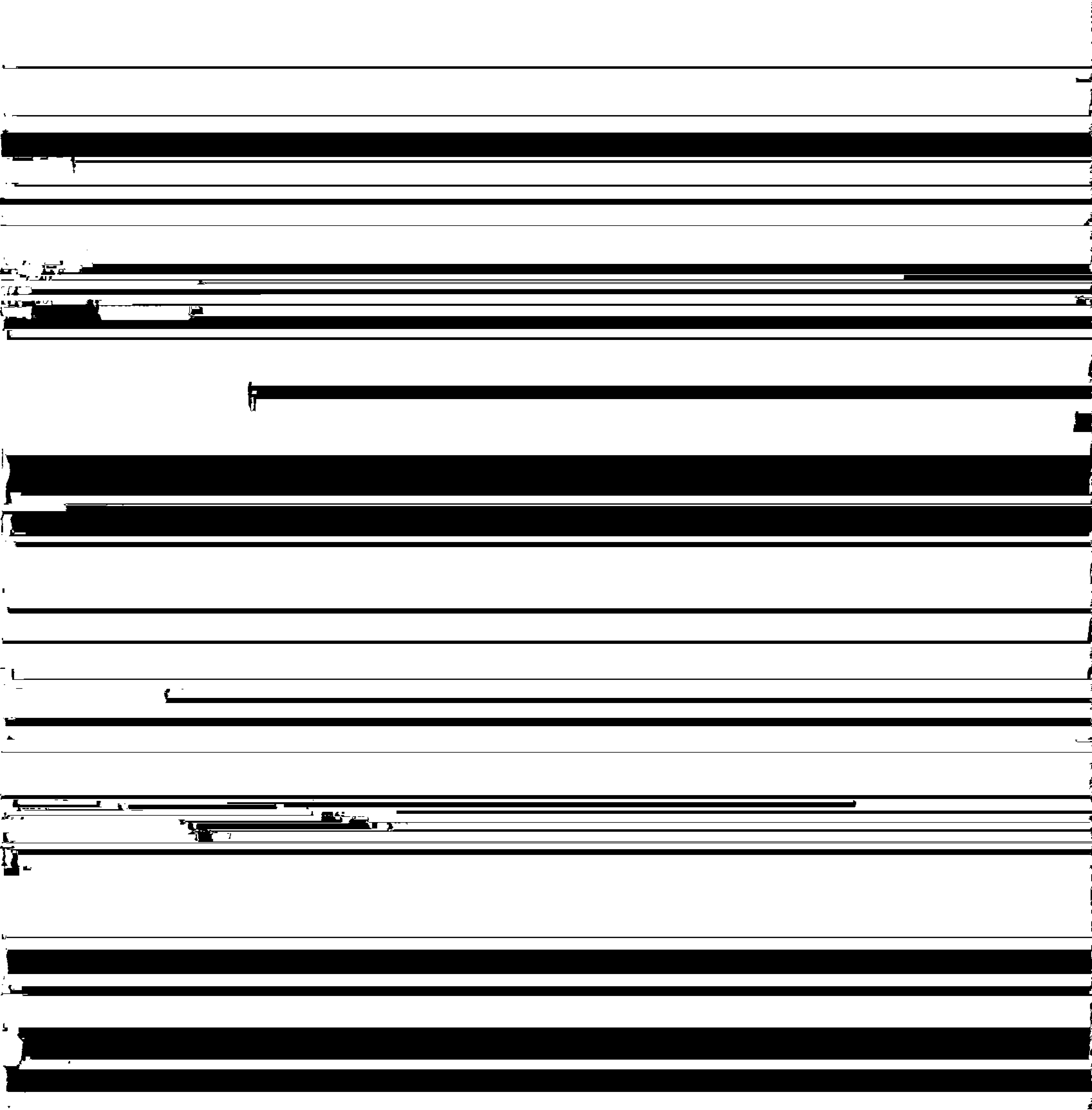


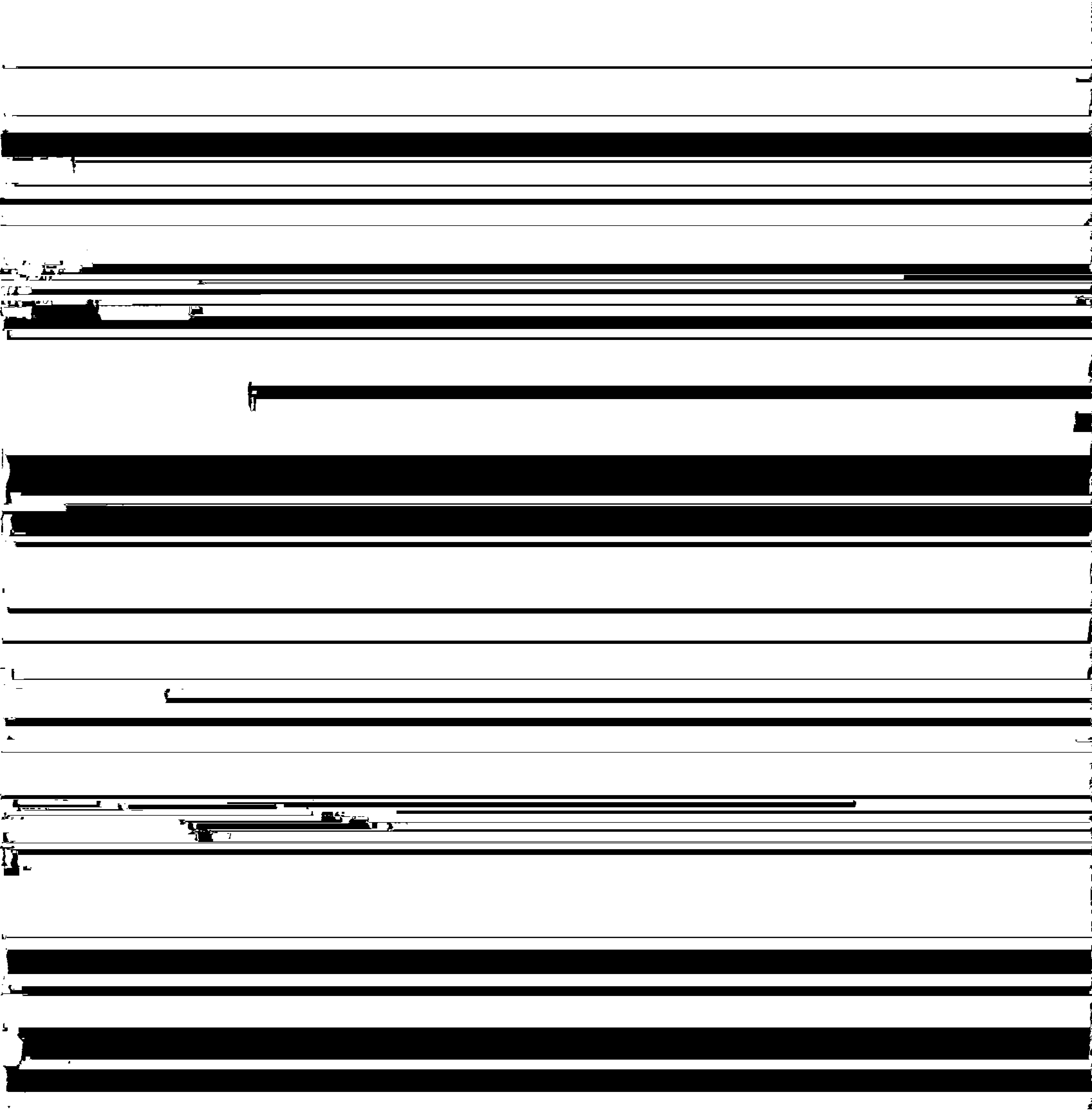


The object of the book is not to put forth the results of any original research on the subject of Biblical criticism, but to bring home to popular readers the inferences, deductions and conclusions, which have been arrived at by the more scientific workers in the field, but whose works are, from their nature, not easily accessible to the general public. This has necessitated the introduction, into the book, of much matter which does not directly bear on its main object. The dissertations, for instance, on the Aryan migration and on the history of Hinduism which take up nearly one third of the book, are quite foreign to the legends of the Bible, but they are required to prepare the readers who are not familiar with them for what follows. The same may be said of the Jewish history, which forms the next chapter of the book. The legends of the Old Testament are treated of in the last chapter (pp. 160 to 243), and as they are indubitably the best exponents of the true character of the Mosaic record, we shall attempt a summary of the author's views on the subject.

The first legend naturally refers to the creation of the universe; the author, therefore, dwells at considerable length on the discordance between the Elohistic and the Jehovistic accounts, and the relation they bear to the ancient legends on the subject current among the Hindus, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians. The reign of Chaos forms the cardinal point in the cosmogonia of the Hindus. The Hellenic races carried the tradition to the west; "it having been delivered down from Orpheus and Linus by Hesiod and Homer, acknowledged by Epicharmus, and embraced by Thales, Anaxagoras, Plato, and other philosophers who were theists" (Vans Kennedy, *Hindu Myth.* 82, citing Cudworth). "Thus far the Hebrews," the author comes to the conclusion, "it is apparent have been indebted to the Hindus and their imitators for their ideas of the primitive condition of the earth and the first processes of creation. The representation that six periods were occupied in the creative action, it is equally clear, is traceable to the ancient Persians. The Zend Avesta so divides these







“The young ladies did not mind this interruption, and Shosheemukhee said—‘It is education that has improved the tone of Calcutta society. They have understood the value of women and the value of female ornaments. The rest of the country is immersed in total darkness.’

“The ladies now proceeded to examine Kadumbinee’s necklace. They praised the pearls, praised the stones, praised the pendants, praised the maker. Kadumbinee informed them how Hemunto had moved heaven and earth to obtain the necklace; how a young man had observed that her breast was not fitted for the display of so splendid an ornament, and how all had joined in recommending it as proper for herself. Radhica who knew the whole secret, left the place as she had sworn not to give it out. Chitra observed that the pearls were as large as those on Bhooboneshoree’s necklace. At this Kadumbinee flared up, and said that Chitra must have lost her eyes, as there could be no comparison between the two. Bhooboneshoree, who just arrived at the place, followed by Radhica whom she had met in the passage was asked by all to produce her necklace. She excused herself, and casting a glance at Kadumbinee’s necklace, said that it was as superior to her own as she was herself inferior to Kadumbinee in every grace. Kadumbinee appeared pleased, and invited her to come near to examine the ornament. She approached accordingly, and after intently gazing at it for a minute, kissed the two largest pearls that hung near her cousin’s heart. Radhica who was examining her face all the time, went away to hide a tear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWS HOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN FIGHT WITH HIS FOE, AND HOW HIS WEAPONS INSTEAD OF INFLECTING AN INJURY, GET THEMSELVES INJURED. SHOWS ALSO HOW THE FORGED LETTER TURNS OTHER HEADS THAN HIS, AND HOW A DAUGHTER’S VISIT IS VIEWED BY THE INMATES OF HER FATHER’S HOUSE.—GENERAL REFLECTIONS ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HINDU WOMEN.

“THE day after the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapter, the old man was thunderstruck to learn,

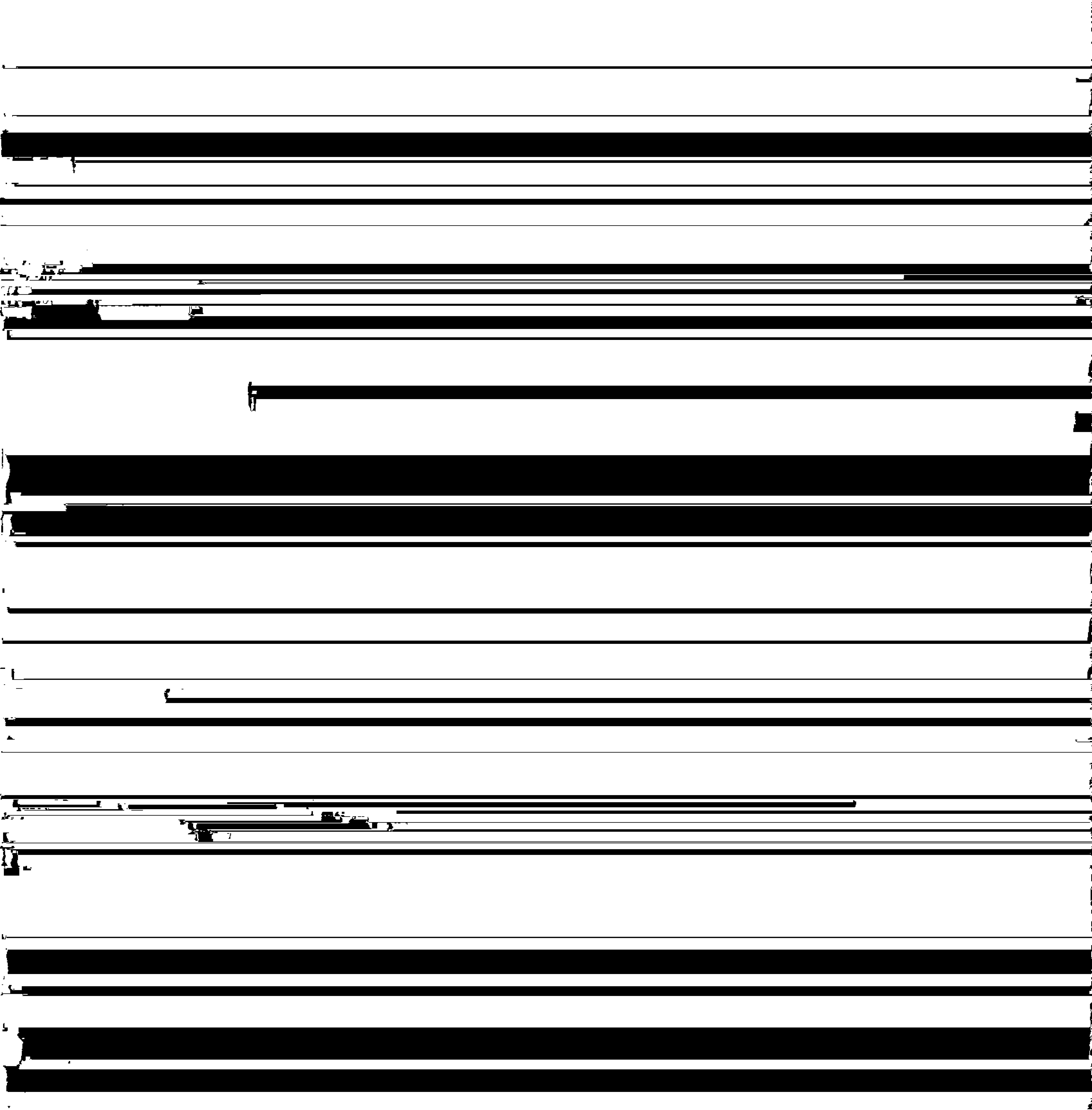


at variance with His omnipotence. Weak narrow-minded men of the lowest calibre alone could conceive the idea of God becoming tired after his six days' labour.

The most important legend of the Old Testament is, however, that regarding the fall of man. It forms the corner stone of Christianity, and the theory of our moral responsibility and final redemption rests entirely on it. It has been conceived in unquestionably a highly poetical spirit, and the highest mead of praise is due to who elaborated it. But for all that it is evident it is a mythe founded on the relation of the sexes, and has no claim whatever to be considered as a historical event of such momentous importance as the Mosaic record would make it out to be. Its earliest form appears in the Zend Avesta, in which its gross carnal character is fully exposed. We read in the Banduhesh that "Meschi and Meschiane, the first man and woman, were seduced by Ahriman under the form of a serpent, and they then committed in thought, word and action, the cannal sin, and thereby tainted with the original sin all their descendants." The coarseness of this version was first taken off by the Hellenic legend of Pandora. According to it Zeus once deprived the brothers Prométheus, and Epimétheus, the first two of mankind, of the celestial fire of which they had possessed themselves. Prométheus thereupon stole and brought it back to earth. "Zeus then, the mythe goes on to relate, was incensed at this daring deed, and resolved to punish the men for it. He therefore directed Hephæstas to knead earth and water, to give it human voice and strength, and to make the fair form of a virgin like the immortal goddesses; he desired Athéna to endow her with artist-knowledge, Aphrodité to give her beauty and desire, and Hermés to inspire her with an impudent and artful disposition. When formed she was attired by the Seasons and Graces; each of the deities gave the commanded gifts, and she was named Pandóra (All-gift). Thus furnished she was brought by Hermés to the dwelling of Epimétheus; who, though his brother Prométheus had warned him to be upon his guard and to receive no gifts

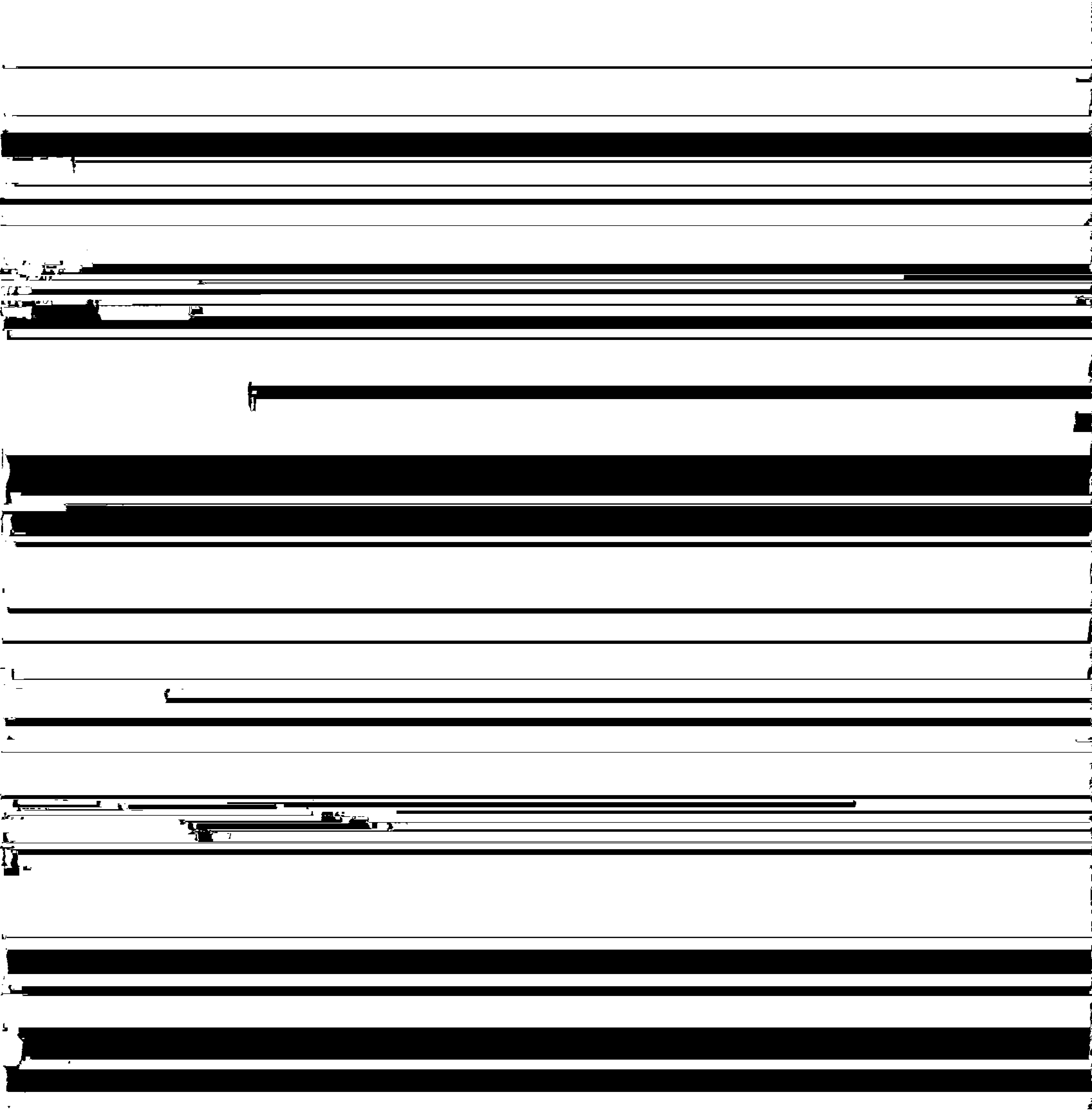


them into fables and allegories is but natural, but it can have no claim to special regard as a historical revelation inspired by the Divinity. Certain it is that versions of the story more ancient than the Mosaic one being extant, right reasoning would indicate the latter to be an improvement, or amplification, of the former, and not founded on an historical basis. Bishop Harold Browne, in the Speaker's Commentary, has found himself obliged to allow the identity of the Zoroastrian and the Hebrew versions of the fall of man, and suggests how the correspondence may have been brought about. "The Persians," he says, "of all people except the Hebrews, were the most likely to have retained the memory of primitive traditions, and secondly, Zoroaster was probably brought into contact with the Hebrews, and with the prophet Daniel in the court of Darius, and may have learned much from such association." "He designates the legend as 'the great Semitic tradition,' for which he claims the possibility of a 'real historic basis' (I. 36, 49). But if the legend is to be accepted as a tradition, resting on an historic basis, it is removed at once from the sphere of revelation. It is a tale that has passed, through human channels, from mouth to mouth; it may be founded on truth, or otherwise; it may be accurately reported, or seriously impaired by exaggerations and direct misrepresentation. We must take it for what it is worth, and require to know the channels of its transmission. The learned bishop calls it 'primeval,' but we know nothing of its primitive origin, and nothing of its transmitters. We have records of the religious views of a very ancient race, the early Aryans. There were among them faint germs for such a legend, but they were far from having the legend itself. We meet with it first among an offshoot from this stock, at a time when mythological fancies had begun to take solid shapes. Because we find it transferred to the records of a much more recent and barbaric people, are these representations of a speaking serpent and a life-giving tree entitled to any more credence than any other of the superstitious imagery of the day and people from whom they have descended? To make of the younger and



he had solicited so long, was due, he thought, to the circumstance of her being under the roof of her grandfather, which imposed some sort of restraint, and made her dread an exposure. Naturally he was not unwilling to see what time and perseverance would effect. But his suit was exposed to such risks and interruptions from the jealousy and violent temper of his wife, that he at last conceived the diabolical project of carrying off Bhooboneshoree from her grandfather's house by stratagem. He trusted to his fertile brain so to contrive the means that when the dreadful fact came to be known, suspicion would once more fall upon his rival, and not upon himself.

"To ensure this object, Dwarik thought it necessary at first to conciliate his wife. And indeed at no other time of their conjugal life, was there a greater danger of an open rupture. When Kadumbinee became aware of her husband's adventure in Chunder's private room, her rage knew no bounds. She characterized the whole of the proceedings as extremely absurd, and called all persons who had participated in it a set of egregious fools. The conduct of Bhooboneshoree and Dwarik appeared to her especially deserving of censure. She had never, she said, heard of such behaviour in her life. She well knew from the first, that no evil could arise out of Kusam's misunderstanding with her husband. It was simply a lovers' quarrel, to commence in tears and to end in joy. She admired the magnanimous conduct of Chunder, worthy of a young man of chivalrous spirit. Finding his wife intractable, he had taken his sword into her chamber that he might hold out threats of committing suicide unless she broke her vow. Such examples were eminently worthy of imitation. What Mukhoda said she had heard from her hiding place, were the pure inventions of a fevered imagination. No man in real life was ever known to indulge in a soliloquy,—to utter his private thoughts to himself—though poets and novelists might, for their own purposes, represent people as doing so. But even if Chunder did utter any thing,



But there is nothing to show that there is any truth in the statement. Man in those days must have been very differently constituted to have withstood the wear and tear of such lengthened periods. If we may draw any inference from the lives of races now living in primitive simplicity, the conclusion should go quite the other way.

In their conception of angelic purity the authors of the Old Testament seem to have been as unfortunate as in their notions of divinity. In Jude we have 'angels which kept at their first state, but left their own habitation, giving themselves over to fornication and going after strange flesh.' "We have here, seemingly," says our author 'the sons of God' of Genesis, who in like manner, left their habitation under the temptation of 'strange flesh.' Bibli-cists seek to give the passage an inoffensive construction, by taking the sons of God who allied themselves to the daughters of men to mean a godly race mixing with an ungodly one. It would be singular that all the godly ones should be males, and the ungodly all females. Nor was there such a godly race to point to, especially in view of the later teaching which has included all under sin. The Hebrew scripture is in exact consonance with the credulous ideas of the early days. It was a common notion that celestials might consort with the human race and raise up progeny from them, according to the Hindu legends, as we have seen, the bisexual deity begot the race of man. The earliest beings so generated were great Rishis, possessing semi-divine constitutions and powers; others such also appeared upon the scene. Agasti was the joint son of the deities Mitra and Varuna by Urvasi; Kardama was born from the shadow of Brahmá; the sage Pulastya was the son of Brahmá; the seventh Manu was a son of Surya; Indra seduced the wife of the sage Gautama; Ráma and his three brothers were produced by Vishnu imparting the *Páyasa* or nectar of the gods to their mothers; Sitá sprung from the furrow; the five Pándavas were the sons of the divinities, Indra, Dharma, Márit and the Aswins, and Prithá had Karna by the sun. The Egyptians and Chaldeans had dynasties of gods





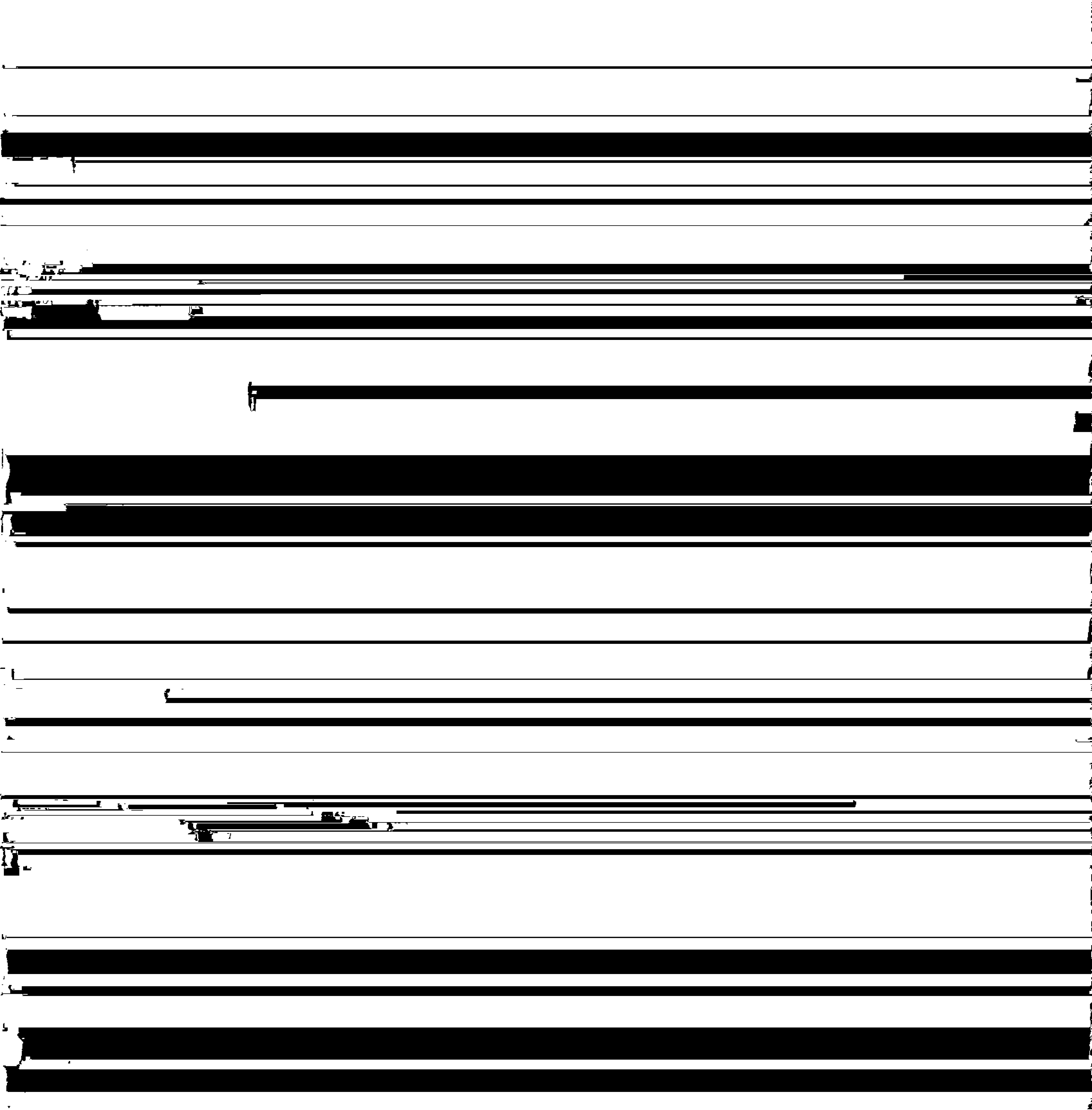


Anc. Frag. 26.) and the age of these Chaldean patriarchs with those the Hindus. Thus the ten Chaldean kings reigned for a total of 120 sari or 432,000 years (*Cory*, 26.) and it forms the sum of the Kali Yuga, the aggregate of the four Yugas being 4,320,000 years, called a Maha or great Yuga, and a day of Brahmá, consisting of a thousand Yugas, extends to 432,000,000 years (*Williams, Sansk. Dist.* 213, 818).

"The Phœnician accounts of the deluge désignates the saved man as Sydyk, a name sinifying "the just man;" of whom the Hebrew Noah is descriptive. He had with him his sons, who were the seven mythical being called the Cabiri."

"The Greeks have accounts of two deluges. One is said to have occurred 1600 years before the first Olympiad, or B. C. 2376, bringing it within twenty-seven years of the Hebrew flood (*Anthon's Lemp.*) Another is said to have happened B. C. 1503 (*Anthon's Lemp.*)"

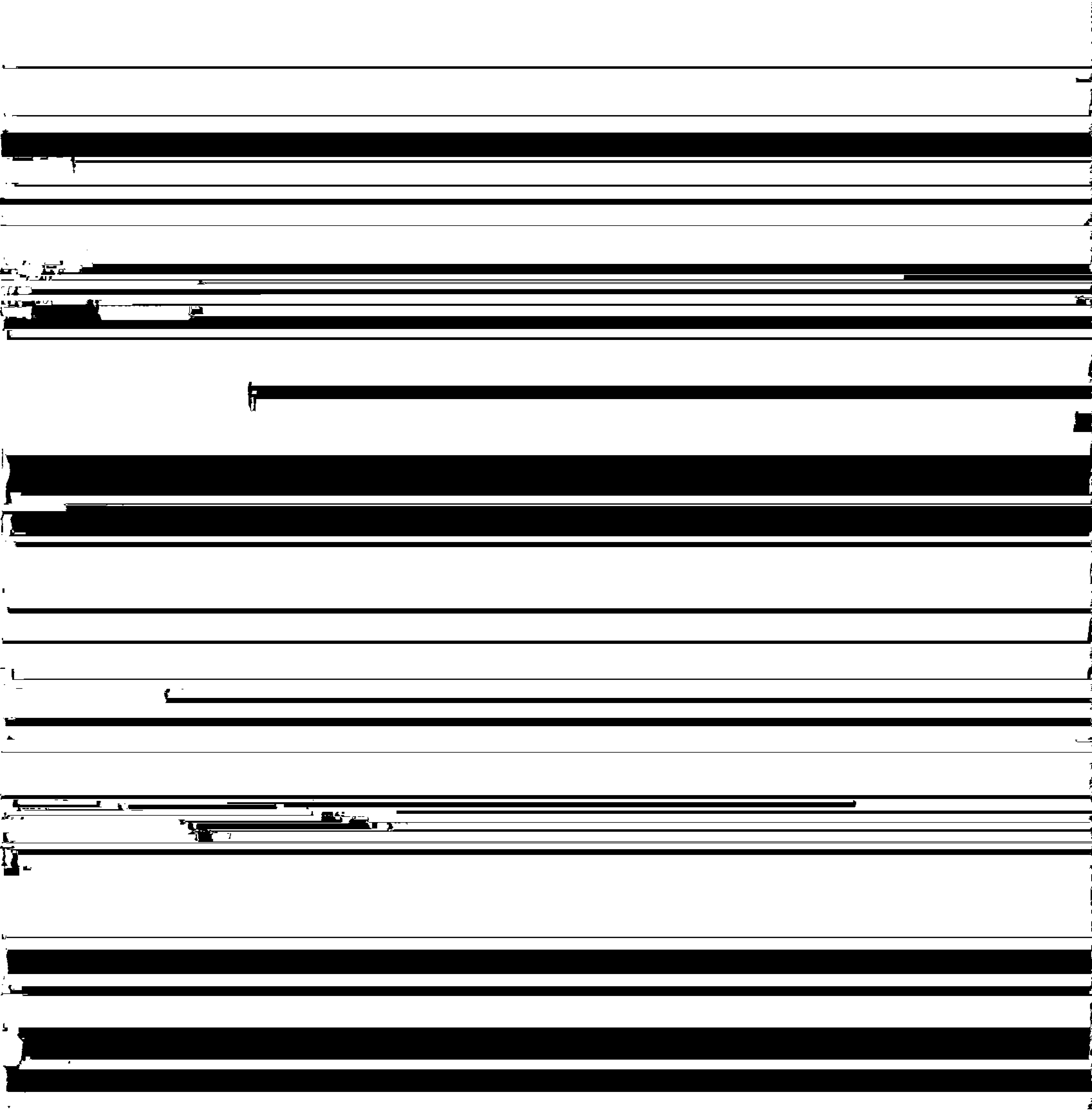
So far the correspondence of the Hebrew and other ancient accounts is as close as could be made without positive and simple copying, and it is carried to the extent of even borrowing the names of the hero. In the Hebrew legend, it is "Noah," or "Nuh," which says our author, "is fairly identifiable with that of the hero of the Sanskrit legend, "Ma-un" (*Faber, Pag. Idol, III.* 468; *Maurice, Hist. of Hindostan, I* pref. IX) "Nuh" was one of the most ancient of the Egyptian gods, and a divinity of the waters (*Osburn, Monumental Hist. of Egypt, I* 238). The name written as "Nus," or "Nusús," is also identifiable with "Dio-nusus," "the god Nusús," this being a designation of Bacchus, the god of wine. Dionusus, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, taught men to plant the vine and to make wine (*Bryant, Anc. Myth, III*, 19, 21; *Faber, Pag. Idol, II.* 268.); in keeping with which Noah is no sooner delivered from the flood than he 'began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, and was drunken.' Another connection is Osiris, the Egyptian divinity, who was born of Mount Nysa. The Hebrew deity is accordingly termed Jahveh-Nissi in *Exod. XVII.*



Though the idea of human sacrifice has been reprobated in several parts of the Scriptures, Abraham is said to have intended the sacrifice of his son to Jehovah in obedience to a divine command. Jephtha again is said to have been moved by the "spirit of Jahveh" to vow that if he was successful in a certain encounter with his enemies, he would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from his house to meet him on his return," and the victim was his own daughter. Jephtha's sacrifice is identifiable with that of Iphigenia ("born of Iptha" or Jephtha) by her father Agamemnon. The story has a model in the ancient Sanskrit legend of the sacrifice of Sunahsepha as a substitute for Rohita, the son of king Harishchandra, but while in the Sanskrit and the Greek legends the intended victims are ultimately saved, the Hebrew story of Jephtha's sacrifice has a tragical conclusion.

The leaning the Hebrew writers evince to wars between divine beings and mortals, is of itself a proof positive of the human origin of their narratives—a *proof* of men anxious to enhance the glory of their heroes by making them victorious over gods, and one which is enough to deprive them of all claim to inspiration, and that of their writings to revelation. Nor is this peculiarity by any means original. It may be noticed in many eastern legends. In the Mahá-bhárata there are poetical delineations of mortals engaging themselves in physical struggles with Godhead. Both Arjuna and Asvathámá are said to have fought with Siva, but in their case without in the first instance having any idea of the nature of the contest they were engaged in, and the character of their opponent; while "the Hebrew Scriptures have presented to us the bald, coarse, and purposeless story of Jacob wrestling with a Divine Being as sober history."

Much of what has been said of Moses in the Hebrew Scriptures has been drawn from mythical sources. The exposure in an ark of bulrushes has a counterpart in Bacchus with his mother having been enclosed in an ark and cast into the sea. Danae and her infant Perseus, Telephus, son of Hercules, with his mother were similarly



morality. We take it from Inman's remarkable work on "Ancient Faiths in Ancient Names."

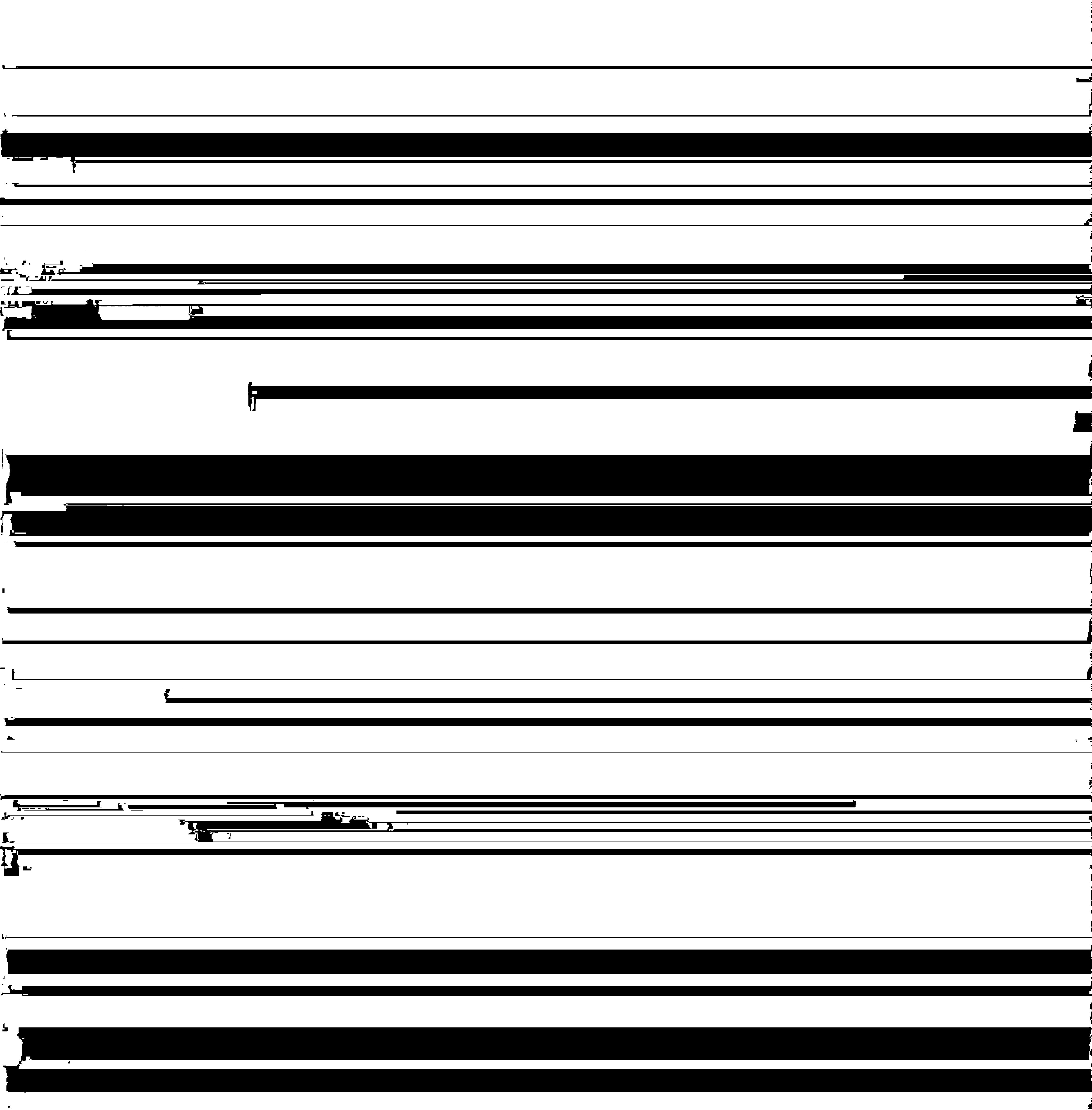
"Those who are," says Inman, "acquainted with the doctrine of 'election,' as enunciated by St. Paul, may well be shocked when they develop the arguments used by the apostle (Rom. IX. 41, 13, X. 15, 7, 28) and examine into the elections, or, what amounts to the same thing, the selections recorded in the Old Testament as having been made by the Almighty from amongst men. Can profane history show us a more drunken character than Noah, the inventor of wine-bibbing and bestial intoxication; one more contemptible than Abraham, who traded on his wife's infamy and sacrificed (in intention) his two sons without a qualm; and one more mean, deceptive, and cowardly than Jacob? Can we find therein any one to surpass David in cruelty, ruthlessness, credulity, lip-reverence, and revenge, or to equal Solomon, the damning blot on his father's life the child of adultery, associated with two attempts at murder, and himself the personification of barbaric pomp and unbridled lust? Surely if these considerations stood alone we ought to recognise with certainty that what is called election by the Lord is nothing more than a fiction of the historian, who, in depicting others, to a great extent describes what he himself would be under the circumstances with which he surrounds his heroes."

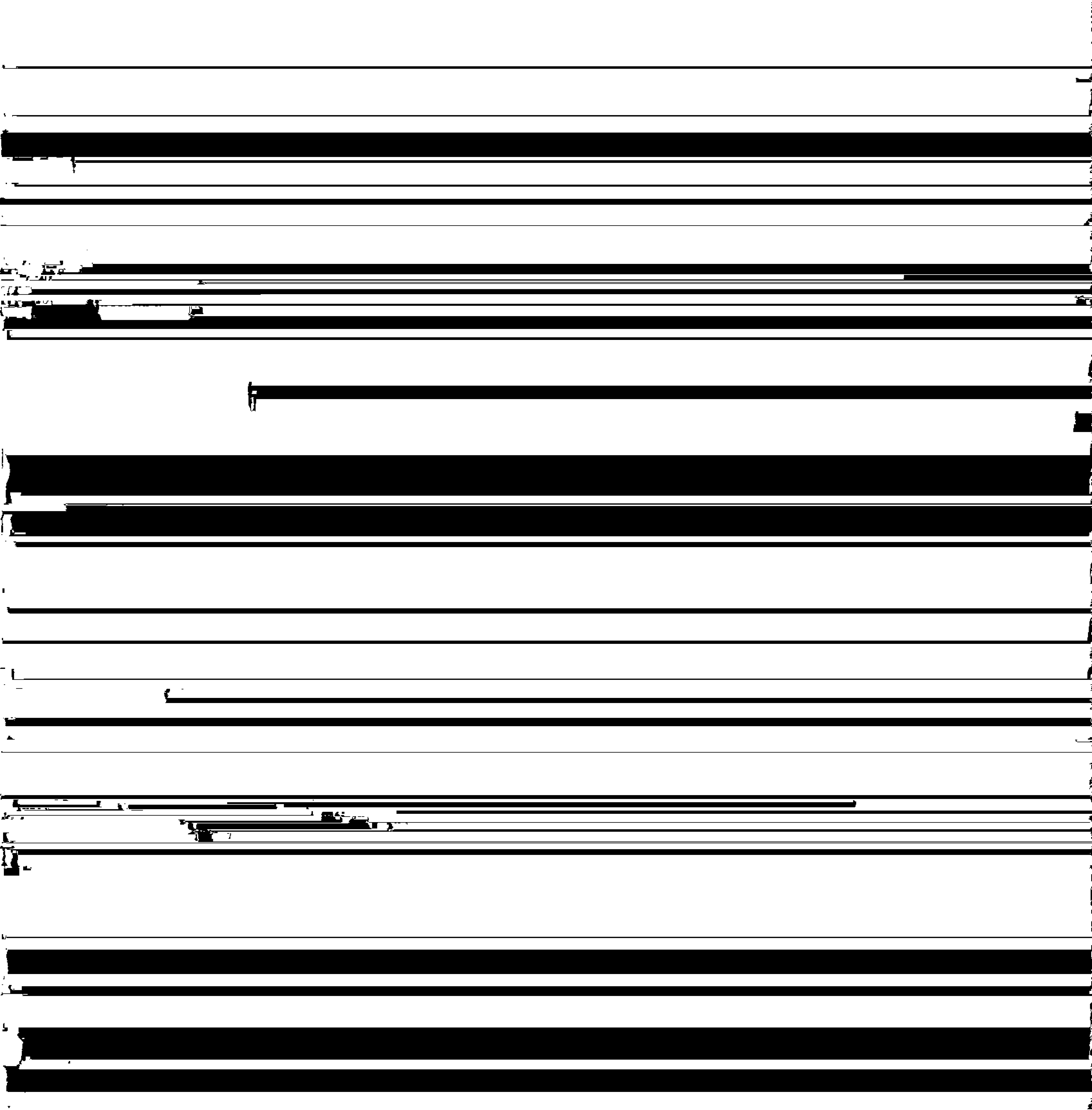
KAPILA.











HOUSES OF THE
BETTER CLASSES.

larger and better houses. But all these are built of mud and straw,—a pucca building being almost unknown. Zemindars owning extensive estates, and bankers counting Rajahs among their debtors are content to live within mud walls, and under a tiled roof, although they consider it necessary to their dignity to parade elephants in their train.

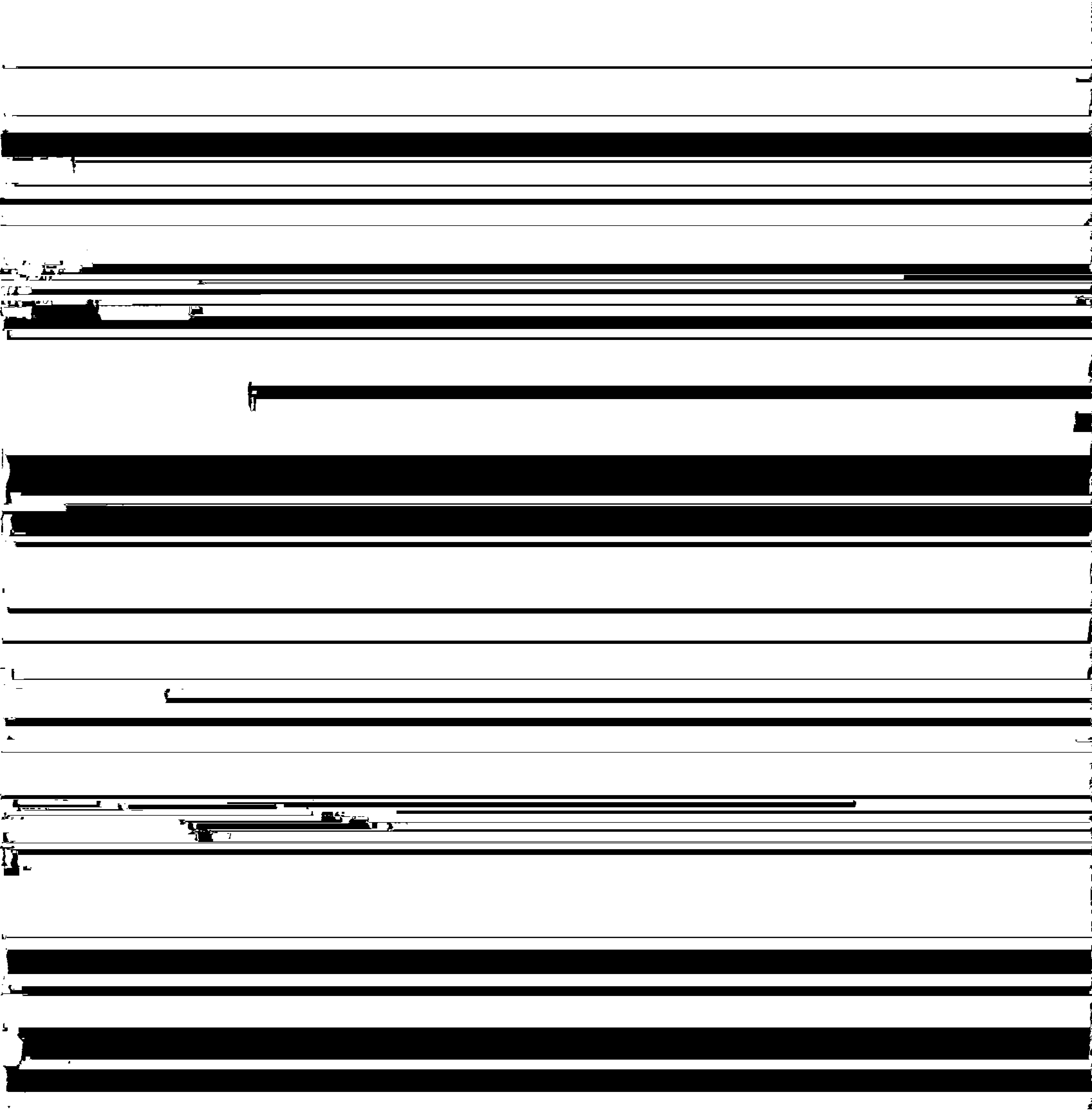
WALL PLASTER.

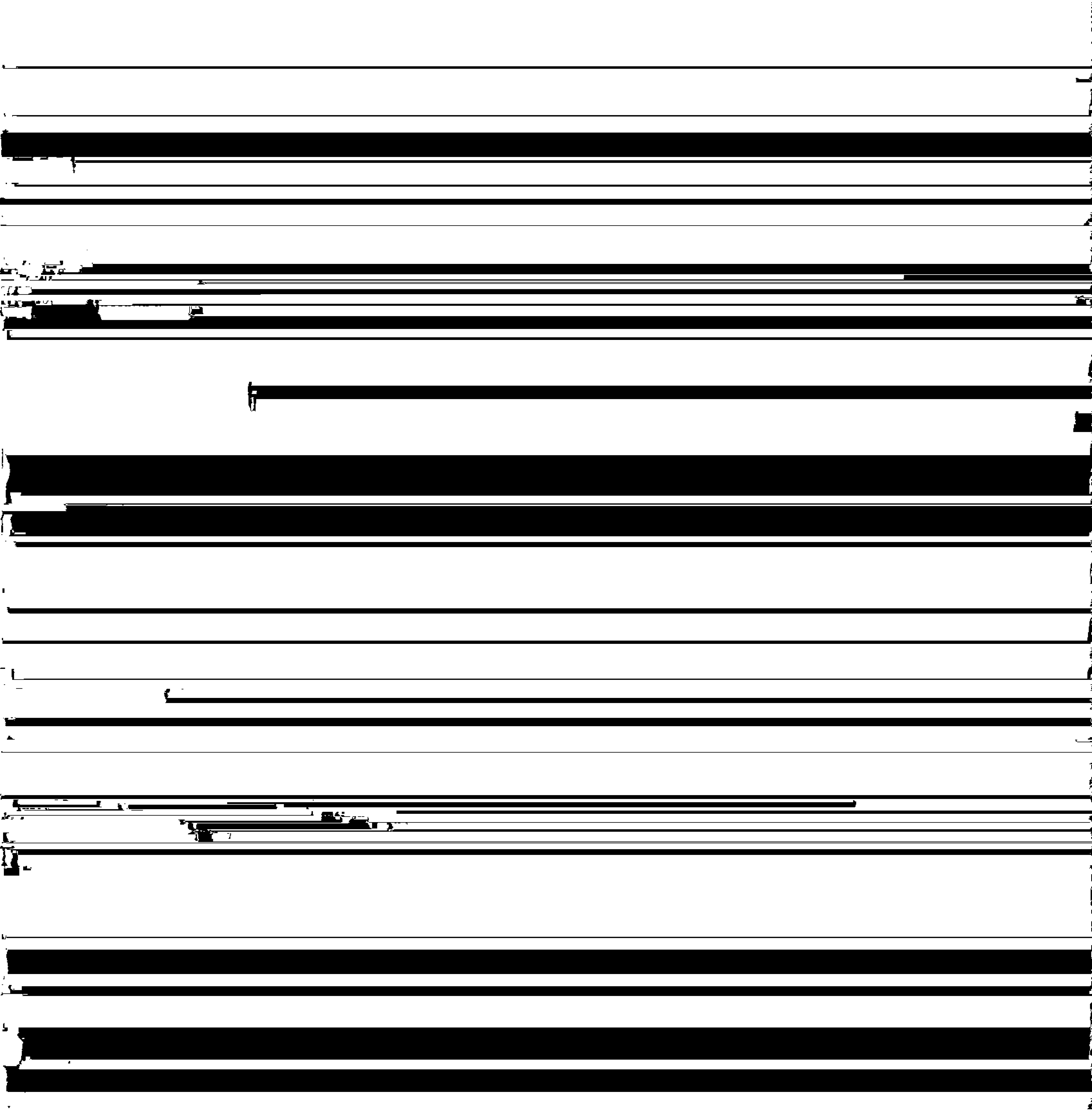
The interior of these mudhouses as well as the courtyards in front however look remarkably neat and clean. The women daily mop them with a solution of white or red earth mixed with the sacred cow-dung, thus covering the floor and walls, with a rice plaster, which is also believed to be a protection against damp. The process lends to the whole a pleasing appearance, and imparts a degree of the neatness and freshness which is not inferior to what is worn by brick-built houses in their best days.

But however cleanly the interior of the houses may appear, the contrast between it and the outside is very striking. The latter is all plastered over with cakes of cow-dung (for fuel) stuck every where. As soon as the old cakes are removed to the kitchen, new cakes are put on in their places. So the outer walls are always disfigured with these unsightly appendages, unless the owner of the house is rich enough to dispense with the use of cowdung as fuel. But, whether he uses dried cow-dung in the kitchen or not, he never thinks it worth his while to keep the outside walls neat and clean. The reason is, the women who take so much care of the interior, cannot work outside the house with propriety. It is only such as can afford to employ paid coolies or unpaid tenants in the duty, who try to improve the outward appearance of their houses.

There are stinking drains running through the alleys and bye-paths of every large village. Each house has in its immediate neighbourhood some place for the deposit of human ordure and all sorts of filth. The sides of wells are generally low, and filled with stinking water as well as the decomposition of vegetable matter, consequence of

SANITARY AR-
RANGEMENTS.

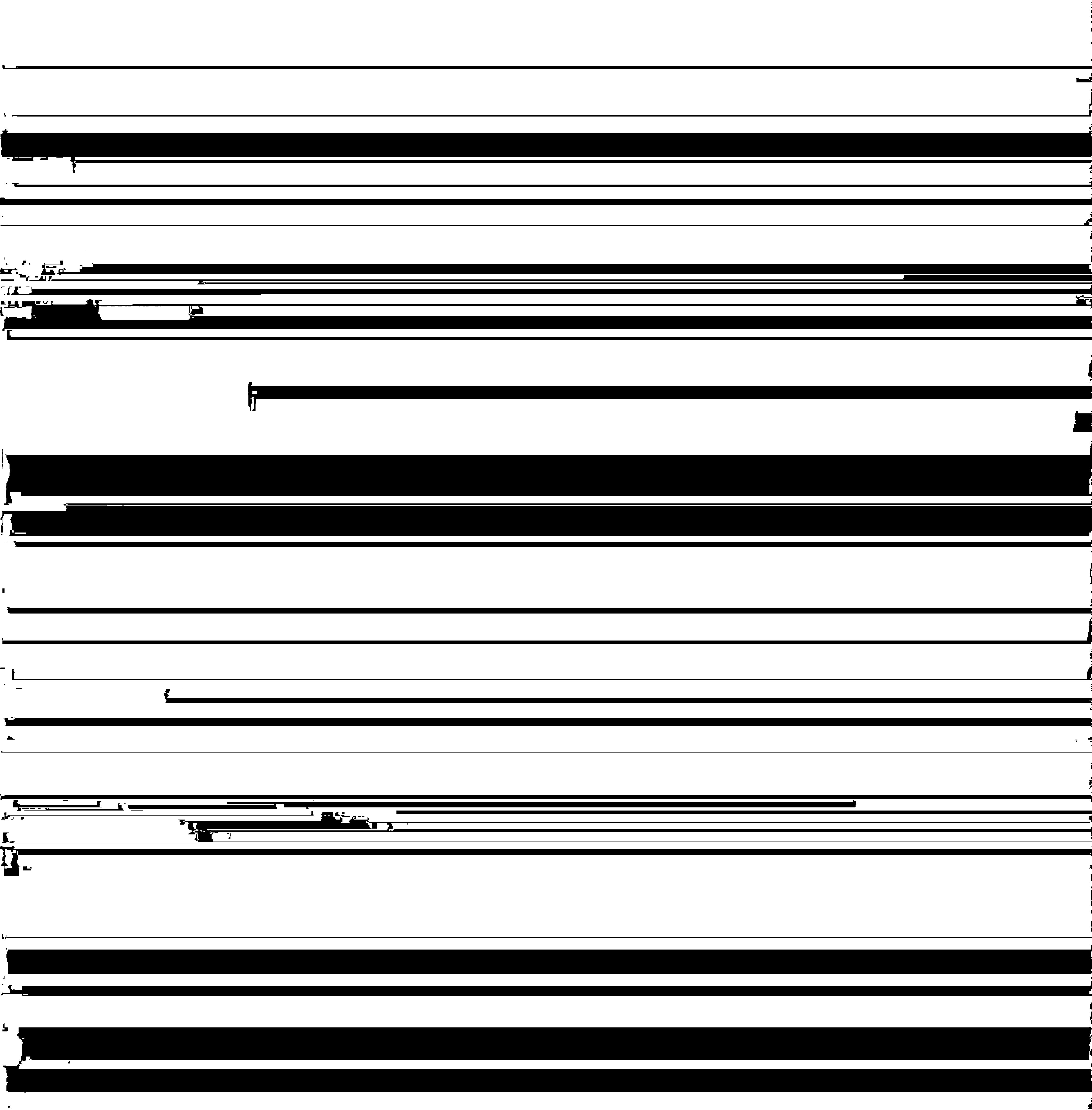


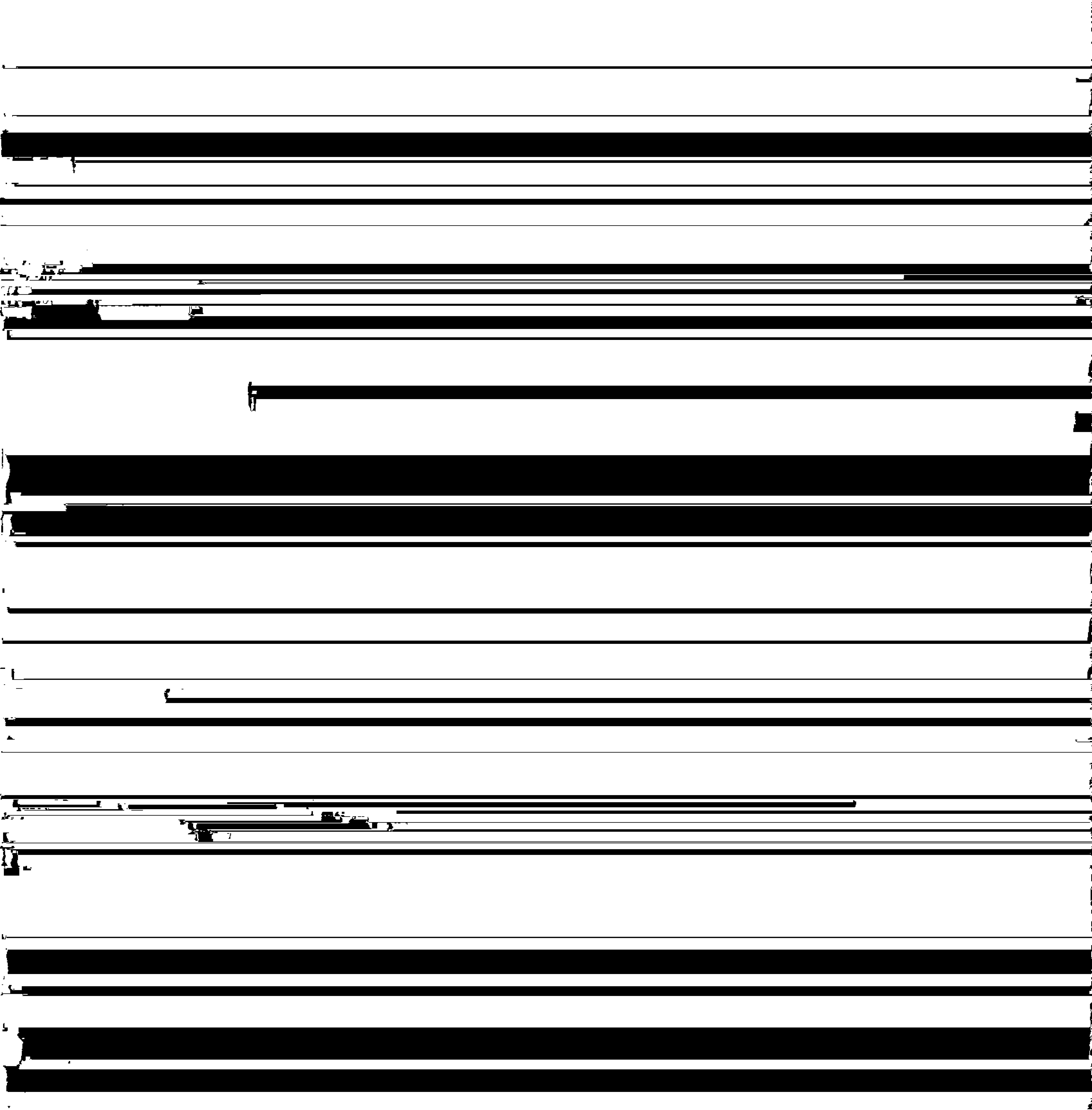












NEW RICE AS
ABOVE.

in Bengal under the title of Nobanno, it needs no detailed description here.

EDUCATION.

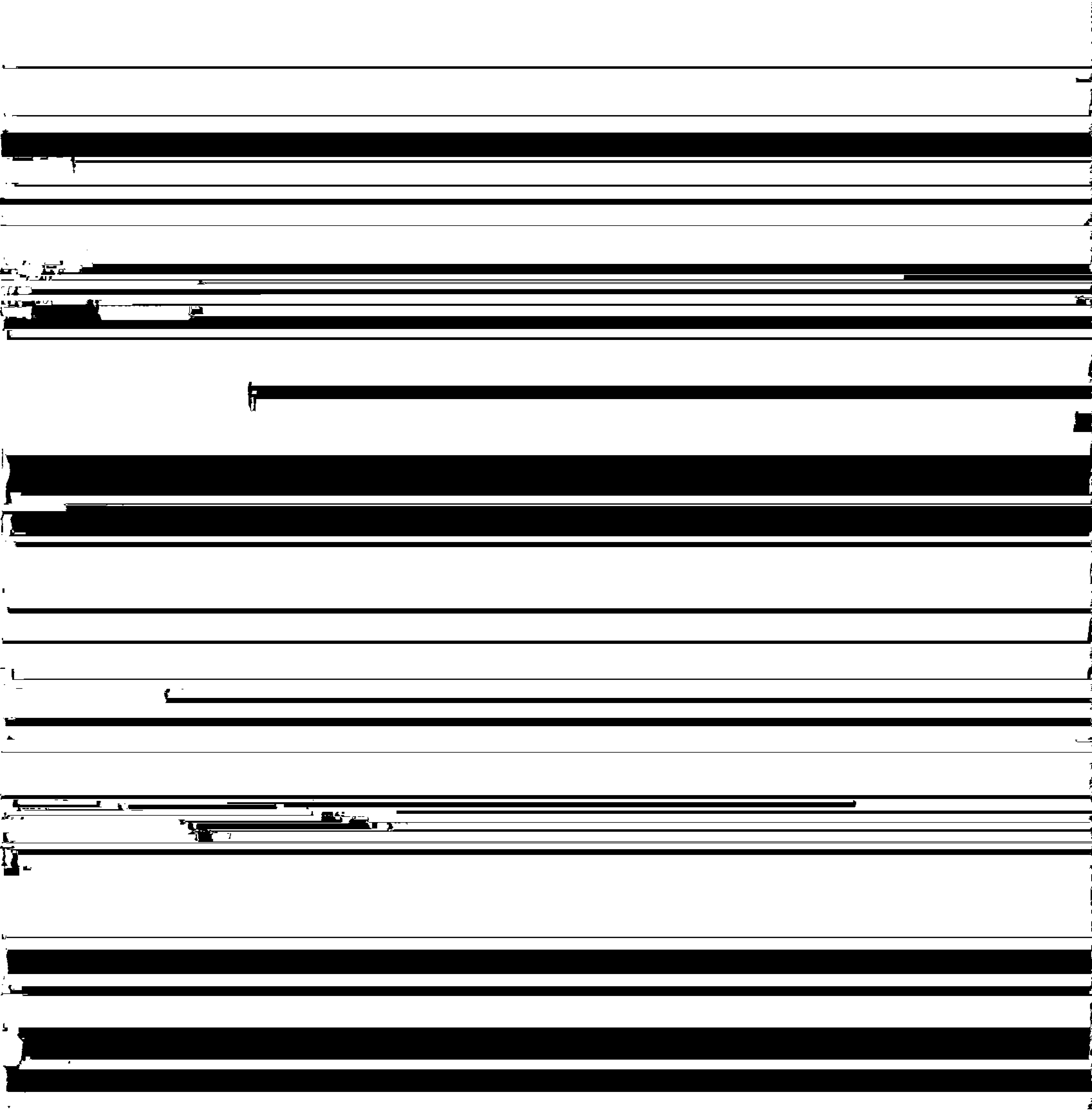
English Education is almost unknown throughout the Sub-Division. Even the rich people do not consider it necessary to impart it to their sons. Persian is studied, as if the people still live under a Mahomedan Government. In all the great families, the children are generally well up in shooting and sword exercises. Fabulous stories are often heard regarding their skill as marksmen. A Zemindar deriving even an income of Rs. 1,000 a year would consider it essential to his dignity to keep an elephant, with which he would issue out to kill the tigers, leopards, and bears that might turn up in his estates. The feed of an elephant of course costs little or nothing in a Sub-Division abounding in jungles, while the expense of purchasing the animal is contributed by the tenants who consider themselves in duty bound to starve in order to maintain their landlord's extravagance and luxury.

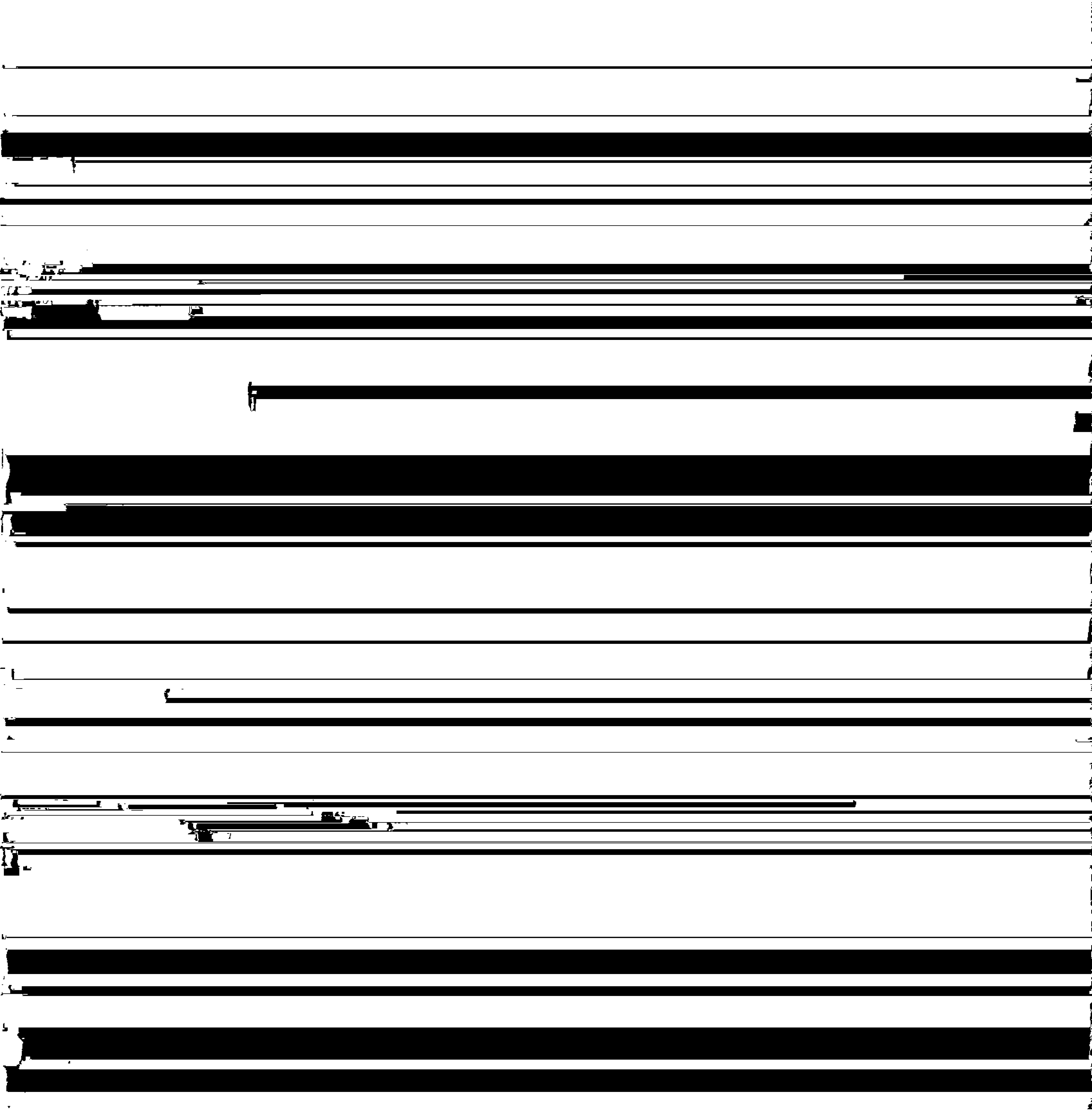
SANTALS.

There are several villages exclusively inhabited by the Santals, who generally love to reside in isolated places near the hills and far from their Hindu neighbours. Their customs do not often accord with the latter's religious prejudices. Thus, for instance, a Santal hardly ever keeps a bullock, preferring to cultivate his lands by means of a cow which the Hindu regards as the incarnation of one of their favorite goddesses. If you ask a Santal why he does not marry, he would often stare at you, and probably ask in return "why should I marry, when my elder brother has got a wife." A guest in a Santal village is entertained at the expense of the whole village.

A Santal is often credited by his ignorant neighbours with supernatural powers. Having once assessed a Santal, who was reputed to be a sorcerer, for the Income Tax, my Amlahs and chaprasis implored me for the sake of my life as well as their own to let him off. When I refused to do so, they, with terror depicted in their countenance, assured me he could simply, by touching a

THEIR REPUTA-
TION AS SORCERERS.

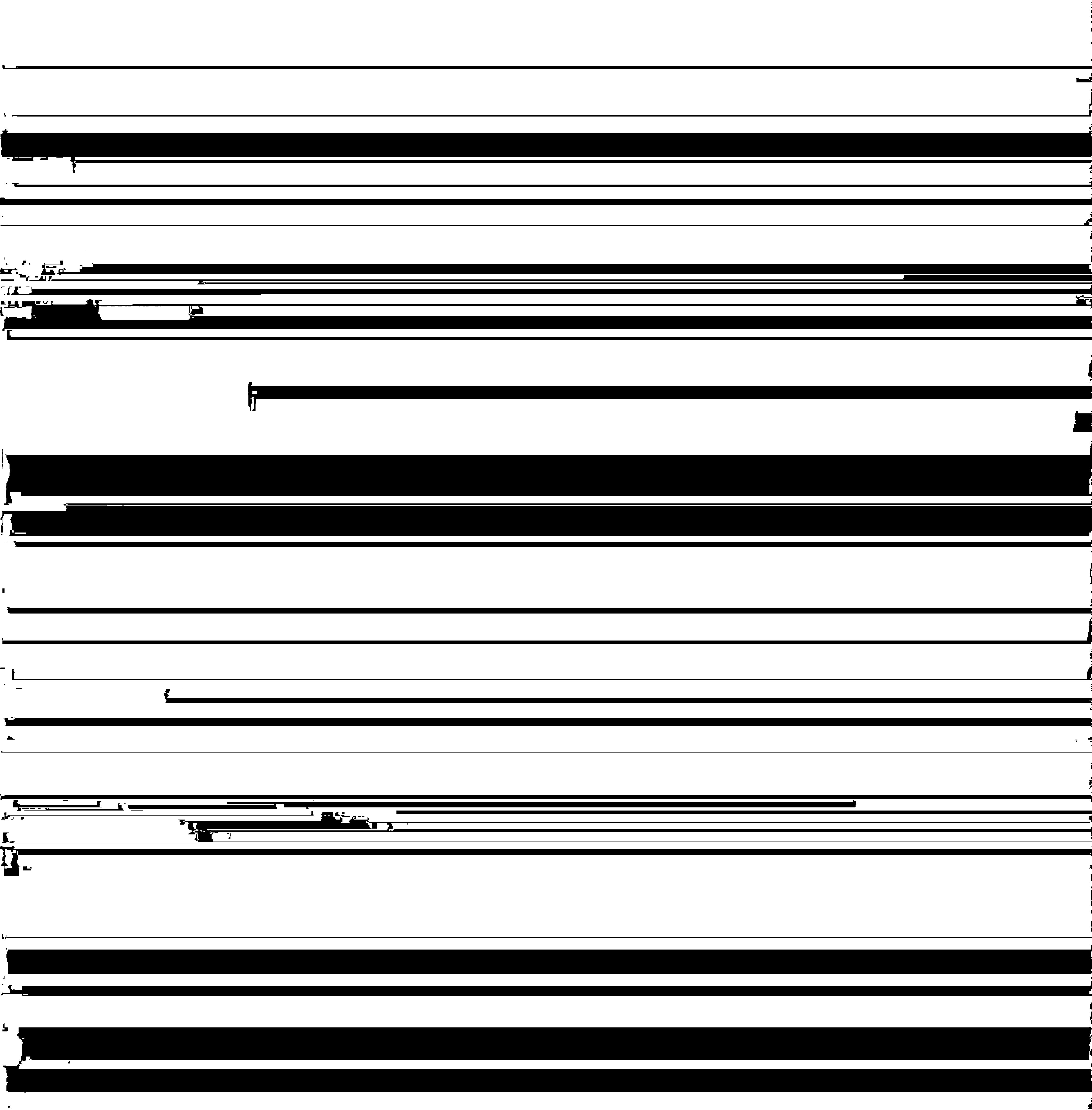


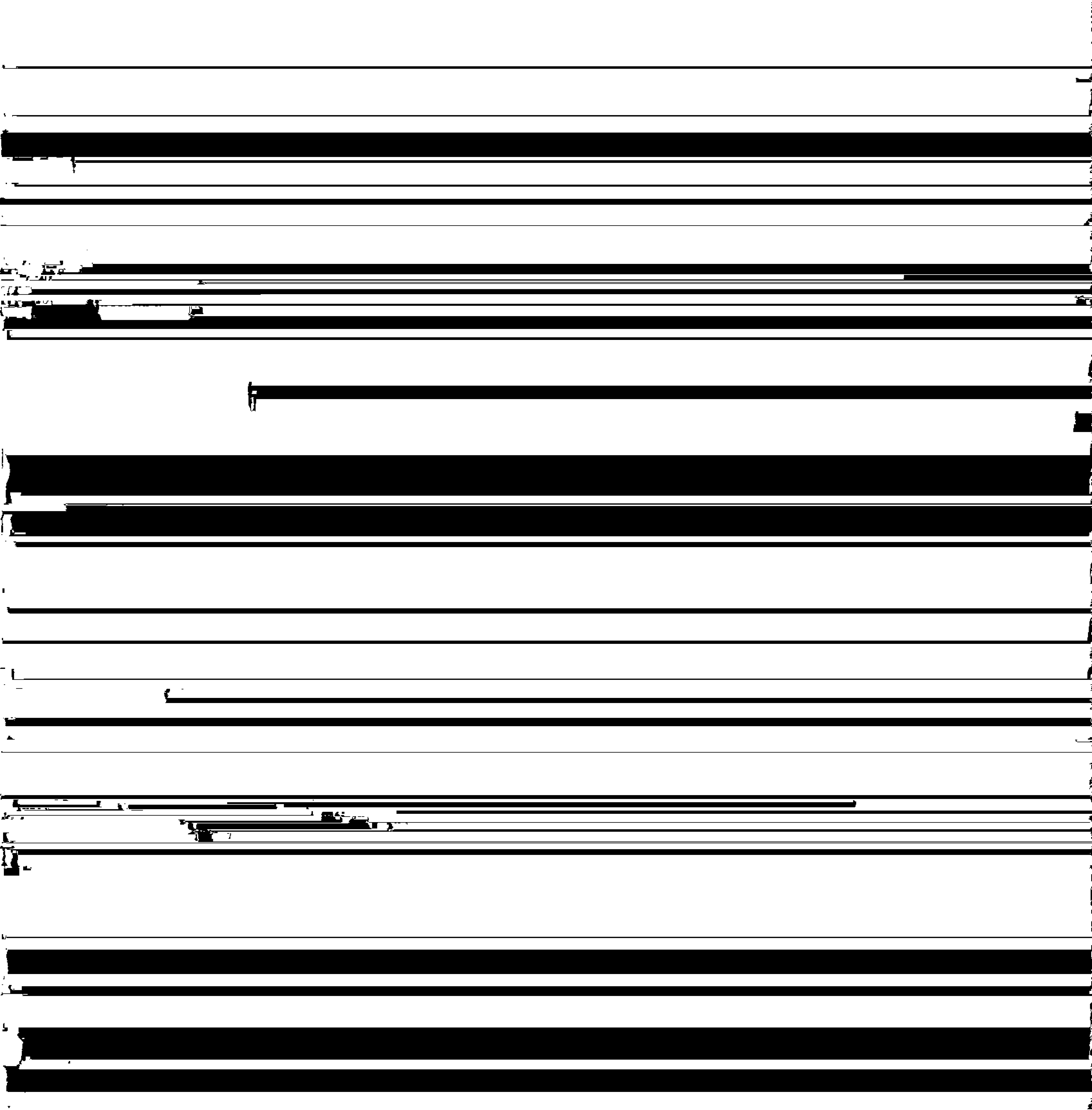












the Shiva Gangá, a tank north of the temple, as the basin which received the urine of Rávana, is called Shiva Ságara, being the lake towards the west, whose water is considered the purest in Deoghur!! The unequal elevation at the top of the stone emblem of Byjnáth is still pointed out by the Pándás as the effect of Rávana's blow on his head.

Rávana is said to have once more returned from Ceylon to take Shiva, but with no better success. The god asked him to bring the water of all the sacred rivers and pour the same on him in order to allay the pain, caused by the tremendous blow on his head, and by the poison in his throat. Before departing on his errand, Rávana employed a cowherd named Byju to pour milk and water on the god's head. Having no vessel to carry milk and water in, he used to suck the one from the cow and fetch the other in his mouth. The god was so well pleased with this worship and devotion that he asked him to name a reward. Byju wished to have his name conjoined with that of the deity, and accordingly the Shiva at Deoghur was thenceforth called Byjnáth, or Byjunáth from "Byju" (the cowherd) and "Nath" signifying "lord,"—altogether the "Lord of Byju."

According to another account, Byju, at the end of a day's hard work, was about to lift his food to his mouth, when happening to recollect that he had not that morning made the usual offerings to the god, went,—impure as he was with the boiled rice sticking to his hand,—with some water in his mouth. This act of devotion delighted the god so much that thenceforward he chose to accept worship under his votary's name.

These legends, it will be observed, differ considerably from the one given by Dr. Hunter in his "Annals of Rural Bengal." (Third Edition, at pages 192-3.) This is probably due to the different sources from which the several accounts are derived. It is worthy of remark that the three large stones at the western entrance of the Holy City, which according to Dr. Hunter were worshipped by the Santals, are said by the Pándás to have been erected by their ancestors in connection with the

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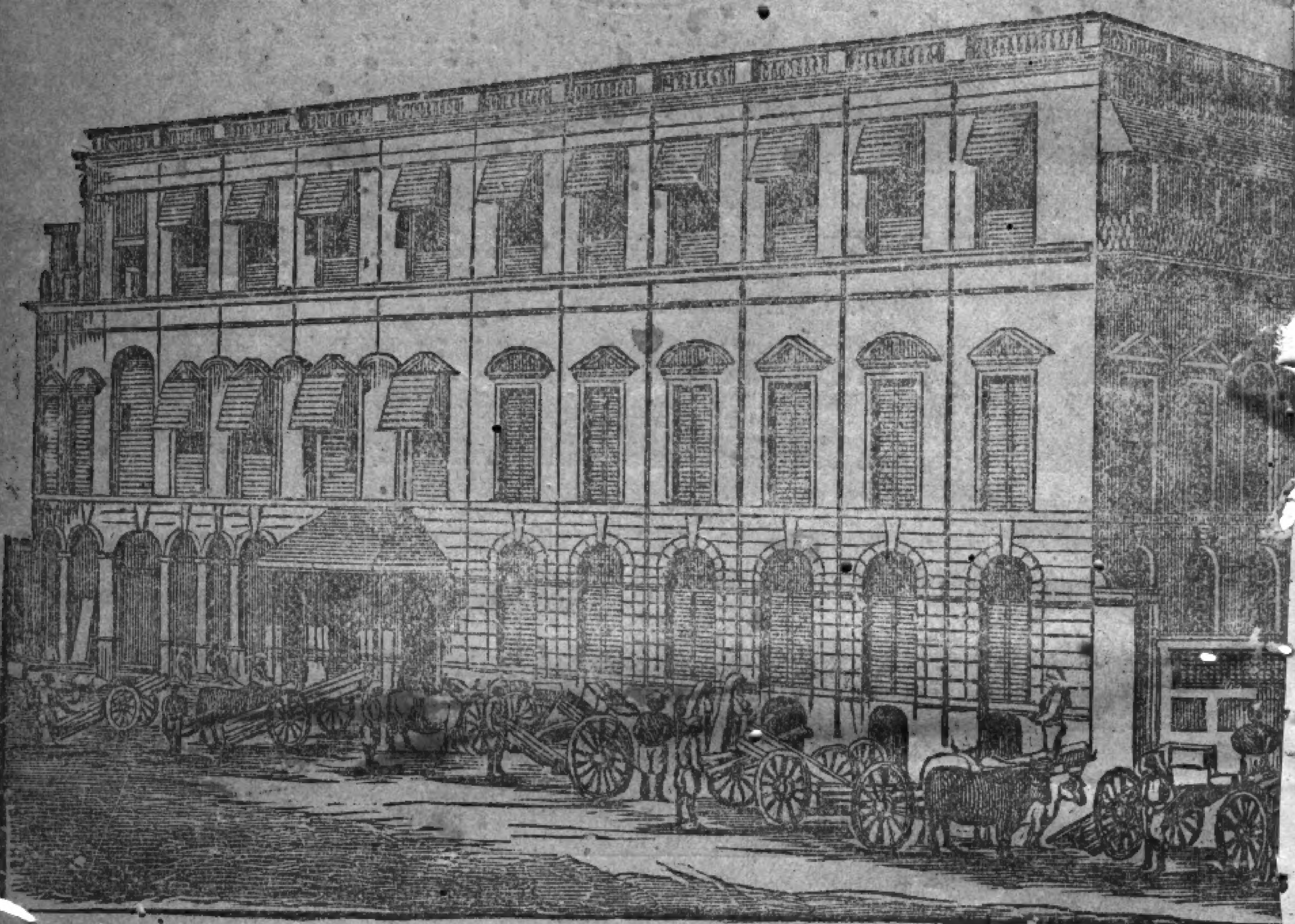
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